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Blonde "Angel"

THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

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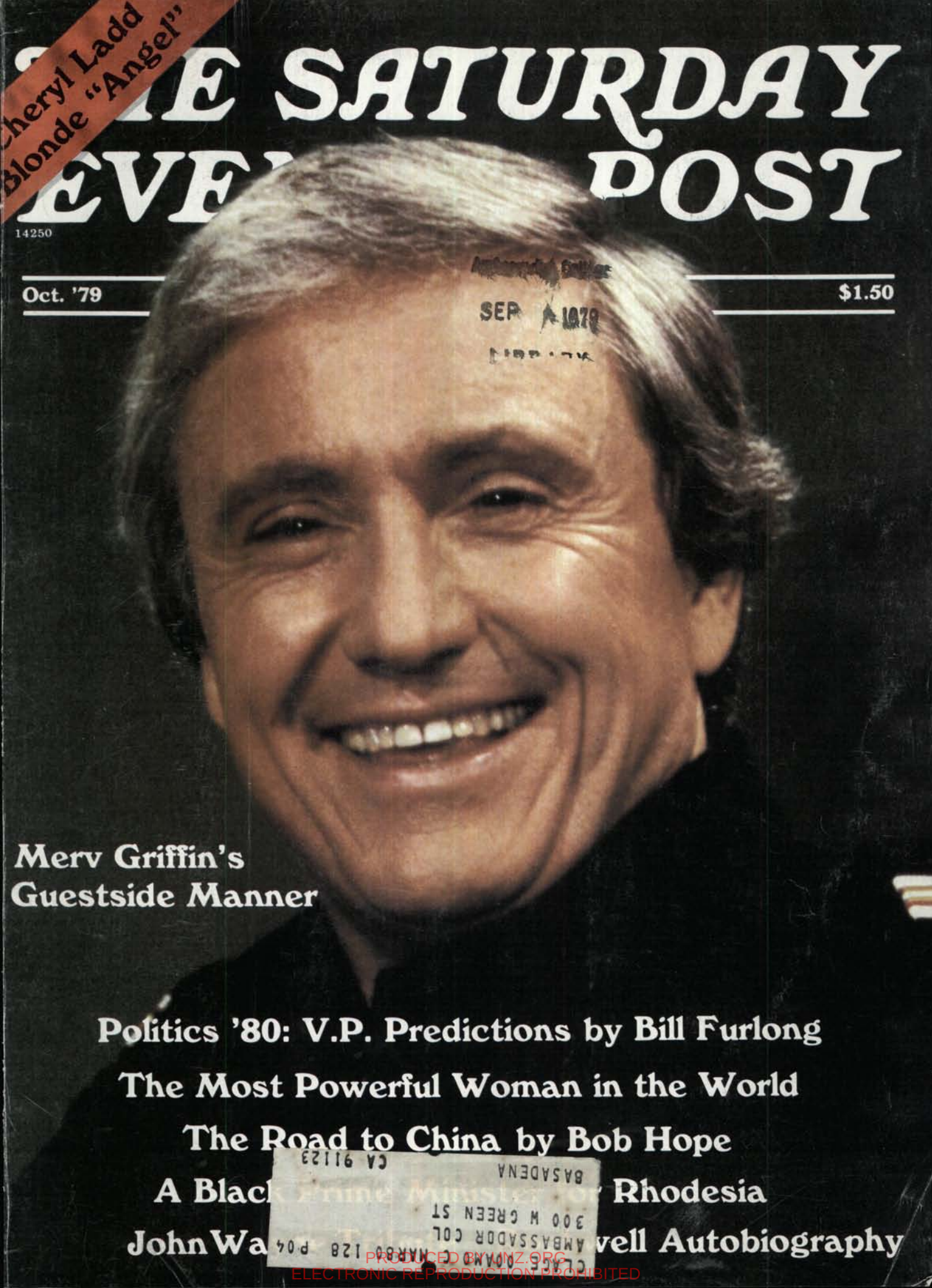

Merv Griffin's
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Politics '80: V.P. Predictions by Bill Furlong

The Most Powerful Woman in the World

The Road to China by Bob Hope

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John Wa[illegible]vell Autobiography

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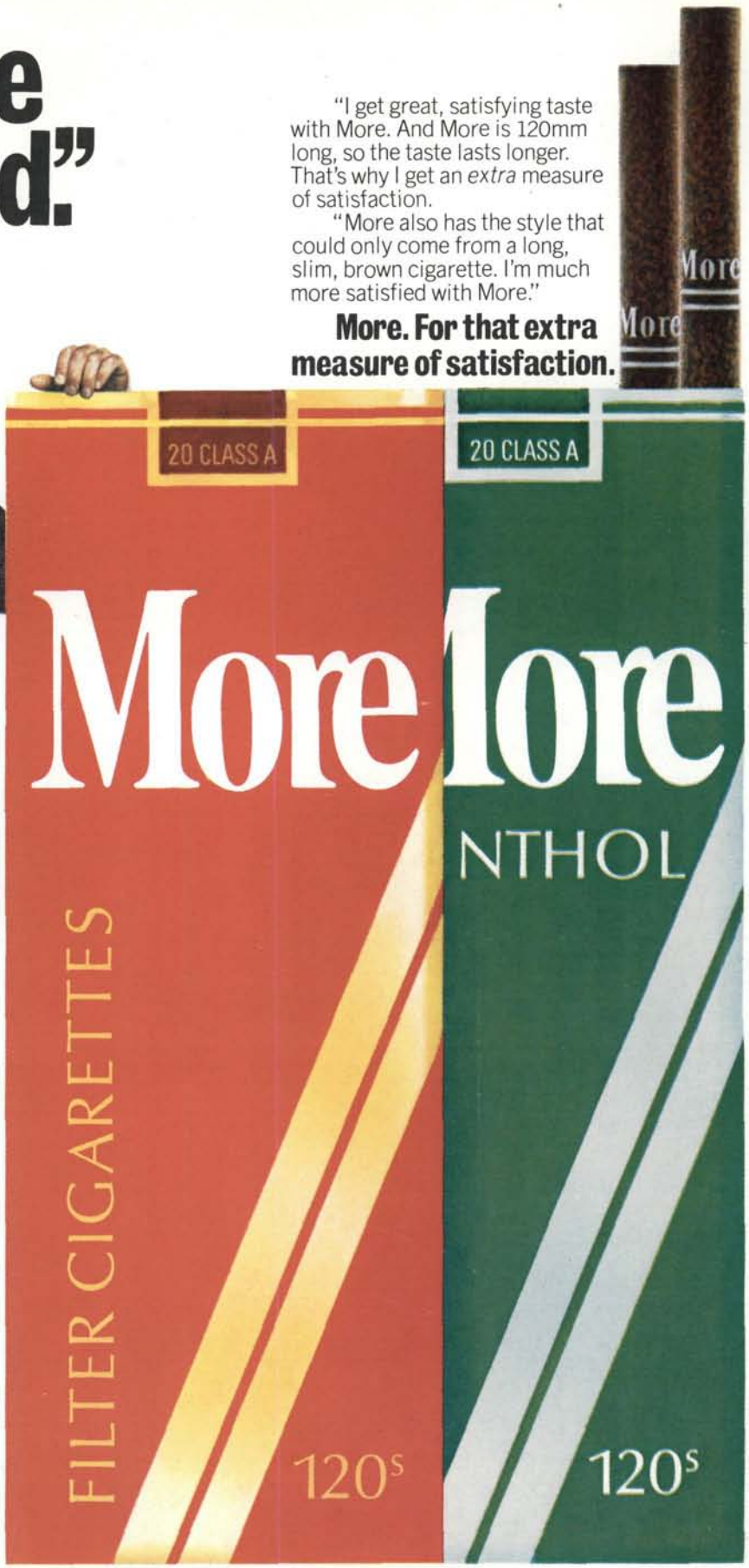

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How a phone call got a part-time bachelor off the hook.

Based on an actual call made to the toll-free 24-hour Whirlpool Cool-Line® service.

(Telephone Rings)

Cool-Line Consultant: Whirlpool Cool-Line. May I help you?

Man: If you don't she's going to kill me.

Consultant: What happened?

Man: It's our new self-cleaning oven. I think I ruined it. What can I do?

Consultant: We're here to help. Tell me about it.

Man: My wife is in the hospital. So for a week I've been batching it. Today she's coming home. So I decided to clean the oven for her. I turned the knob to CLEAN, but the oven won't heat up. And the oven door won't close. Can I get a serviceman out here fast?

Consultant: You really don't have to call a Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care® representative. Even though your warranty does cover it.

Man: I can never understand warranties.

Consultant: Ours are written so you can. But I think we can fix that oven over the phone. When a self-cleaning oven is turned to CLEAN, an automatic safety arm hooks the door closed. If your oven door wasn't closed when you turned it to CLEAN, the arm's blocking the door open.

Man: How can I get the door closed?

Consultant: Look on the edge of the oven for a small button. It operates the oven light and is part of the safety interlock system. Push the button in until you hear the motor stop running.

Man: Okay, the motor's running. Now it stopped.

Consultant: With the button still pushed in, turn the control dial back to OFF. The lock should retract.

Man: It's working! Now the door closes.

Consultant: Your oven will heat up, too.

Man: You really saved me. Now I've got to pick up my wife and . . . new baby.

Consultant: Call again if we can help with your Whirlpool appliances. And congratulations on your baby.

This is the kind of two-way communication we've been having with our Whirlpool Cool-Line service for the past eleven years. It's just one example of the continuing concern we have for customers who purchase quality Whirlpool appliances.

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Letters to the Editor

Alaskan Perspective

Being a dedicated subscriber to your wonderful magazine now for three years (also five gift subscriptions for friends and family) I must take this opportunity to thank you for publishing Walter J. Hickel's article on Alaska. I sincerely believe there is absolutely no one who could have written a better article!

Congratulations to Wally, also to your wonderful staff, for printing an honest man's view of a state he truly loves and works very hard for. I just pray this article will open some lower 48ers' eyes.

It's time Carter quits trying to play God and it's time for him to come off his throne!

S. E. Alexander
Sutton, Alaska

The Bronze Duke

The cover of the John Wayne memorial album on page 35 of the September issue is thrilling. Am I correct in supposing that it is also the work of artist Harry Jackson, whose other works are celebrated in the article on page 42 by Jerry McGuire?

Penny Caldwell
Kansas City, Missouri

Editor's Note: You are correct in naming Harry Jackson as the creator of this exciting work, and we regret not having indicated that fact with a title accompanying the photograph. John Wayne's own admiration for Harry Jackson was considerable, and Wayne's son Michael remarked that Harry Jackson is the only one who ever truly captured the character and spirit of his father. Duke's favorite was, perhaps, *The Pony Express*. "That bronze of Harry's spoke to my dad," Mike Wayne declared. "It is the West he loved."

John Wayne's will allowed for his Jackson art collection, including a specially dedicated casting of the polychrome bronze *The Marshal*, to be donated to the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, where it can be enjoyed by others who love fine art and cherish the Duke's memory.

Kennedy Cowardice

I was awaiting the news media's reminder to Edward Kennedy and the American public of E. Kennedy's shameful cowardice when facing an issue—his lack of manhood and courage. It seems that too many of the American public are under the spell of the so-called Kennedy mystique.

Can any human being forget Chappaquiddick?

It seems that too many have.

Thanks, *Saturday Evening Post*, for warning Kennedy and giving the awakening call to America.

You, *Saturday Evening Post*, told it all, just as the courageous American media should.

Only one thing in Ted Kennedy's shameful past did you not recall and tell: How, at Harvard, Ted Kennedy paid a fellow student to stand an examination for him.

Mrs. A. H. Forester
Sumter, South Carolina

Chappaquiddick Overkill

Today I received my July/August SEP.

Disgusted! Disappointed!

I can read of Chappaquiddick and Senator Kennedy in *any* periodical or journal, not to mention *all other* available media.

Pollyanne M. Herrin
Hortense, Georgia

Terror ad nauseam

It's ironic that the July/August *Post* came in my mail the day of John Wayne's death.

I have admired the *Post* for years but the article about terrorism ("The Time Bomb of Terrorism" by Nick Thimmesch) is just too much—I don't intend to read it. Just looking at the photos nearly made me lose my lunch.

Please keep the *Post* on a level that even those with queasy stomachs can enjoy.

Mrs. Sam Carlock
Clinton, Iowa

Wayne Portrait

We have carefully cut out, and framed, the magnificent portrait of John Wayne by Everett Raymond Kinstler that you have given us on the cover of the current issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

"Now he belongs to the ages" but every day he will be with us and will live in our hearts, always.

How thoughtful and how tremendously kind of you.

Howard A. Smith
Fairfield, Connecticut

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There's something really special about a grandmother's love.
It communicates. Even to the grandchild she hasn't seen.
No matter what she says, he understands. And even though he only gurgles back, his sounds have really made her day. Wonderful, isn't it, how a simple phone call can bring your family closer together.
Reach out and touch someone who's waiting to share your day.

Bell System

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FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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Merv Griffin: At Home Onstage

Merv Griffin demonstrates why Orson Welles calls him "the best of all talk show hosts." Merv's secret: Behind the urbane Griffin demeanor there's a disciplined talent that leaves no ad lib to chance. A personal insight into the performer who has finely attuned his life and career.

Politics 1980: Furlong's V.P. Predictions

Demo Ticket

The wings are already crowded with V.P. "maybe" candidates. Bill Furlong takes a long look at his crystal ball, weighs all the Democratic hopefuls, and comes up with—Spaceman Senator John Glenn.

GOP Ticket

John Connally, Furlong's predicted #1 man on the ticket, will be looking early for his #2 choices. Furlong sees one standing out: Governor Jim Thompson of Illinois, Chicago's crimebusting prosecutor.

Cheryl Ladd

A lass named Ladd sets sights on women's equality, shoots holes in the sex goddess myth, supports the family.

Against Great Odds

Muzorewa, now Prime Minister of Rhodesia, sits bravely on a powder keg, gazing into the future.

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RHODESIA'S MUZOREWA: A BRAVE MAN FIGHTING GREAT ODDS

The future of constitutional rule in Zimbabwe may rest on this softspoken Methodist bishop's crusade for confidence.

by G.E. Synhorst

It was a hot muggy day in July. Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa of Rhodesia stood in the lobby of Stouffer's Hotel near Washington talking to a sweating gaggle of newsmen with their cameras, tape recorders and lights. The diminutive black African was cool and trim. He had been to Camp David and had seen the President alone. They had spoken of their common Christian faith and prayed together. Bishop Muzorewa was encouraged. He sidestepped the obvious questions about whether the President had agreed to lift sanctions against Rhodesia and recognize his government. There was a flurry of other questions, impolite, simultaneous and callous, but the Bishop was already gone, hurrying to make another appointment.

He was back for a reception at Stouffer's that night with a selected list of guests. Senator Helms, conservative of North Carolina, was there looking tall and urbane. So was Senator Hayakawa, feisty, about the same height as the 54-year-old Bishop, who looked feisty, too. Columnist Jack Kilpatrick was there looking jovial, pink and rosy.

Muzorewa was in black clerical garb, white collar and pink shirt. The reception guests were about one-third black. The whites crowded the buffet table. There were respectful circles around each notable. A tall standout among the guests was regal, white-haired black activist Bayard Rustin with his twisted wooden cane. He looked eagle-eyed, defiant and confident.

Muzorewa was in Washington by invitation of Senator Helms to get some official U.S. support. Zimbabwe Rhodesia is not recognized by any country save South Africa and is in grave danger from external guerrillas. Muzorewa was once considered among the hardest-nosed black African nationalists. Now he is spurned by the black American elite. Several times as he spoke in the Washington area, black pickets strode outside passing out anti-Muzorewa literature.

Rhodesia is high grassland savannahs, mountains and waterfalls; there's very little jungle. It is rich in tobacco, corn, cattle and minerals such as chromium, gold and asbestos. Rhodesia is strategically important because it borders on South Africa, because of the way the railroads run in southern Africa and because of the minerals; but mainly because of the common border with South Africa.

The Republic of South Africa has as much industrial might as all the rest of Africa combined. Less than a decade ago South Africa was insulated from the rest of Africa by the two Portuguese colonies Angola and Mozambique on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. Below Angola, South West Africa was a protectorate of South Africa. To the north, nestled between Botswana and Mozambique, lay Rhodesia, the maverick breakaway British colony ruled by Ian Smith and a lily-white government.

In ten years things have changed markedly. Angola and Mozambique are no longer Portuguese colonies. Angola is openly hostile toward South Africa. Mozambique is at least superficially so. Below Angola, South West Africa-Namibia is making strides toward self rule. If one looks at a map of southern Africa it is apparent that Communist-supported nations are closing in on South Africa and the high plateau land of Pretoria and Johannesburg. A very big piece of the puzzle is Rhodesia. A key African railroad runs through Rhodesia linking landlocked Zambia and the copper mines of southern Zaire to the port cities of South Africa and Mozambique. Even in the worst of times, Zambian goods, import and export, have passed through

Bayard Rustin, a founder and principal spokesman of the civil rights movement in America, visited Rhodesia to witness the election of Bishop Muzorewa as Prime Minister. He greets the Bishop, in Washington to meet President Carter.

Continued on following page

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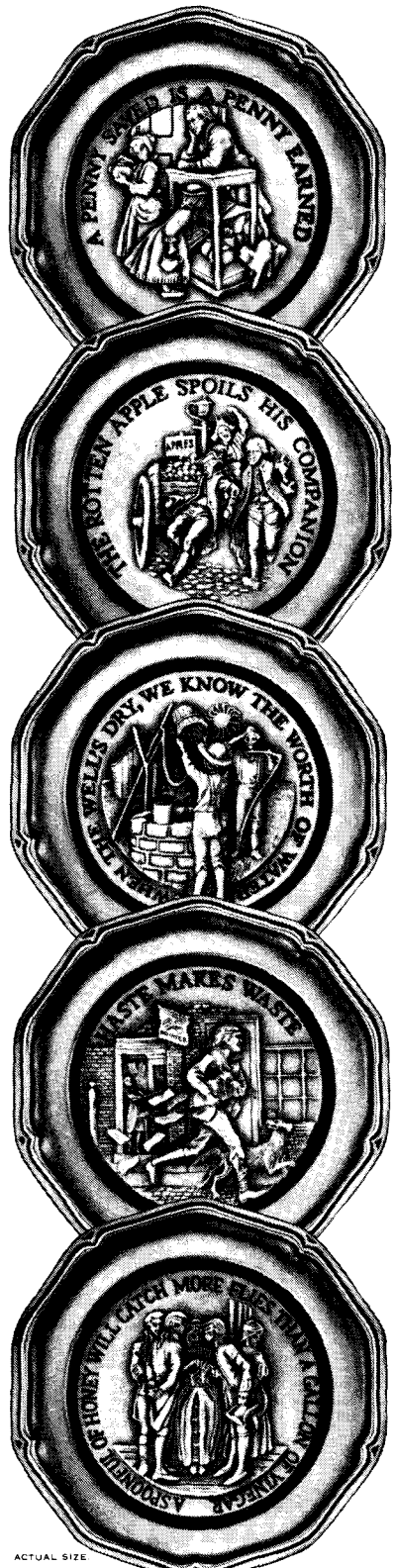
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South African ports and been handled by South Africa's transportation network.

There is a love-hate relationship between the white-ruled Republic of South Africa and all the other nations of southern Africa. On the "hate" side, all blacks see a black-ruled Rhodesia as one step closer to complete black domination of the continent, one more border from which the South African white regime may be harassed by guerrillas. The "hate" side is well understood by blacks throughout Africa and America.

Love is by night. On the "love" side nearly all countries in southern Africa deal with and depend upon South Africa. South Africa helps maintain the port of Maputo, capital of Mozambique; indeed Maputo is the major port city for Johannesburg. Blacks from all over southern Africa work in South Africa's mines, tens of thousands from Mozambique alone. Mozambique could not exist without South Africa. Botswana's foreign trade and transportation system is virtually run by South Africa; so is her electrical distribution system. From the north, goods from Zambia and Zaïre pass through Rhodesia to South African ports. With justification Bishop Muzorewa has said: "All black Africa deals with South Africa. They do it by night, I do it by day."

When Ian Smith set up his regime in Rhodesia in 1964, he could defy British-inspired world trade sanctions because he could rely on South Africa for essential materials. South Africa's benefit in the bargain was a secure northern border with a friendly white-ruled regime.

At about the time the two Portuguese colonies Angola and Mozambique fell to communist regimes, the Republic of South Africa changed its policy to one favoring a majority (black) government in Rhodesia. Quietly, since then, with American connivance, South Africa has pushed Zimbabwe Rhodesia (*Zimbabwe* is the African name for Rhodesia) toward black rule. The question has always been, how friendly would the new black regime be to the Republic of South Africa?

There are two political-military groups of black Zimbabweans who live in armed camps outside the country. They are the Zimbabwean African People's Union (ZAPU) under Joshua Nkomo based in Zambia, and the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) under Robert Mugabe based in Mozambique. Both these groups are armed by the Communist bloc. Both host countries are heavily dependent on the Republic of South Africa, yet this fact is rarely mentioned. Outwardly, both nations are vociferously against South Africa.

In the case of Zambia, Nkomo's guerrillas represent a stronger force than Zambia's own armed forces. Zambia also is host to part of SWAPO—the South West Africa People's Organization—which represents an external force of Namibian terrorists. (*Namibia* is the African name for South West Africa.) As can be seen, Zambia's situation is complex. For the bulk of her trade she must rely on the good will of both Rhodesia and South Africa and must cooperate with these nations in the matter of railway transport. She must host guerrilla forces stronger than herself and maintain an outward display of hostility toward both South Africa and Rhodesia.

There is a railway running from Zambia to Tanzania and the port of Dar es Salaam. The TanZam railway, built with Chinese assistance, is now in a bad state of repair. Another rail line to the outside world did exist through Angola; this railway is now completely out of service.

There are five African nations which call themselves the "front line states." They are Zambia, Mozambique, Botswana, Tanzania and Angola. Ostensibly these are pledged to majority rule in Zimbabwe Rhodesia. With the exception of Botswana, none of these states really has a government elected by the majority. They have totalitarian socialist governments controlled by a numerically small elite. The leadership in each case is black. The term "front line states" is curious; Tanzania does not border on Rhodesia. The "front line states" are demanding a Zimbabwe Rhodesia government suitably unfriendly toward South Africa.

Before proceeding to discuss Bishop Muzorewa and the recent Zimbabwe Rhodesia elections, the sad fact should be stressed that from the black man's point of view democratic majority rule is very rare in Africa. Many African states have tribes with widely different cultures. Frequently these tribes are ancient bitter enemies. The typical black African government is oppressive, totalitarian and run by a very small minority. These governments control the means of production and distribute the necessities of life, sometimes with efficiency, sometimes not.

Who is Abel Muzorewa? A few years ago American church leaders were praising him to the sky. He was the pride of the Methodist Church, the first black bishop in Rhodesia. In 1971, heading the African National Council, he had stood firm against a proposed compromise between the British government and Ian Smith. Abel Muzorewa is immensely popular at home and his popularity has increased in the past year. Yet he is now scorned by American church groups including the Catholics and a part of Muzorewa's own Methodists. It is reported that the Methodist Board of Global Ministries in New

American-born, Japanese-descended U.S. senator S.I. Hayakawa of California supports U.S. recognition of Rhodesia. Senator Hayakawa feels U.S. favoring of Communist guerrillas and terrorists is a mistake.

Continued on following page

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CHRISTMAS CARDS

featuring the Norman Rockwell

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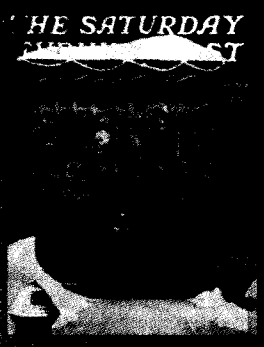

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York has made a $4,000 grant to Robert Mugabe's ZANU. Mugabe's Mozambique-based organization has vowed to kill Abel Muzorewa.

Bishop Muzorewa is a quiet soft-spoken man who on occasion speaks out with remarkable forcefulness. Beneath his dignified, almost bemused reserve is rock-like resolve. Muzorewa has shown that resolve again and again in his long struggle for the rights of blacks. The little bishop has never been particularly awed by anyone, black or white. In the long wrangle over the makeup of the new Zimbabwe Rhodesia constitution he on occasion gathered up his group and walked out on the whites.

Muzorewa, like so many other African leaders (and for that matter black Americans), received his college training through the church. He spent five years in America where he studied at the University of Missouri. His brother Earnest Muzorewa also studied in America, at Iowa State University.

Muzorewa, unlike Sithole, Nkomo and Mugabe, managed to stay out of Rhodesian jails during the struggle for black rule. (He was for a time restricted from traveling in various parts of the country.) He worked from within the country, and during key periods of his life, from within the Methodist church.

Abel Muzorewa can be polite and deferential. He can also be blunt and pragmatic. He is always honestly straightforward. For this man to have survived in the strife of Rhodesia and yet have stayed inside the country indicates a lot of political skill.

Despite his remarkable popularity at home, strong forces are against Abel Muzorewa. ZAPU and ZANU are against him and want him dead. The American churches speak against him; the African "front line states" are against him. Influential black Americans like United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young and the dean of black political columnists Carl Rowan are against him. The United States government dares not be for him. The terrible sin Bishop Abel Muzorewa has committed is simply this: He has taken the reins of a black government which cooperates with the previous leader, Ian Smith. Mildly he points out that he should be commended since most African leaders "shoot their predecessors when they come to power."

Bishop Muzorewa's government also openly deals with South Africa, something which Zambia and Mozambique do only covertly. Faced with trade sanctions everywhere else, the only logistic support Muzorewa can get to fight off ZANU and ZAPU, both heavily armed by the Communists, is from the South Africans. And for a reason.

Ever in the wings, in nearby Angola, are the Cubans. They are battle tested and armed directly by the Russians. The South Africans would hardly welcome them as neighbors in Rhodesia.

Abel Muzorewa was elected Prime Minister of Zimbabwe Rhodesia last April. Never was there an election in Africa so scorned and criticized by international opinion. Generally, the American black community called the vote rigged, framed and worse.

Widely renowned black American civil rights leader Bayard Rustin was in Zimbabwe Rhodesia at the time of the vote. His report was completely different. Zimbabweans had flocked to the polls. They had voted with enthusiasm; the turnout was unexpectedly high. In spite of threats from guerrillas in Zambia and Mozambique, the election was very well organized and controlled. Nkomo had promised a "bloodbath"; none occurred save a few isolated instances resulting from land mines.

Bayard Rustin had witnessed the election as one of a nine-member Freedom House delegation. This group was professionally expert on Africa and on elections there. They visited many polling places and talked to thousands of voters. Writing for the July issue of *Commentary*, Mr. Rustin expressed his puzzlement:

"Contrary to these predictions and opinions, however, the people of Zimbabwe did vote in an election that was freer than most held in the developing world—freer, certainly, than elections held anywhere in Africa with the exception of Gambia, Botswana, and possibly several other small countries. Moreover, not only did they not vote with 'a gun at their heads,' many voted with genuine, unmistakable enthusiasm. The contrast between how the election was viewed by most Zimbabweans. . .and how it was described by critics outside the country is nothing less than extraordinary."

Bayard Rustin is not just anybody. He is chairman of Social Democrats U.S.A. His credentials as a long-time civil rights leader are impeccable. In 1951 he was a founder of the Committee to Support South African Resistance. He has worked in Africa in the independence movements of Ghana, Nigeria, Tanzania, Kenya and Zambia. His knowledge of international affairs is widely respected. As an American and as a friend of Africa, Bayard Rustin fears Russian colonialism in Africa.

Bayard Rustin tells publisher Beurt SerVaas that he feels the Rhodesian elections were fair by U.S. standards and a rare occurrence in Africa. Mr. Rustin views American black hostility to America-trained Methodist Bishop Muzorewa as "emotional" and predicted that black opinion would change.

It is true that Nkomo and Mugabe were not on the ballot. Both are strong men with political and military clout. In truth, neither wanted to be on the ballot. Nkomo is a member of a minority tribe (the Ndebeles, 15 percent of all Zimbabweans); therefore he could not possibly face

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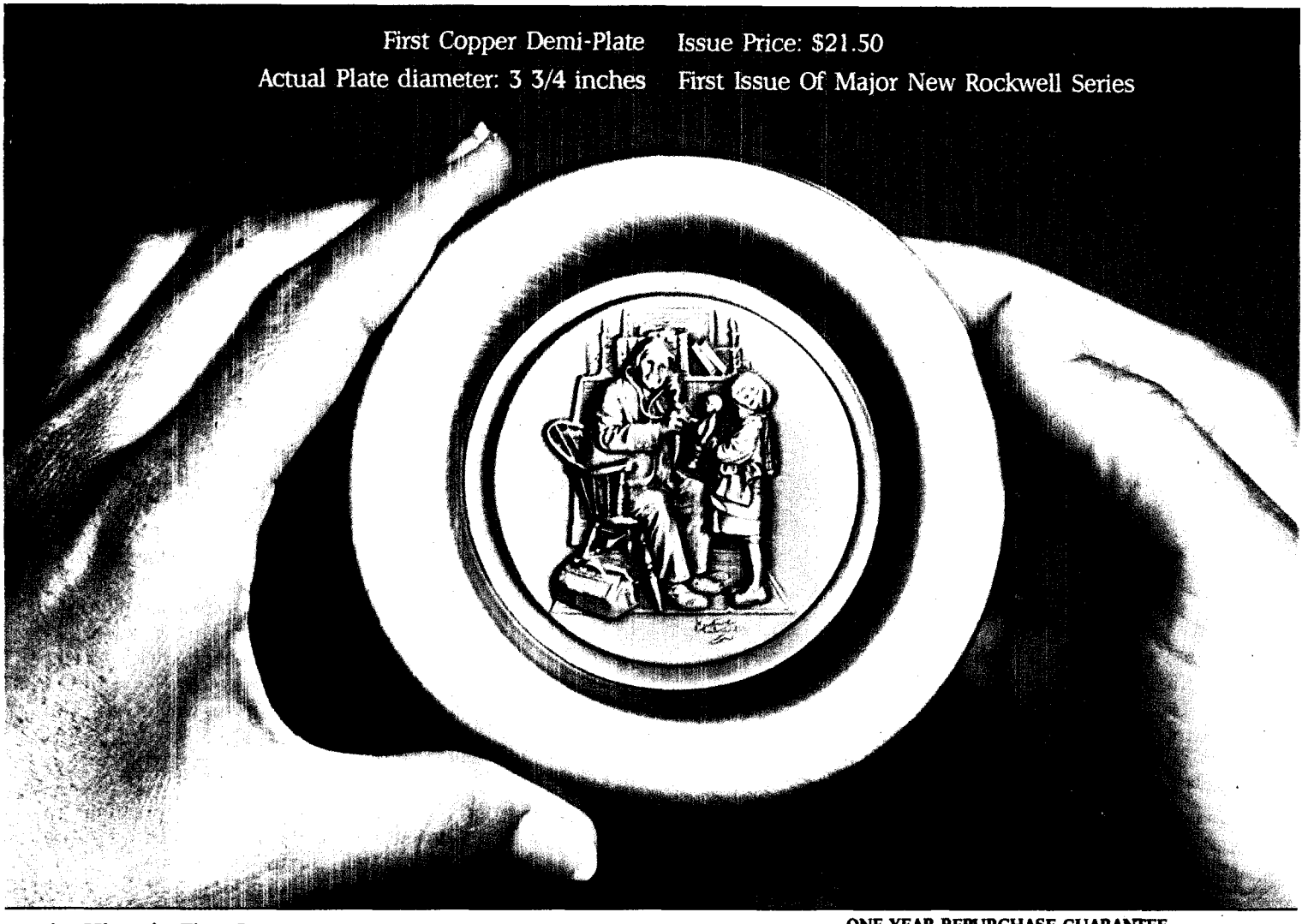

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popular Muzorewa in a fair election. Invited repeatedly to come back, both Nkomo and Mugabe vowed to take over the country by force.

The strongest criticism is that the Zimbabwe Rhodesia constitution gives the 4 percent white minority unequal representation in Parliament—28 of 100 seats—for ten years to prevent the "majority" from arbitrarily changing the constitution. While the constitution was being formulated, Muzorewa himself fought hard to get the number down to 20. Eventually, Muzorewa and other black leaders in the interim government did agree to the 28 white seats.

Thus the white minority in a black government is given an advantage which its percentage of the populace would not require. Muzorewa says this is necessary to keep the whites from fleeing with the concomitant loss of technicians. He points out that he would rather keep the whites he has than hire white industrial mercenaries to help run the country later. This has been necessary in Zaïre, Mozambique and Angola with less than impressive results.

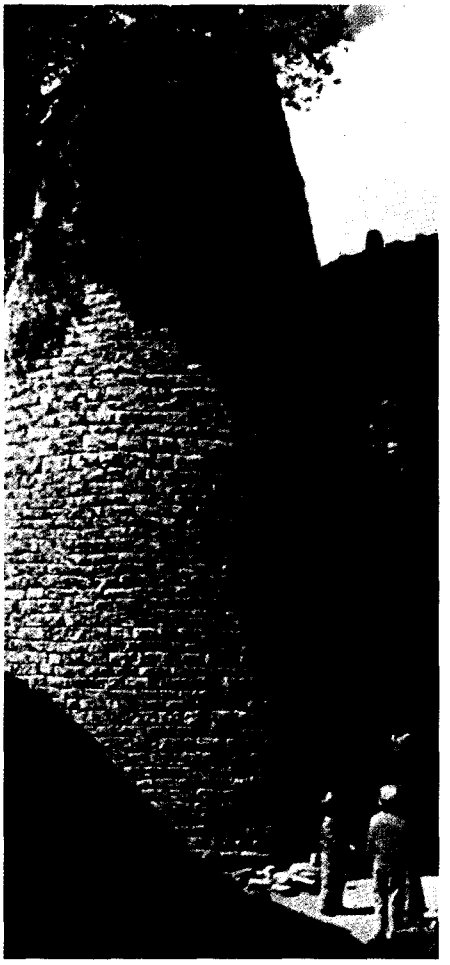
In sum, Muzorewa is accused of treating his white minority too well. Many experts, even within the U.S. government, will privately admit that the Zimbabwe Rhodesia elections were remarkably fair. Complaints about this are a smoke screen. The issue is how well the white Rhodesians are treated and Muzorewa's open dealings with the Republic of South Africa.

This is more than comic opera. Despite his brave front, Prime Minister Muzorewa faces an incredible dilemma. His own life and that of thousands of Zimbabweans are at stake. Black leaders have been killed before and soon forgotten. He faces strong guerrilla forces well armed by the Communists. There is the continual threat of the Cubans entering the fray. They have proved in Angola and Ethiopia that they are capable. Muzorewa has a modern war on his hands every day; he must have modern ammunition, fuel and logistics. The only source of this help is South Africa. Without ammo and fuel he would be ground under in no time. It is this very support which makes him unacceptable to the black front line states and to the U.S. If Muzorewa had U.S. or British supplies he would be less reliant on South Africa. He cannot get Anglo-American support because he is so reliant.

White Rhodesians number less than 200,000; their number is decreasing by at least 2,000 each month. They have always had a place to go. Few were born in Rhodesia; most came from England or the English-speaking segment of South Africa. Most consider themselves English more than Rhodesian or South African. Although they must give up property to do so, they can easily go to South Africa. Thousands of them are. Surely, thousands would like to stay. It's a beautiful country. There are many thousand young Rhodesians who were born and raised there and have never known another home. Thus one often sees an incongruity: The young "troopie" fights for his homeland in the bush, while his parents go to Capetown.

It would be incorrect to consider the white Rhodesians similar to the Afrikaners of South Africa. The Afrikaner has been in his homeland for 300 years. He has his own language and culture; he has nowhere to go. The Rhodesians have been in Rhodesia for a few generations. They are living in a country now ruled by a black government and they know it.

Prime Minister Muzorewa cannot afford too much white flight. He is fighting a war against men equipped with modern equipment. As he says, you cannot make instant generals. His army is 85 percent black, and his civilian defense ministers are mainly black. Once again he has the dilemma. If he tries to please the West by treating his whites with less favor, they will leave—and he will lose.



The Zimbabwe Ruins are one of Africa's greatest mysteries. They have intrigued archaeologists and visitors attracted by the brooding atmosphere and enigma of a superior but vanished society. Rhodesian blacks have named their country Zimbabwe Rhodesia to symbolize the link between a modern and an ancient civilization.

Above all, he must show confidence. If Bishop Muzorewa waivers and shows fear, his white technicians may flee south; his support in Parliament may wither. In the bush waiting are the forces of Mugabe and Nkomo; they want him dead.

Muzorewa's biggest problem in getting trade sanctions lifted is the United States government. It is common knowledge that great American pressure has been put on Britain to keep the sanctions in place. Muzorewa explained his view of this to the Washington press:

"I understand that Mr. Carter's problem is that my black brothers are threatening him with the loss of re-election if he lifts sanctions. That is the only thing holding him up."

It's more complicated; President Carter and Secretary of State Vance deserve more credit than that. In truth, there is no way Rhodesia could be supported logistically save through South Africa. America, by population, is the second largest black nation in the world. No American administration would like to be allied with

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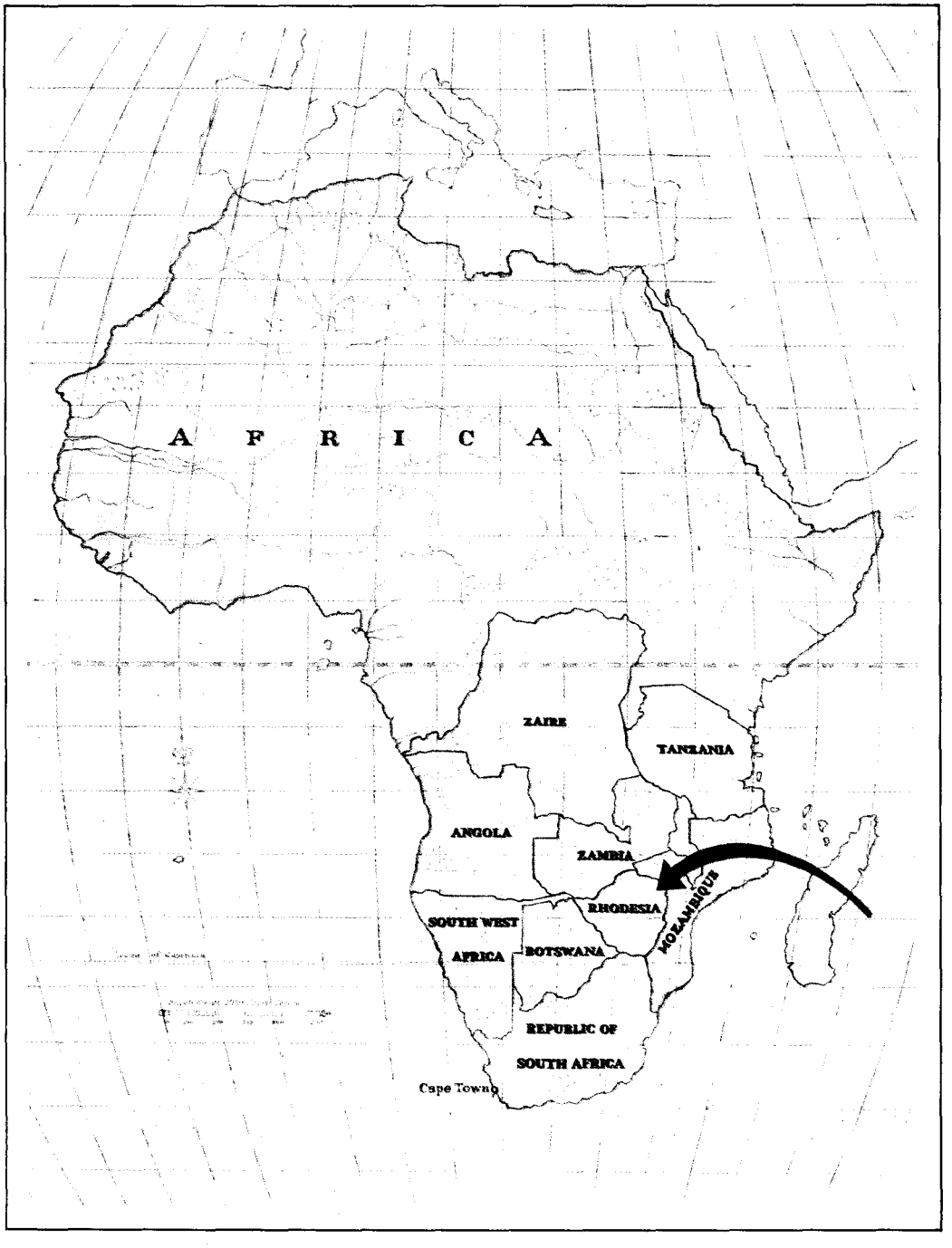
South Africa fighting Cubans and the African "front line states" in Rhodesia. We would be on the side of the old colonial order; the Russians on the side of the new. Now if we can let the British lift sanctions first, that would be something else.

There was a time when America could act clandestinely in southern Africa. A lot of things that happen there are clandestine. Toward the end of President Ford's administration it was in the works to support a government in Angola friendly to the West. America was in on it; so was South Africa. A black government in Namibia friendly to the West was part of the deal. Through Angola there was a railway to Zambia and Rhodesia. With Angola in the camp of the West, there would have been a way to support both Zambia and Rhodesia independent of South Africa. Senator Dick Clark blew the whistle on the covert assistance America was supplying the friendly forces in Angola, and the game was over. It is doubtful if America will be able to do anything covertly like that again.

The Carter regime started out saying that anti-Communism in Africa was an outmoded American policy. We would be guided by human rights in Africa, drawing on our own civil rights experience in the American South. Africa could then be free of "great power" rivalries. This was magnificent but the Russians didn't cooperate. Russia's Cubans came to Ethiopia and Angola to stay. Russia, who once could match the United States only in a strategic exchange, showed that she could project power to a remote area overseas in a sophisticated way even as America once could in Korea and Vietnam. What was viewed at home in America as a new enlightened initiative in human rights was viewed overseas as weakness of a post-Vietnam America.



Rhodesia is now surrounded by Communist dictatorships in Angola and Mozambique, and "presidents-for-life" in the one-party states of Zambia and Tanzania. Soviet-trained Cubans are the "backbone" of the terrorists operating out of the front line states opposed to the new black government in Rhodesia, which wants to keep its minority, native-born whites, and local free enterprise industries, to provide jobs for Rhodesia's six million blacks.

Weakness encourages contempt, and in Africa that encourages strife. While once it was possible to have a stable Angola, Rhodesia and Namibia, it is now not so certain.

There is still hope for Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa and Zimbabwe Rhodesia. By a quirk the British trade sanctions officially lapse in November unless renewed. If the Bishop can continue his balancing act a little longer, the conservative British government may quietly allow those sanctions to expire. Slowly Zimbabwe will become less dependent on South Africa and on white Rhodesians. Opposition from the "front line states" will fade and ZAPU and ZANU will evaporate. It can happen if the brave little man can hold out a bit longer against those impossible odds.

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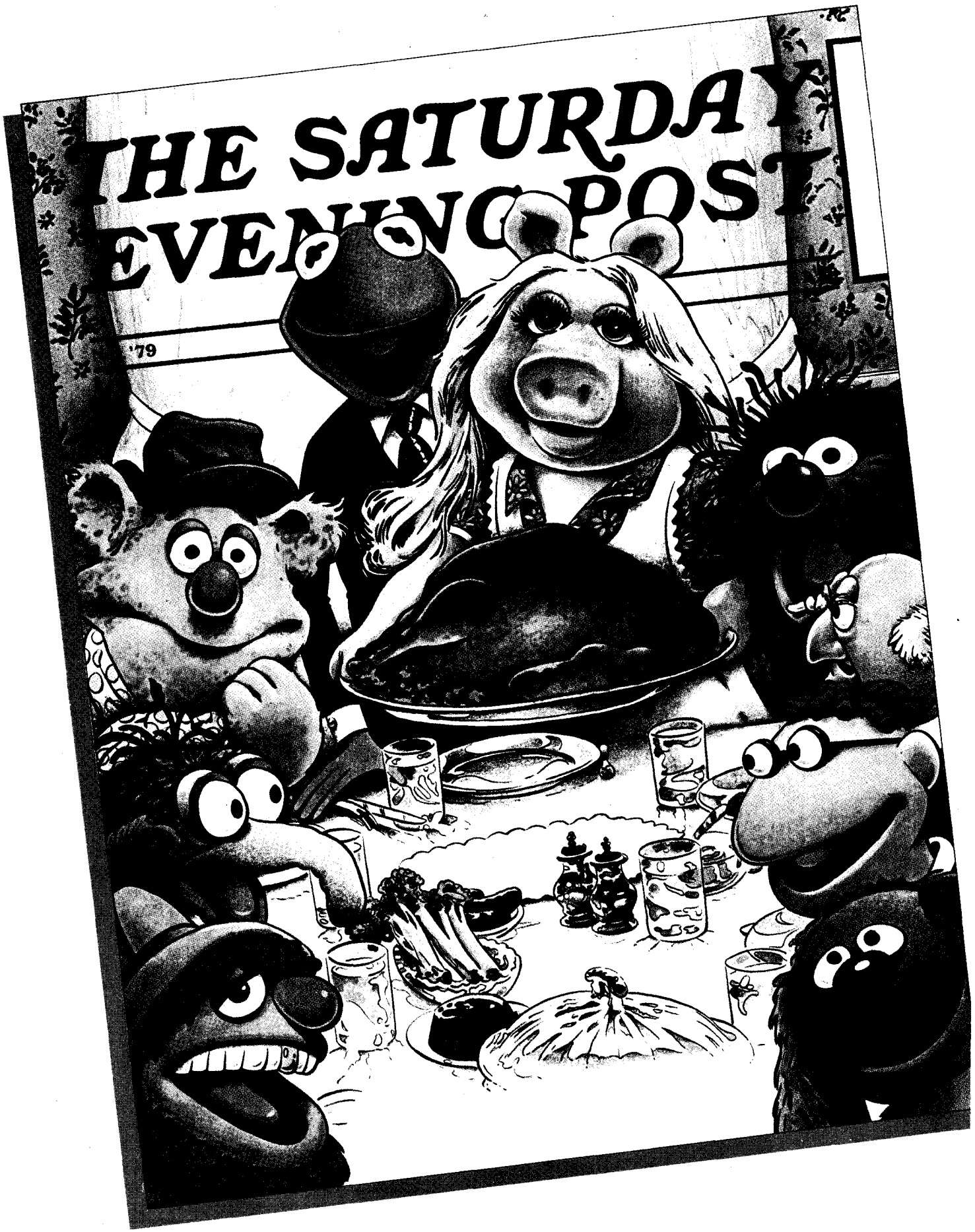

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RELIGION

SHATTER THE SILENCE

Anatoly Shcharansky's voice is muffled by the walls of a Soviet prison. But his wife's quest for justice is heard in the hearts of those who love freedom.

by Donna Nason

Small and thin, with a resignation in her straight posture that is at once surprising and yet not out of character, Avital Shcharansky views the world dispassionately through enormous brown eyes shaded by thick dark brows. Her skin is smooth olive perfection with no makeup, her mouth and nose perhaps a bit too full. Black hair now well streaked with gray belies her 28 years and tells of endless internal frustration and determination.

The victim of a show trial reminiscent of Stalin's time, Anatoly Shcharansky has become a symbol of perseverance to the emigration movement of Soviet Jews.

Avital Shcharansky (above) took her crusade to New York this spring where a ban was lifted to permit her demonstration at the Soviet embassy. After a rare visit to her son, the dissident's mother (right) described him as "pale with sunken eyes."

Avital is a woman with a mission; she knows who she is, where she has been and where she is going. She projects a dual image of physical weakness and indomitable inner fortitude. She is a symbol—a legend—almost a martyr. As I spent time with her, she seemed too exhausted physically and mentally to go on and yet constantly drawing from some reserve deep within in the knowledge that for her there is no easy way out. She can't quit. The stakes are too high.

In July 1978, the world watched in horror the highly publicized trial of Avital's husband, Anatoly Shcharansky, in Moscow. One of the best known Jewish activists in Russia, Shcharansky was the voice of a people longing to be free. His message (like Moses') was always the same: "Let my people go!"

He was tried for treason and espionage under Article 64 of the Criminal Code of the R.S.F.S.R (Russian Soviet Federal Socialist Republic). However, Western sources say that his only crime, if indeed it can be called a crime, was that he told the truth. And he told it in English. The 30-year-old computer specialist served as a spokesman and interpreter for Soviet Jewish activists and was the regular contact with Western diplomatic and press corps in Moscow, his name appearing frequently in leading Western newspapers.

Shcharansky was arrested by half a dozen KGB agents on March 15, 1977, as he emerged from the apartment of Jewish activist Vladi-

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How long they will exist in the wild is questionable. They are all endangered, chiefly because their living areas have been greatly reduced or destroyed entirely, and also because they continue to be illegally hunted.

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Next Year in Jerusalem

After the Soviet Revolution in 1917, for many years it was thought that Russia's approximately 3 million Jews had assimilated into the mainstream of Soviet life. The total repression of any sort of communication between the Russian public and Western countries made it impossible to know the true existing conditions. However, beginning with the infamous Doctors' Plot in 1953 when Stalin accused prominent Jewish physicians of plotting to murder Soviet leaders, there has been knowledge in the West of severe anti-Semitism and oppression of the Jews. This dates from the very inception of the U.S.S.R., with the degree of State-controlled hatred varying with different rulers.

It is now known that during the first 50 years of Soviet rule, perhaps more than 100,000 Jews were tried, convicted and imprisoned for years in labor camps, where many died—because they doggedly continued to assert their Jewishness. Interest in the Jewish state of Israel, baking or selling matzo (a cake of unleavened bread), teaching Hebrew, and performing a circumcision were all grounds for incarceration. The more than 90,000 Jews who have left the U.S.S.R. since the Six-Day War in 1967 have brought with them invaluable information regarding the treatment of Soviet Jewry. Today in the Soviet Union, it is virtually impossible for Jews to study their own religion or the traditions, customs and history of their people.

Soviet law requires that all persons must obtain an internal passport when they reach the age of 16, and it is this passport which is used as a primary source of identification for the Russian citizenry. Whether one is applying for higher education or a job, the passport must be shown. As Russian nationals, Jews should have been able to state that fact on their passports, but they are forced by law to identify themselves as Jews. This has for years placed them at the bottom of the heap in terms of educational opportunity, job placement, Communist Party advancement and social standing. Last year there was not even one Jew admitted to the University of Moscow, the largest institute of higher learning in the world.

They have been oppressed and repressed, denied their full rights as Soviet citizens, and they have suffered the brunt of Communist anti-Jewish propaganda. In recent years it has been reported that a lengthy anti-Semitic "documentary" was shown on prime-time nationwide television and an even more viciously anti-Semitic film has been shown at military training centers throughout the country. Anti-Jewish books and other printed materials have been repeatedly distributed to the general public in a seemingly successful attempt to mold a public opinion of anti-Semitism.

It was into this turbulent environment that the current generation of Soviet Jews were born. Nurtured in repression and prejudice, these young Jews wanted to know exactly what it meant to be Jewish. From terrified parents they had learned nothing, and they hovered on the brink of losing a 4,000-year heritage.

The establishment of the state of Israel in 1948 opened up broad vistas of national pride within the hearts of Soviet Jews, as indeed in all Jews the world over. Zionism—the return of Jews to their ancient homeland—has come to the forefront. The traditional Jewish proverb "Next year in Jerusalem" has become for many a realistic goal. In Russia, years of oppression and imprisonment, coupled with renewed national pride, produced a new generation of Jewish activists, reflecting the truth that historic Zionism in the U.S.S.R. had never completely disappeared.

Armed with intelligence and passion and a will to succeed, these young Jews began to bring their struggle out into the open. Severe personal frustration made them hold a current Soviet regime which puts some credence in law became the vehicle, and one of the most remarkable freedom movements in modern history was born! An underground web of twos and threes working independently and unknown to each other began to form across the land. Self-published and signed "samizdat" materials were circulated. Petitions, protests, public demonstrations—anything that was legal and would somehow inform the Western world of the struggle became the norm. And given Soviet policy, the Jewish Repatriation Movement had remarkable success.

But belonging to this movement, which is still completely unorganized in

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mir Slepak. Taken to the Special Investigation section of Moscow's Lefortovo Prison (specializing in the incarceration of those whose views differ from those of the State), Shcharansky was held incommunicado for 16 months and was repeatedly refused the right to have legal counsel of his own choice. His subsequent sentence of three years' solitary confinement in Lefortovo Prison followed by ten years' hard labor shocked the world last July.

Avital's luminous brown eyes grow even larger as she speaks in broken English of her husband's imprisonment, her soft voice heavy with emotion: "How can he stay in prison for 13 years? A man who is not guilty and the whole world knows it?" She is intense, full of emotion, but restrained, letting very little show.

She relaxes somewhat as she shares in hushed tones her first meeting with Shcharansky. "My brother Misha apply to emigrate to Israel in 1973 and they refuse him," she says, choosing her words carefully. "Then he going many times to demonstrate in the streets and many times arrested." (Street demonstrators in Russia are charged with "hooliganism" and jailed for 15 days at a time.) "He never tell me when he go to demonstrate—he knows I am scared," she says, lowering her eyes. Once he gave her the phone number of a friend, telling her to call it if he didn't return home. He didn't come home, and Avital knew her tall, handsome older brother had been arrested again. She called the number and was invited to come to the synagogue.

Refuseniks, those Jews who have been refused permission to emigrate to Israel, are not allowed inside the synagogues for fear of the authorities, but Avital found a joyful throng of them outside. "They were different. Happy. They spoke of going to Israel. They had hope." Avital pauses and smiles: "Here I meet Anatoly, and he tells me he is a very good friend of my brother Misha." It was love at first sight, and before long the two had planned a wedding for July 4, 1974. Avital's brother Misha Stiglitz was allowed

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MARGARET THATCHER, THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL WOMAN

Britain's new Prime Minister has set goals to steer her nation back from the shoals of too much government control toward individual freedom and the rewards of private endeavor.

by Paul Johnson

The two questions most often asked about Margaret Thatcher are: How did she become Britain's first woman party leader; and can she make a successful prime minister of a badly divided and demoralized Britain? If we can answer the first correctly, we shall be a long way toward answering the second. The rise of Mrs. Thatcher is indeed an astonishing story, but it is a perfectly explicable one. She carried off the greatest prize ever won by a woman in our public life by a combination of hard work, brains, courage and just a little bit of luck.

In a way, her background in Grantham, Lincolnshire, was highly conducive to the creation of a successful Conservative politician. Photographs of the grocer's shop over which she was born and raised reveal its sheer ordinariness. But Alfred Roberts was not an ordinary grocer. He was 6 feet 3 inches, a man of profound religious convictions with a passionate interest in public affairs. He came from a family of Northampton shoemakers, which since the late Middle Ages have traditionally been the most politically-motivated (and usually radical) of all the provincial artisans. Alfred Roberts was not a radical. He sat on the council for 34 years, ending up as mayor of Grantham in 1945, as an Independent; but he leaned toward the Conservatives, and it is clear that Margaret and her elder sister Muriel acquired a Conservative outlook very early. She was folding Tory election addresses as long ago as 1935 at the age of ten.

More important, she acquired from her parents a Christian faith and outlook which became, and remains to this day, the absolute bedrock of her moral, social and political philosophy. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that Mrs. Thatcher is, first and last, a Christian. Indeed, she is likely to be the first fully-committed Christian prime minister since Lord Salisbury. She is not, like her father, a Methodist (he was a lay preacher). She finds in Anglicanism a broader and more tolerant approach, and more substantial historical claims. But she accepted as a child her parents' teaching that all actions, public and private, must be seen through a Christian prism, and this continues to be her guide. To her, Christianity is above and beyond party politics: She emphasizes that neither Labour nor Conservatives have a private line to the deity (or, for that matter, to the devil). But she does claim, as in an address she gave on her view of Christianity in a City church, that the Judaeo-Christian system of ethics, its view of human conduct and the organization of society for non-material ends, is a central element in the historical traditions which have shaped the British political system.

Then, too, she inherited from her parents the Nonconformist work ethic which played so large a part in establishing industrial capitalism in Britain. Her childhood background was puritanical;

Nicknamed the "Iron Lady," Mrs. Thatcher has been compared to another formidable lady from Britain's past, Elizabeth I, who was also plagued by inflation and government debt more than four centuries ago.

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it might almost be described as Victorian. We learn from George Gardiner's excellent little biography of her that she was never even given a bicycle: She had to earn the money to buy one. The family gradually enjoyed a modest prosperity; but the sisters were taught by their mother industrious habits of cooking and sewing, and by their father the moral necessity to work hard at school.

Both at elementary school and at the girls' grammar school, Margaret was a consistent and indefatigable worker, and a very ambitious teenager. She set her sights higher than her teachers': It was at her insistence that she entered for a scholarship at Somerville College, Oxford, then the most difficult academic target any British schoolgirl could attempt. She just missed the scholarship but she won a place, and from 1943-47, despite the war and postwar difficulties, she had a highly successful Oxford career, taking second-class honors in chemistry and becoming president of the Oxford University Conservative Association.

She was already committed to a political career, as her particular form of Christian service. Her qualifications allowed her to take jobs in research chemistry, as a background to the pursuit of a seat in Parliament. In 1949 she was adopted as Conservative candidate for Dartford, then pretty safe for Labour; and in both the 1950 and the 1951 elections she was the youngest woman candidate in the country. Through these activities she met, and married, Denis Thatcher, an industrial chemist who was later to be a director of Burmah Oil, and in due course they had twins, Mark and Carol. This meant she missed the 1955 election. She also missed getting adopted for Orpington—a stroke of luck, for Orpington Tories later went down to spectacular defeat by the Liberals. At Beckenham the Conservative Association told her: "You are a woman with young children, and we don't think you ought to contest an election."

"Government makes too many decisions and the private citizen too few."

Finally she got Finchley, in 1958, almost an ideal seat, and in good time for Harold Macmillan's rip-roaring success in 1959. Needless to say, she had not been idle in the interval. Deciding, rightly, that she could combine the law more easily than chemistry with a parliamentary career, she had taken Bar finals only four months before her twins were born. She followed this up by studying at the Common Law, Chancery and Revenue bars, ending up in tax chambers with Anthony Barber and Patrick Jenkin.

This background in legal finance undoubtedly explains why it is that Mrs. Thatcher has a better grasp of British public finance than anyone who has sat on either front bench for a number of years. She is the first prime minister since Gladstone thoroughly to understand how the Treasury works, and how the details of a Finance Act relate, in practical terms, to income and expenditure. In a conversation I had with him last year, Lord Home pointed out to me that she has a range of professional qualifications which is extremely rare even among men MPs, let alone women. Intellectually, as he put it, "she is a hot number."

As a new MP she had her greatest stroke of luck: She came second in the ballot for private member's bills. Characteristically—she is a strong democrat—she introduced a bill giving access to council meetings. This was taken over by the government, broadened, and eventually became law. Her maiden speech, in which she introduced the bill, lasted 27 minutes and was delivered without a note—she always prefers to speak without notes if possible. It was regarded as a substantial success; and the fact that her first legislative effort, on a major issue of principle and practice, went straight onto the Statute Book rapidly establishing her as a serious political figure. In 1961 Macmillan gave her office as Parliamentary Secretary at the Ministry of Pensions, and when the party went into opposition in 1964 she held a series of shadow posts: pensions, housing and land, and the Treasury, joining the shadow cabinet itself at fuel and power, and being eventually promoted to education.

This constituted a broad training, and experience, at any rate on domestic issues. It meant that she had established herself as the woman high-flyer of the Tories, like Barbara Castle on the Labour side. Yet Mrs. Thatcher remained curiously diffident about her political chances. On the night of the Tory victory in 1970 I went to the splendid party Lady Hartwell, wife of the *Daily Telegraph*'s proprietor, gave at the Savoy. Mrs. Thatcher arrived around midnight, fresh from triumph at the Finchley poll. "By this time next week you will be in the Cabinet," I greeted her. "Do you *really* think so?" she asked, still doubting her own claims, still not quite believing in her own good fortune. I dare say she would have been quite contented with a non-Cabinet post. This humility is one of her most endearing characteristics.

It was difficult for her, young, the sole woman and fairly low down the pecking order, to speak out in Cabinet on matters which did not concern her department; but, within the limits of prudence, she did. Enoch Powell's bitter charge against her, that she tamely acquiesced in all the betrayals of Tory principle, is unjust. On the other hand, she has publicly accepted her full share of the collective responsibility for the mistakes of the Heath government; and she is much too loyal and truthful to pretend that she waged a one-woman war against the U-turns within the Cabinet.

As for her own work at education, she admits that she was much too preoccupied with building and modernizing schools at almost any cost, and obtaining enough teachers, to devote adequate attention to the standards of teaching and, above all, to the curriculum. She learned from this an important lesson about "big" government: Quality is much more important than quantity. A second endearing characteristic is her willingness to admit error and even profit from it.

After the two electoral calamities of 1974, it became rapidly apparent that Heath's continued leader-

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These questions used to really stump us. That was just a few years ago.

Lois and I then lived in Denver, Colorado, at 2545 South High Street. We paid $135 a month rent for a cramped, tumbled down house. We were expecting our second child and we were flat broke. We felt desperate and forced into a corner. We had to borrow $150 from my father and another $150 from my wife's father just to buy the groceries and pay the rent. If that wasn't enough, we were several thousand dollars in debt.

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- Allow you to travel one week out of every month.
- Borrow cash easily (my wife found out recently that with the new laws, borrowing can now be easily done by a woman alone.)

Things are much different now. Last year we could have retired and lived comfortably off the income from our real estate holdings. (Incidently, almost all of the income from the real estate is tax free.)

Since I had worked 20 to 40 hours a week and my wife stayed home with the family, I know that we didn't work even 10 times longer or harder than you. And with my C-average from Ames High School (located in Ames, Iowa) and my wife's B-average from Twin Falls High in Idaho, I'm sure that we are not any smarter than you.

If hours, efforts, or brains are not what separate the rich from the average guy who is swamped with debts and very little income, then what is?

We learned the answer to that question from an old fellow in Denver that we met at our church. This fellow worked in a drug store stocking the shelves. Very few people knew that he had $200,000 in the bank, all of which he had earned starting from nothing.

Within a year after meeting him, we were told and shown the same thing by a young man who had recently earned over a million dollars. By this time, we began to realize that what we were being shown was truly a remarkable and workable way to grow rich.

The Beginning. We began to apply the principles and methods we had been shown. My wife, acting as a counselor, did her part by encouraging me when I was discouraged and pointing out where we could take some shortcuts. The results were amazing. We couldn't believe how easy it was, in fact, it seemed too easy.

But then we met an elderly lady (83 years old), who had made $117,000 using the same formula.

We then figured our beginning wasn't luck. For three and one half years, we worked hard to refine and improve on the formula that we had been shown, so that it would be easy to get quicker results.

As we did this, our assets multiplied very rapidly (160% per year) to the point that neither of us had to work any longer.

I guess we're bragging now, but I did start spending a lot of time in our backyard pool, traveling around the country, and doing a lot of loafing while my wife, with the aid of in-house help, was able to spend more time with our children besides being able to do all the things she had wanted to try for years.

Then one day a friend asked us how he could do what we had done.

So we began to outline the formula that we had improved to show him really how simple it was, and how he could do the same thing.

By the next time he approached-us, we had written almost a complete volume on the easy way for him to copy our results.

We wrote this in simple, straight forward language so anyone could understand it.

This time our friend's questions were very specific. (He had already begun buying properties with the formulas we had been giving him.) Now he had a property he wanted to buy, but was out of cash. How could he buy it?

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POLITICS 1980: BILL FURLONG PREDICTS THE VP'S

With crystal ball in hand, the author gazes deep and comes up with the names John Connally and Teddy Kennedy will be considering for #2. The winners? Look to Illinois and Ohio.

by William Barry Furlong

Summer 1972:

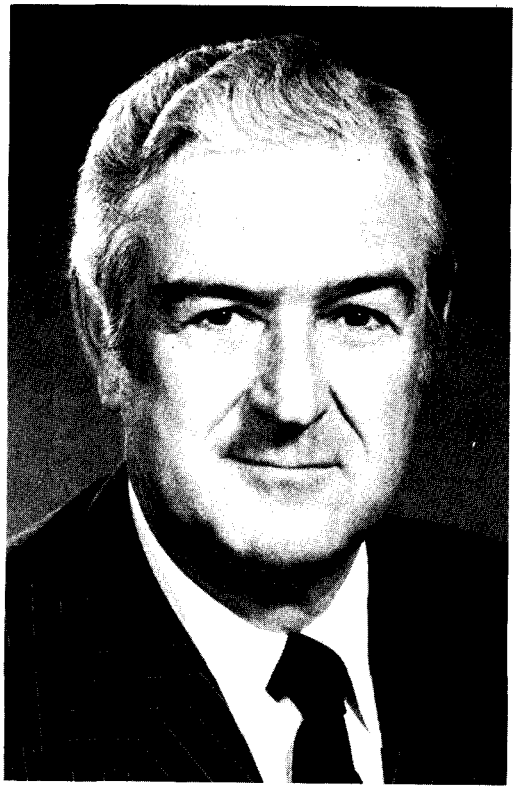
The room was plastic, tattered, filled with the subdued hum and hard metallic coolness of air-conditioning. It was hot and humid in Miami Beach that week and now the exhausted remnants of the Democratic convention dragged limply into a conference room in the Doral Hotel, some of them hung over from the long night—and the partying—of the day before. They had only hours to make the first and most revealing decision in the campaign. There was a movie star there. There was the daughter-in-law of a movie director there. There was an 11-cents-an-hour "teen-age" pollster there—actually a young pollster barely into his twenties who went into policy-making via polling and now was a key aide to the nominee. These and about a score of other people had gathered to decide among themselves—without any particular qualification, or method, for the job—one of the most important aspects of the electoral process: picking a candidate for Vice President of the United States.

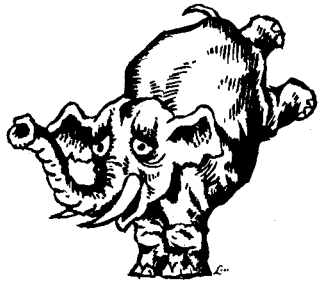
The presidential nominee, George McGovern, was not there. He was devoting himself to what he considered a more imperative calling: He was asleep. He knew he had a painfully short time in which to make this decision but he would sleep the time away and then listen to the advice of this advisory group—most of whom didn't know and had never met any of the people they were discussing. The man they—and he—picked: a man who had concealed his mental health record.

* * *

Summer 1972:

The room was plastic, hurriedly cleaned and filled with the subdued hum and hard metallic coolness of air-conditioning. It was called—in the smirking traditions of Miami Beach—the Jackie-of-Hearts room, after Jackie Gleason, the comedian who was the favorite adopted son of south Florida. The Republican nominee had a little more than two hours sleep. He had only a few hours left before announcing the first and most revealing decision of his campaign. Now he was listening to the recommendations of the people he thought most influential in





John Connally, author Furlong believes, will be the choice of the Republican Party as candidate for United States President. The governor has already stated his desire to pick candidates for his running mate at an early date, avoiding the past pattern of hasty decisions made under deadline pressures on the convention floor. Furlong predicts that the eventual winner will be Governor Jim Thompson of Illinois.

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making such a decision. There was a former movie star there. There was a politician who kept pushing his son-in-law. There were two very close associates of the nominee who would serve time in federal prisons for their crimes. These and about a half-dozen other people had gathered to decide among themselves—without any key facts on the men they were describing, without any method for going about the task—one of the most important aspects of the electoral process: picking a candidate for Vice President of the United States.

The nominee, Richard Nixon, listened only for a limited time. Then, tired and disgusted, he left the meeting and went to his white-and-gold-brocade penthouse suite in the Hilton-Plaza hotel. With some of his closest—and, as it turned out, most dangerous—advisors around him, he mulled the recommendations before him. The man he picked: an individual who had committed a number of criminal acts—using his public office to seek and get bribes—and would continue to take bribes in the very office of the Vice President.

Over and over the scenario is replayed. It is a wry, almost macabre commentary on the men we choose to run for President that so often they make clumsy, even disastrous decisions on their running mates—in the first important and most revealing decision they'll make at the head of their party's Presidential campaign. Even in these "enlightened" times, when everything is supposed to be known about everybody and trumpeted in the press, the nation has been presented with, as contenders for the Vice Presidency, hidden records.

Thus one of the most significant events of the 1980 Presidential campaign will take place next June. It will be a venturesome effort to solve this problem, to start bringing a more probative approach to the selection of a Vice President.

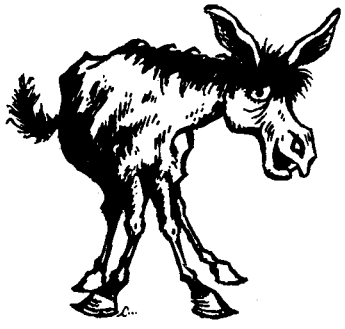
The man who could do it: John Connally, a Republican candidate for President.

The method: He would try to eliminate some of the last-minute chaos by naming in an "early alert to the American people" the candidates he'd consider for Vice President. And he would do it four to six weeks *before* the convention opens.

The idea would be to identify the individuals Connally thinks are best fitted not only to be Vice President but—in view of the ominous tragedies which have followed certain Presidents—to be President. And to name them early enough that the "press and the delegates can investigate them and examine them." If this is done, there will not be a last-minute rush of people alien to the whole procedure—people who will be making judgments on candidates they hardly know. And, he feels, there will be time for some of the "skeletons" in the candidates' closets to emerge.

The need for such a procedure—for any procedure better than the one we have—is suggested by the way even the most intelligent of Presidential candidates picked their running mates in the past. In 1956, Adlai Stevenson II, the Democratic Presidential candidate, didn't want to make a decision at all. So he turned the decision over to a thousand other people—the delegates to the convention—to make the choice. They chose Estes Kefauver, whose name has already disappeared from history; they rejected John F. Kennedy, who became—as President—one of the great heroes of the Democratic party.

Or consider Kennedy himself in 1960: His method was just short of total chaos, not to say total madness. At one point after his nomination, he was sitting in a suite on the ninth floor of the Biltmore Hotel in 1960, talking on the telephone with Lyndon B. Johnson, then Majority Leader of the United States Sen-



Teddy Kennedy is the man Furlong sees as Connally's opponent, Jimmy Carter to the contrary. His strategy makes the Vice President just as important among the Democrats as in the Republican camp. But Furlong also foresees much more backing and filling in the selection of the Democratic number two. At the last minute, the author believes, the slot will be filled by Senator John Glenn of Ohio.

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ate, and assuring him that he did very much want him on the ticket as his running mate. Meanwhile, precisely two floors below him, on the seventh floor of the same hotel at the same time, the nominee's own brother—and clearly his most influential associate—was standing in the Majority Leader's suite and asserting sharply quite the opposite: He was insisting that the Majority Leader had to stay off the ticket because the Presidential nominee didn't want him and neither did anybody else. The person working both sides, trying to overcome the problem, was a newspaper publisher (of the *Washington Post*) who'd come up with this particular idea in the first place. He had maneuvered both men into considering it—though he had no position in public life, and was not in any way accountable to the American people—and he was not only working as a key adviser for the antagonists but he was going to make sure that *his* idea was not going to be dismissed by either side. Again he reflected the kind of people who have such awesome impact on this critical decision though they have no qualifications and no certification from the people of the nation or even the party to be involved in it. For this individual, who'd ingratiated himself with both sides, was so close to madness that in the coming "thousand days" he would seek to destroy his marriage, to turn his newspaper's control over to his mistress, and finally to destroy himself: He blew his brains out in a manic-depressive episode. It is no consolation to the American people to know that Lyndon Johnson was picked for Vice President in so bizarre an atmosphere by so bizarre a company.

It was not the first time so preposterous a process took place. Thomas Jefferson clearly botched up his choice for Vice President in his first term. In fact, he created a grave Constitutional crisis through his choice. For he picked a man who shot and killed the former Secretary of the Treasury and one of the most celebrated men in the history of the nation, Alexander Hamilton; planned treason against the United States even while he was still Vice President of the United States, a military invasion of Mexico to split it off from Spain, and to split off much of the land acquired by the U.S. in the Louisiana Purchase and start anew with himself, Aaron Burr, the Vice President of the United States, as Emperor.

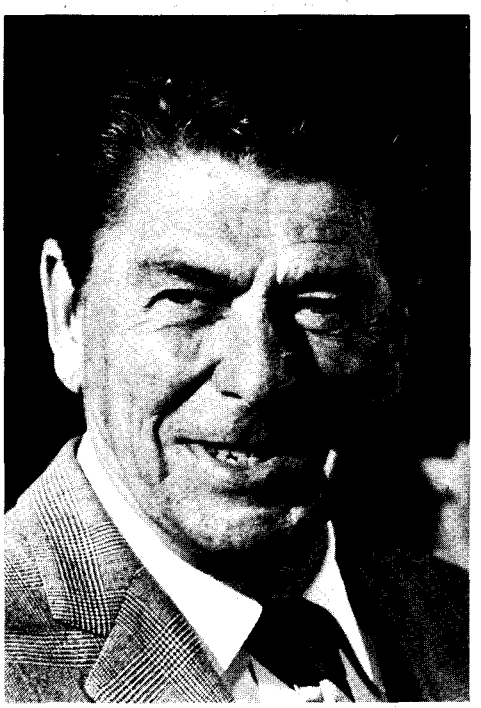
On yet another occasion, Henry Clay saw the Whig party he had founded turn to another and totally nonpolitical man, General William Henry Harrison, at precisely that moment in history when the Whigs were certain to win the Presidency for the first time. Henry Clay was so hurt and embittered that he did not seize an opportunity to become a Vice Presidential candidate under Harrison. He left it to a nonentity named John Tyler. Harrison was elected, died a month after he was sworn in (of a cold that he caught at his inauguration), and Tyler automatically became President, serving all but one month of Harrison's four-year term.

The need to eliminate such emotions, and the general chaos of selection, becomes all the more urgent when one considers these facts:

- Of the 42 persons (including Walter Mondale, the incumbent) who've been Vice President, 13 became President.
- Of those 13, nine of them ascended to the higher office upon the death or dishonor of the President. (The rest simply won the Presidency in their own right, after having served as Vice President.)
- Of the last seven Presidents who've been elected in years ending in a zero, all seven died in office and were succeeded by their Vice Presidents. Obviously, the election of 1980 brings us to another year ending in zero.

Connally's commitment to use the "early alert" even if he doesn't have the Presidential nomination sewed up at the time is a greater risk politically than has been taken in the past, simply because of the

Howard Baker, Republican senator from Tennessee, (below left) is a V.P. possibility. But Connally doesn't need him to carry Tennessee and Baker might rather be Majority Leader of the Senate. John Culver (right), the Democratic senator from Iowa, as Kennedy's best friend is also in the running for Teddy's V.P.



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names that will be left off the "early alert" list of John Connally, names of politicians who thus can't be flattered into delivering delegations to Connally in exchange for beguiling little promises to "think of you when we're picking our No. 2 man."

It is also a risk for Connally in terms of pace and organization. For some other candidate may exploit Connally's organization (which is less developed than certain of his rivals') and leave him gasping in rage and embarrassment. Consider how this might work:

By far the best Vice Presidential candidate Connally could choose would be Ronald Reagan of California. That would keep the conservatives content after the election while Connally begins bolting from the right to the center of the political spectrum. (He realizes that the Presidency is won in the middle ground of American politics, not on the extreme right or left.) That would also give him a chance to carry both Texas (Connally's home state) and California (Reagan's home state), with their 71 electoral votes (of the 269 needed for election). That, in turn, would put a big dent in the grab-the-big-state strategy that Ted Kennedy will use in his Presidential campaign in 1980. (See *The Saturday Evening Post*, September 1979.)

But will Reagan accept the No. 2 spot?

There have been several reports that he's changed his mind about shunning it—that he would take it. But a close examination of the quotes leaves such a feeling of ambiguity that any reasonable person would say that a reasonable doubt exists. All that can be said is that he hasn't blurted, "Definitely not"—yet. But there may be a reason for that: He doesn't want to conjure up memories of 1976 when his refusal to consider the Vice Presidency might have cost the GOP the election. And continued control of the White House.

The challenge that Connally must face from Reagan is not simply a question of whether Reagan will tolerate being No. 2 on a Connally ticket. It is whether Reagan might not beat him to the punch. By doing the same thing: by spreading word that Reagan will take Connally on *his* ticket as the No. 2 man. And by adding that with an *organization* behind him, Connally might shape up pretty well—as a Vice Presidential candidate.

That's not the only way Connally might get boxed in. For President Ford—who now intends to stay out of the primaries next spring and instead reserve his bid for the GOP convention in Detroit—might also beat Connally to the punch. If he feels the need to stir up some excitement, he might also make an "early pick" and announce John Connally as the man he'd like to have as his running mate. He simply might hope to form an alliance between his backers and Connally's delegates in an effort to defeat Reagan. (Connally can't do the reverse and name Ford as a potential running mate; that would seem to be an effort to demean the office of the Presidency—Ford simply will not step down from the Presidency to take the Vice Presidency under any man.) Given these circumstances, can Connally say he won't run as the No. 2 man under Ford? Wouldn't that be "pulling a Reagan"—refusing to help the party to win because he was relegated to No. 2? How can he fence with these bids to be a "unanimous" No. 2 man while keeping his bid for No. 1 alive?

The answer, of course, is in making his "early alert" before Reagan and Ford get around to identifying Connally as their No. 1 choice for the No. 2 spot. In that way, he could make it appear as if they were reacting to his initiative instead of the other way around. But the timing demands a control, a sensitivity, a delicacy which may not develop in time within the Connally organization.

Given the premise that Connally can pull off the "early alert" effectively, who is he likely to list as his running mate? And pick as his eventual choice? Two things can be said about that individual who'll eventually be picked by Connally: (1) He won't be a person who'll try to upstage Connally in either the campaign or the Presidency to follow, and (2) he'll help Connally carry a state critical to the election of a Republican ticket.

The only people who won't be considered are Ford—because he isn't going to be asked to step down in class—and George Bush. The latter is a moderate conservative who's made a strong drive for the Presidential nomination. But he also is from Texas—he lives in the same neighborhood in Houston as Connally does, in fact. But under the Constitution, either Connally or Bush—both being from the same state—would have to give up the electoral votes of Texas. And it would be foolish for either to invite that limitation when the electoral vote of Texas is likely to be critical to the election of both candidates.

But the possibilities that remain are alluring.

Connally could seek a *conservative* like Congressman Jack Kemp of New York or Phil Crane of Illinois. Both are young, vigorous, attractive. Both have been mentioned as Presidential possibilities. But other specifications work hard against them. Kemp, for in-

Continued on page 116

Ronald Reagan, former governor of California (second from right), still has plenty of clout and would make Connally a powerful Vice Presidential running mate. Reagan has never said he would take the number two spot—but he might.

Adlai Stevenson has indicated he might not run again for the Senate and has intimated that he might yet run for President. Although his name coupled with Kennedy's would warm many a Democratic heart, there is little warmth between Ted and Adlai. The Stevensons still believe their father was "used" by the Kennedy clan in the climb up the ladder to American dynasty status.

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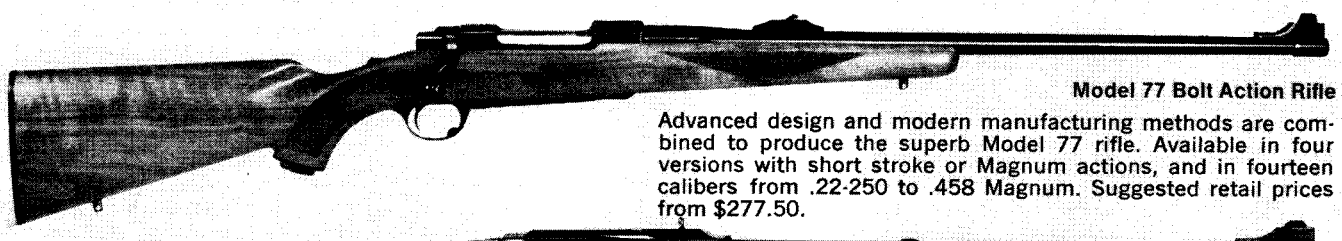

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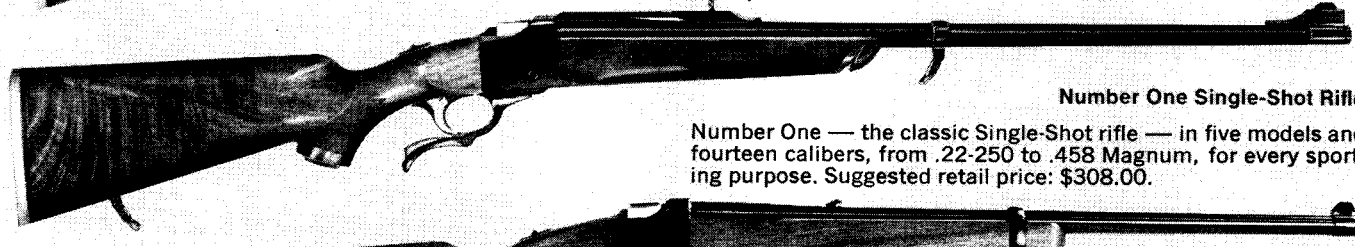

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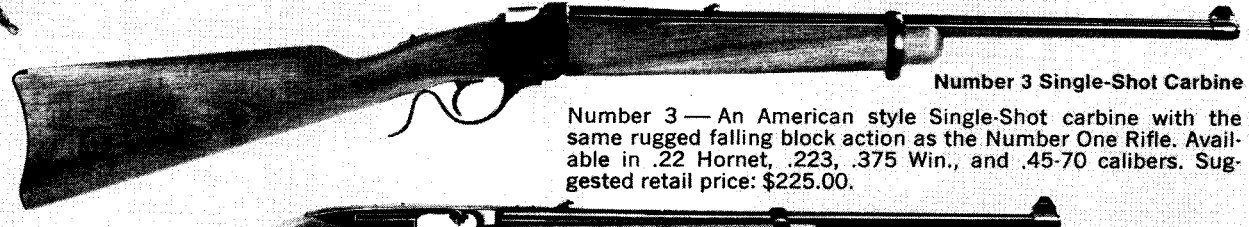

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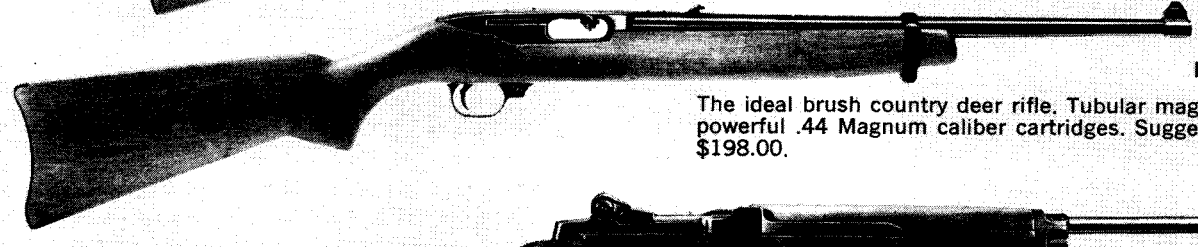

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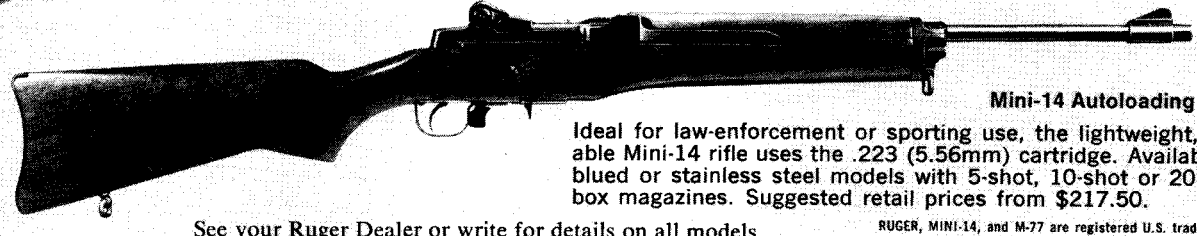

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A SATURDAY EVENING POST TRIBUTE

October '79

Joan Wayne

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John Wayne's Other Roles

Big Duke played many a part where he wasn't wearing spurs or in uniform. And some of them were great. In the end, though, one battle picture title summed Wayne up best: Cast a Giant Shadow.

by Fred Cavinder

While the world may best remember John Wayne as a cowboy or a man in uniform fighting for America, the image isn't totally accurate. Wayne served in many other roles.

Would you believe John Wayne the hockey player? The lawyer trying to prove a friend's death was murder, not suicide? A boxer? A dashing gambler and man about town? He played all those roles, and more.

In fact, John Wayne's favorite role, at least during the first half of his long career, was not a Western character. It was, in fact, Swedish. Complete with accent.

He told readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* about it in 1949 in a popular feature called "The Role I Liked Best."

"From my point of view, *The Long Voyage Home* could have been titled *Wayne's Long Struggle With a Swedish Accent*. My natural accent is strictly from Winterset, Iowa, where I was born, and it required a lot of persuasion to make it turn Swedish for the role of Oley in this film about the wartime merchant marine. My task was complicated by the fact that audiences usually associate a Swedish accent with comedy, and Oley was a serious character in a dramatic story. If the audience had laughed, I would have gone down with the ship.

"Thanks to the coaching of Danish actress Osa Massen and the constructive criticism of director Jack Ford, however, I managed to talk my way out of this hole. Jack Ford, long a member of the naval reserve, also aided me through his thorough knowledge of ships and seamen.

"The story, based on three of Eugene O'Neill's plays, suggested that most seamen continually yearn for their homes. Oley, who was new to the sea, glorified his own farm home in Sweden, and his shipmates urged him to return to it.

"This theme was put across by Oley's sincerity and his genuine nostalgia and by settings that managed to be realistic without being overdrawn.

"Proof of the success of this salty mixture of sea water and tears came to me when a young man walked up to me at Catalina and asked, 'When are you going to make another picture like *The Long Voyage Home*?'

" 'I'd like to make one tomorrow,' I said.

" 'I was in the merchant marine when I saw it,' he added, 'and you played that guy like you were one of us.' "

A uniform such as the one he wore in The Green Berets *was interchangeable with chaps and Stetson for the Wayne image, but his screen portrayals extended to campuses, boom towns, even Swedish accents.*

Of course, the merchant marine is close to the military, and it was in uniform (a uniform outside that of a cowboy) that Wayne carved his strongest non-Western image. "How could we have won the war without John Wayne?" was a remark often made both by gagsters and by those more serious about his impact on the United States.

But an anonymous movie exhibitor was more accurate when he was quoted as saying, "Put John Wayne's name on a newsreel and it will do business." So it was that directors knew the value of the Wayne name even in something as unusual as *The Conquerors*, in which he played Genghis Khan; *The Barbarian and the Geisha*, in which he played the first accredited U.S. diplomatic representative to Japan; and *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, in which he played a centurion (one military uniform he donned which was not covered with U.S. insignia).

Of course, all those roles came in the years when the face of John Wayne was be-

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"Harry caught me and that hammer-headed horse of mine just right."

JOHN WAYNE, *THE MARSHAL*

In 1969, *Time* magazine commissioned Harry Jackson, the Master artist of The American West, to do a cover portrait of John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn in *True Grit*.

The resulting bronze sculpture, titled *The Marshal*, was acquired by John Wayne. After that, he added six other Harry Jackson bronzes to his collection, joining a growing list of well-known Jackson collectors.*

Sold for $5,000 in 1970, *The Marshal* is valued at $45,000 today.

Now, Harry Jackson's *The Marshal III*, a smaller version of the original, is being offered in a signed, numbered and dated edition of 1,000 patinaed bronzes. Each will be an original work of art, cast in its own mold. Each will have a pre-casting price of $2,500.

To reserve your cast of *The Marshal III*, please fill out the coupon below or call, toll-free, 800-443-4905. You'll be notified of the number of your cast on receipt of your deposit.

Noah Saltzman

12¼" long, 11⅛" high, 4¾" wide, on a base designed by Harry Jackson (not shown).

*Harry Jackson's art has been collected by such names as Richard K. Mellon, H. Roland Harriman, Jacques Lipchitz, and the Queen of England.

Please fill in and send this coupon with your deposit check.

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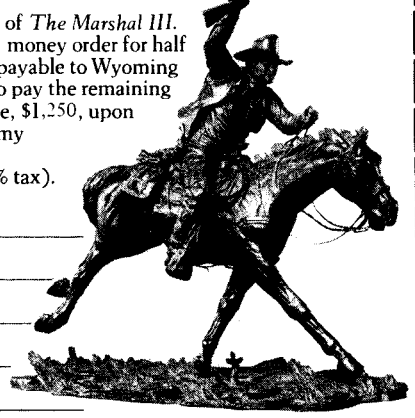

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coming as familiar to moviegoers as the portraits in their old family album. Less known are the early movies, before Wayne had found his style.

Wayne's first time in uniform was in *Salute*, based on the rivalry between Army and Navy on the football field. Wayne was Navy. For his next film he hid behind his real name, Duke Morrison, as a campus rivalry film was played out with eight songs—*Words and Music* it was called.

On ground that was to become familiar, Wayne was a crewman on a submarine damaged and trapped on the ocean floor. It was in this movie, *Men Without Women*, that Wayne responded to orders by director John Ford and dived into water which had frightened other members of the cast.

Before his major role in *The Big Trail*, Wayne also had a small part in *Cheer Up and Smile*, an exercise in the heartaches and love affairs of youth.

Finding and getting good parts was a struggle for Wayne from the time he made *The Big Trail* until *Stagecoach* in 1939. So bad were his feelings that he once complained to Will Rogers about a role. Rogers, wiser if not precognizant, put things in perspective. "What?" he exclaimed. "You're workin', ain't you?"

Indeed he was. Among the Wayne roles were non-Western performances in serials. For 12 chapters he was a clever skywriter and pilot. The episodes, revolving around stolen plans, were called *Shadow of the Eagle*. Still a pilot, but moving that occupation to a railroading scene, Wayne hunted the killer of his father for 12 chapters in 1932 in *Hurricane Express*. He also was a latter-day D'Artagnan in a serial, *The Three Musketeers*.

By the time *The Long Voyage Home* came in 1937, Wayne had played a multitude of roles, both Western and non-Western, with many leading ladies—one of them Barbara Stanwyck in *Baby Face*.

Just before World War II, Wayne donned a navy uniform opposite Marlene Dietrich in *Seven Sinners*, the time-honored story of military men mixed up with the honky-tonk crowd.

During the war years he did a few Westerns and one of his biggest films, *Reap the Wild Wind*, based on a story which appeared in the *Post*; but there can be no discounting the importance of his "war-effort" roles. *Flying Tigers* saw him helping China. Still with the air force, he played a downed pilot in France in *Reunion in France* (Joan Crawford was the love interest) and, in 1944, he moved to a lesser known arena of the war in *The Fighting Seabees*. *Back to Bataan* came in 1945 and *They Were Expendable* brought the P-T boats to the screen. A military film on the lighter side was *Without Reservations* in 1946. In it Claudette Colbert meets marine fliers Wayne and Don DeFore and falls in love in the midst of some deception over a book and a movie.

In one memorable line, Claudette, who had succeeded in getting Wayne to come to her in Hollywood, looks heavenward and says: "Thanks, God, I'll take it from here."

The blockbuster, *Sands of Iwo Jima*, which earned Wayne an Oscar nomination, didn't come until four years after the war. In the interim Wayne had done one of his finest Westerns, *Red River*, had been a deep-sea diver in *Wake of the Red Witch*, had done *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (one of his first deep characterizations), and had tussled with tycoon Sir Cedric Hardwicke in a railroad-building struggle.

Critics stumbled onto what fans had long known, that Wayne was the stuff of greatness. As one writer of the period noted: "There was nothing wrong with the movie industry that couldn't be cured by a dozen

Duke and feisty Maureen O'Hara (right) battled their way through McLintock, *but at the end, love conquered their differences. In real life, love led Wayne to the altar three times. The open-air setting (above) was a natural for the rugged outdoorsman's Hawaiian wedding to Peruvian actress Pilar Palette.*

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John Wayne films."

Starting with the 1950s, a recitation of Wayne films, whether Western or non-Western, is almost like quoting a folk story or a nursery rhyme—so familiar to everyone that further explanation seems needless.

He was a submariner, he was a flying leatherneck, he was a boxer trying to leave a life of violence in *The Quiet Man*, he took on the job of trying to help a Catholic school and found trouble along the way, he was Hondo, he was an airliner captain, he was a Civil War soldier and a cowboy (naturally), and he even made a cameo appearance as himself in one film, *I Married a Woman*.

He directed, produced, and starred in *The Alamo*, against all odds (including financial), and he made *Hatari* into an interesting film about catching animals in Africa against odds almost as large. By the time *The Longest Day* came along, the Wayne face in a uniform was as necessary as the sands of Normandy.

Katharine Hepburn took an unaccustomed Western role when she met Rooster Cogburn in the film of the same name. Again and again Wayne played the role of the fellow who just looked like he needed a Good Woman around to understand, tame and refine him, and Miss Hepburn filled the bill in this story, an echo of the award-winning True Grit.

When Wayne played a general in another movie, his position in the public mind was best described by the name of the film—*Cast a Giant Shadow*.

Nevertheless, when Wayne got in uniform again to do *The Green Berets*, the critics attacked the theme, pro-Americanism in the Vietnamese war, and forgot the fans, who made the movie one of the biggest grossers for Warner Brothers in several years.

"I've been in more bad pictures than just about anyone in the business," Wayne once remarked. But the public never saw it that way. They knew him from other qualities, which he recognized as being important to them.

"Fighting is his business," Wayne said of the characters he played. He was referring to his roles in Westerns, but it applies to the other roles. "That's where he has to be good.

"I'm not the sort to back away from a fight. I don't believe in shrinking from anything. It's not my speed. I'm a guy who meets adversities head on."

That has always applied, no matter whether his costume was that of cowhand, marshal, soldier, historic figure or hockey player. And Wayne has been them all. ☒

A lover of Latin beauty, Wayne chose Josie Saenz as his first wife. Josie's friend Loretta Young and actor William Powell (above right) joined the Waynes in a festive moment. The other wives in Wayne's life were Esperanza Bauer (top left) and Pilar Palette, with Duke when he won his Oscar.

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True Grit

Mattie Ross was determined to see her plan through from chase to hanging. She could sway the toughest U.S. marshal, Rooster Cogburn, but the handsome and smug Texas Ranger, La Boeuf, threatened her scheme.

by Charles Portis

Illustrated by Stan Galli

Mattie Ross, 14, wishing to avenge the death of her father, seeks out Rooster Cogburn, the meanest U.S. marshal working out of Fort Smith, Arkansas. She offers Cogburn $50 to ride into Indian Territory after the murderer, Tom Chaney, believed to be riding with a gang led by Lucky Ned Pepper.

Part Two Rooster said he had heard about the shooting of my father but did not know the details. I told him. I noticed by the lamplight that his bad left eye was not completely shut. A little crescent of white showed at the bottom and glistened in the light. He ate with a spoon in one hand and a wadded-up piece of white bread in the other, with considerable sopping. What a contrast to the Chinaman with his delicate chopsticks! I had never seen them in use before. Such nimble fingers! When the coffee had boiled Lee got the pot off the stove and started to pour. I put my hand over my cup.

"I do not drink coffee, thank you."

Rooster said, "What do you drink?"

"I am partial to cold buttermilk when I can get it."

"Well, we don't have none," said he. "Nor lemonade either."

"Do you have any sweet milk?"

Lee went up front to his icebox and brought back a jar of milk. The cream had been skimmed from it.

I said, "This tastes like blue John."

Rooster took my cup and put it on the floor and a fat brindle cat appeared out of the darkness where the bunks were and came over to lap up the milk. Rooster said, "The General is not so hard to please." The cat's name was General Sterling Price.

I offered to clean things up and they took me at my word. The pump and the washstand were outside. When I got back inside, Rooster and Lee were playing cards on the table.

Rooster said, "Let me have my cup." I gave it to him and he poured some whiskey in it from a demijohn.

I said, "What about my proposition?"

Rooster said, "I am thinking on it."

I said, "It sounds like a mighty easy way to make $50 to me. You would just be doing your job anyway, and getting extra pay besides."

"Don't crowd me," said he. "I am thinking about expenses."

I watched them and kept quiet except for blowing my nose now and again. After a time I said, "I don't see how you can play cards and drink whiskey and think about this detective business all at the same time."

He said, "If I am going up against Ned Pepper I will need $100. I have figured out that much. I will want $50 in advance."

"You are trying to take advantage of me."

"I am giving you my children's rate," he said. "It will not be an easy job of work, smoking Ned out. He will be holed up down there in the hills in the Choctaw Nation. There will be expenses."

"I hope you don't think I am going to keep you in whiskey."

"I don't have to buy that. I confiscate it. A hundred dollars is my price, sis. There it is."

"For that kind of money I would want to be sure of what I was getting."

"I have not yet seen the color of your money."

"I will have the money in a day or two. I will think about your proposition and talk to you again. Now I want to go to the Monarch boardinghouse. You had better walk over there with me."

I was sick the next day. I got up and went to breakfast but I could not eat much and my eyes and nose were running so I went back to bed. Mrs. Floyd dosed me with something called Dr. Underwood's Bile Activator. "You will pass blue water for a day or two but do not be alarmed as that is only the medicine working," said she. "It will relax you wonderfully. Grandma Turner and I bless the day we discovered it."

Along with the startling color effect the potion also caused me to be giddy and lightheaded. I suspect now that it made use of some ingredient such as codeine or laudanum. I can remember when half the old ladies in the country were dope-heads.

I stayed in bed for two days. Mrs. Floyd was kind and brought my meals to me. The room was so cold that she did not linger to ask many questions. She inquired twice daily at the post office for my letter.

On the evening of the second day I felt a little better and I got up and went to supper. Toward the end of the meal a stranger came in wearing two revolvers and made known that he was seeking room and board. He was a nice-looking man around 30 years of age with a cowlick at the crown of his head. He needed a bath and a shave but you could tell that was not his usual condition. He looked to be a man of good family. He had pale blue eyes and auburn hair. His manner was stuck-up and he had a smug grin that made you nervous when he turned it on you.

He forgot to take off his spurs before sitting down at the table and Mrs. Floyd chided him, saying she did not want her chair legs scratched up any more than they were, which was considerable. He apologized and complied with her wish. The spurs were the Mexican kind with big rowels. He put them up on the table by his plate. Then he remembered his revolvers and he unbuckled the gun belt and hung it on the

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"It sounds like an easy way to make $50 to me," Mattie said. "You would be doing your job."

"I am giving you my children's rate," the marshal replied. "It will not be an easy job of work, smoking Ned out. There will be expenses."

back of his chair. This was a fancy rig. The belt was thick and wide and bedecked with cartridges and the handles on his pistols were white. It was like something you might see today in a Wild West show.

While he was helping himself to the food he grinned at me across the table and said, "Hidy."

I nodded and said something.

"What is your name?" said he.

"Pudding and tame," said I.

He said, "I will take a guess and say it is Mattie Ross."

"How do you know that?"

"My name is LaBouef," he said. He called it LaBeef, but I found out later that he spelled it LaBouef. "I saw your mother just two days ago. She is worried about you."

"What was your business with her?"

"I will disclose that after I eat. I would like to have a confidential conversation with you."

"Is she all right? Is anything wrong?"

"No, she is fine. There is nothing wrong. I am looking for someone. We will talk about it later."

After supper we went to the parlor, to a corner away from the other boarders, and LaBouef set up two chairs there, facing the wall. When we were seated in this curious arrangement he took a small photograph from inside his coat and showed it to me. The picture was wrinkled and dim. I studied it. The face of the man was younger and there was no black mark but there was no question but it was the likeness of Tom Chaney. I told LaBouef as much.

He said, "Your mother has also identified him. Now I will give you some news. His real name is Theron Chelmsford. He shot and killed a state senator named Bibbs down in Waco, Texas, and I have been on his trail the best part of four months. He dallied in Monroe, Louisiana, and Pine Bluff, Arkansas, before turning up at your father's place."

LaBouef showed me a letter that identified him as a sergeant of Texas Rangers, working out of a place called Ysleta near El Paso. He said, "I am on detached service just now. I am working for the family of Senator Bibbs in Waco."

"How came Chaney to shoot a senator?"

"It was about a dog. Chelmsford shot the senator's bird dog. Bibbs threatened to whip him over it and Chelmsford shot the old gentleman while he was sitting in a porch swing."

"Why did he shoot the dog?"

"I don't know that. Just meanness. Chelmsford is a hard case. He claims the dog barked at him."

"I am looking for him, too," said I. "This man you call Chelmsford. I have found a man for the job."

"Who is the man?"

"His name is Cogburn. He is a deputy marshal for the federal court. He is the toughest one they have and he is familiar with a band of robbers led by Lucky Ned Pepper. They believe Chaney has tied up with that crowd."

"Yes, that is the thing to do," said LaBouef. "I need a federal man myself, somebody who knows the ground and can make an arrest out there that will stand up. You cannot tell what the courts will do these days. I might get Chelmsford all the way down to McLennan County, Texas, only to have some corrupt judge say he was kidnapped and turn him loose. Maybe I will throw in with you and your marshal."

"You will have to talk to Rooster Cogburn about that."

"It will be to our mutual advantage. He knows the land and I know Chelmsford. It is at least a two-man job to take him alive."

"Well, it is nothing to me one way or the other except that when we do get Chaney he is not going to Texas. He is coming back to Fort Smith to hang for shooting my father, Frank Ross, in front of the Monarch boardinghouse."

"I will have a conversation with the marshal."

I realized I had made a mistake by opening up to this stranger. I would have been more on my guard had he been ugly instead of nice-looking. Also I had been sick and my mind was soft and not right from being doped by a bile activator I had been taking.

I said, "You will not have a conversation with him for a few days at any rate."

"How is that?"

I told him a story. "He has gone to Little Rock."

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"On business?"

"Marshal business."

"Then I will have a conversation with him when he returns," said he. "I think your mother would not approve of your getting mixed up in this kind of enterprise. Criminal investigation is sordid and dangerous and is best left in the hands of men who know the work."

"I suppose that is you. Well, if in four months I could not find Tom Chaney with a mark on his face like banished Cain I would not undertake to advise others how to do it."

"A saucy manner does not go down with me."

"I will not be bullied."

He stood up and said, "Earlier tonight I gave some thought to stealing a little kiss from you, though you are very young, and sick and unattractive to boot, but now I am of a mind to give you five or six good licks with my belt."

"One would be as unpleasant as the other," I replied. "Put a hand on me and you will answer for it. You are from Texas and ignorant of our ways but the good people of Arkansas do not go easy on men who abuse women and children."

He was angered and thus he left me and went clanking away in all his Texas trappings.

I rose early the next morning, somewhat improved though still wobbly on my feet. I dressed quickly and made haste to the post office without waiting for breakfast. I was expecting a letter of settlement from our family lawyer. A local stock trader named Colonel Stonehill had agreed to buy back four cow ponies my father had purchased from him before he was killed and to make good the loss of my father's horse, which Chaney had stolen from the stock barn on the night of the murder. Stonehill owed me $325 cash money. The letter from Lawyer Daggett had arrived. I tore it open with impatient fingers. There it was, the notarized release. Money in my pockets!

Right around 9:00 I went to the stock barn and exchanged my release for the money owed me. The moment fell short of my expectations. Perhaps I was affected by Stonehill's downcast state.

I then went to the Chinese grocery store where Rooster Cogburn lived and bought an apple and asked Lee if Rooster was in. He said he was still in bed. I had never seen anyone in bed at 10:00 in the morning who was not sick but that was where he was.

He stirred as I came into his room. His weight was such that the bunk was bowed in the middle almost to the floor. It looked like he was in a hammock. He was fully clothed under the covers. He coughed and spit on the floor and rolled a cigarette and lit it and coughed some more. He asked me to bring him some coffee and I did this. He seemed in no way surprised to see me so I took the same line and stood with my back to the stove and ate my apple.

I said, "You need some more slats in that bed."

"I know," said he. "That is the trouble, there is no slats in it at all. It is some kind of a damned Chinese rope bed. Where have you been, baby sister?"

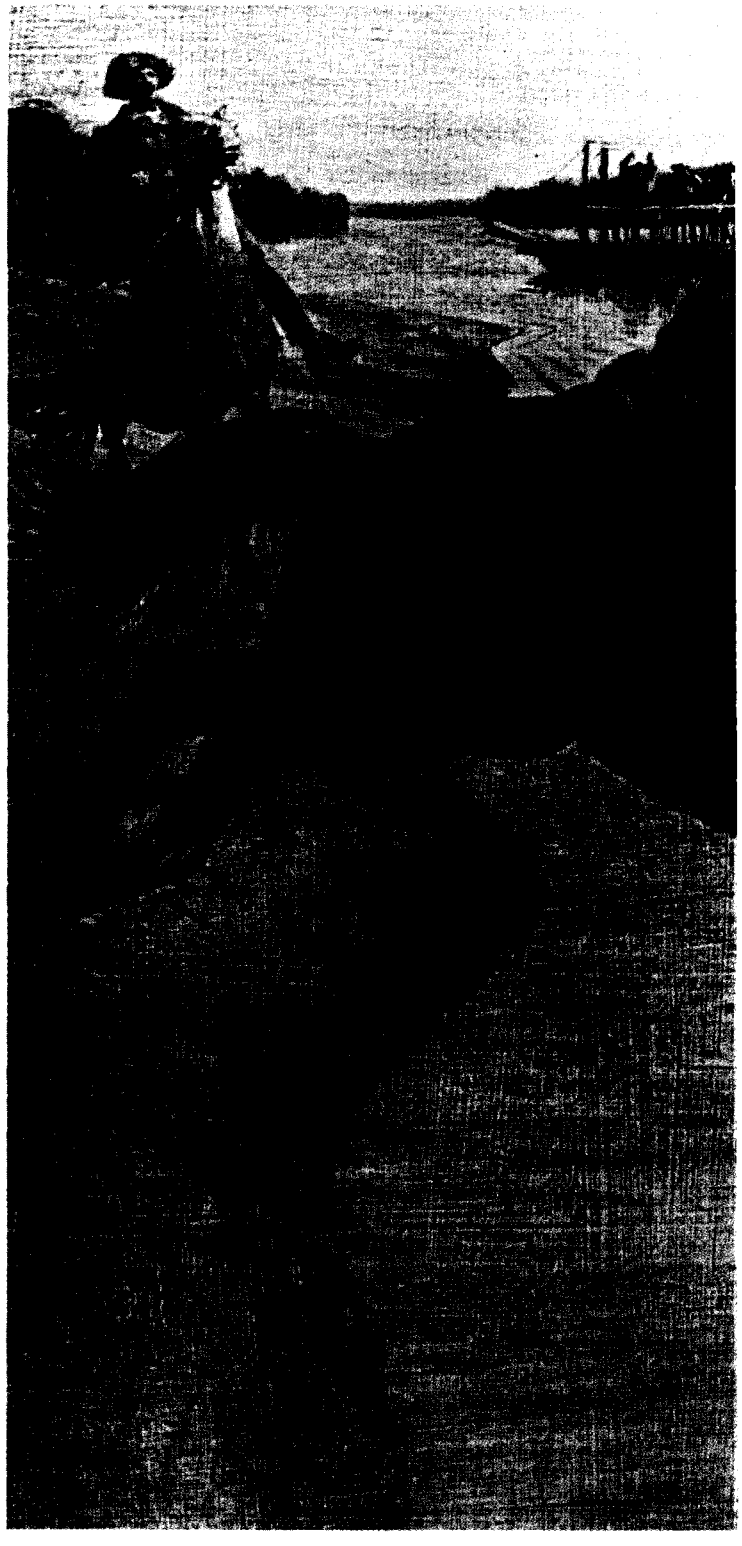
"I have been down with something very nearly like the croup. I thought you might inquire about me or look in on me while I was laid up."

"Maybe you thought I was a preacher that goes around paying sick calls."

"No, I did not think that."

"Preachers don't have nothing better to do. I had my work to see to. Your government marshals don't have time to be paying a lot of social calls. They are too busy trying to follow all the regulations laid down by Uncle Sam. That gentleman will have his fee sheets just and correct or he does not pay."

"I see they are keeping you busy."



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"What you see is a honest man who has worked half the night on his fee sheets. It is the devil's own work and my partner, Columbus Potter, is not here to help me. He was killed in a gun fight not long ago. If you don't have no schooling you are up against it in this country, sis. No matter if you have sand in your craw, others will push you aside, little thin fellows that have won spelling bees back home."

I took the currency Stonehill had given me from my pocket and held it up, showing it to him.

Rooster said, "By God! Look at it! How much money have you got there, sis?"

Rooster Cogburn didn't want Mattie to go along on the hunt for Ned in Indian Territory, but the girl insisted that she intended to look after her investment as well as see for herself that the murderer of her father was caught.

"Are you still game?"

"Game? I was born game, sis, and hope to die in that condition."

"How long will it take you to get ready to go?"

"Ready to go where?"

"To the Territory. To the Indian Territory to get Tom Chaney."

"I forget what our agreement was."

"I offered to pay you $50 for the job."

"Yes, I remember that now. What did I say to that?"

"You said your price was a hundred."

"That's right, I remember now. Well, that's what it still is. Count it out there on the table."

"First I will have an understanding. Can we leave for the Territory this afternoon?"

He sat up in the bed. "*We*?" he said. "Hold up. You are not going."

"And why not? You have misjudged me if you think I am silly enough to give you $100 and watch you ride away. No, I will see the thing done myself."

"You never said anything about this. I cannot go up against Ned Pepper's band and try to look after a baby at one and the same time."

"I am not a baby. You will not have to worry about me."

He said, "I cannot leave town until them fee sheets is done and accepted."

I sat down at the table and worked over the sheets for better than an hour. There was nothing hard about it, only I had to rub out most of what he had already done. The forms were ruled with places for the entries and figures but Rooster's handwriting was so large and misguided that it covered the lines and wandered up and down into places where it should not have gone.

What he called his "vouchers" were mere scribbled notes, mostly undated. They ran such as this: "Rations for Cecil $1.25," and "Important words with Red .65 cts."

"Red who?" I inquired. "They are not going to pay for this kind of thing."

"That is Society Red," said he. "He used to cut crossties for the Katy. Put it down anyway. They might pay a little something on it."

"When was it? What was it for? How could you pay 65¢ for important words?"

"It must have been back in the summer. He ain't been seen since August when he tipped us on Ned that time."

"Was that what you paid him for?"

"No, Potter paid him off on that. I reckon it was cartridges I give him."

"I will date it August 15th."

"We can't do that. Everything on this bunch has to come after the first of October. They won't pay behind that."

"You said you haven't seen the man since August."

"Let us change the name to Pig Satterfield and make the date the 17th of October. Pig helps us on timber cases and them clerks is used to seeing his name."

"His Christian name is Pig?"

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"I never heard him called anything else."

I pressed him for approximate dates and bits of fact that would lend substance to the claims. He was very happy with my work. When I was finished with the sheets, I wrote out a short agreement regarding the business between us and had him sign it. I gave him $25 and told him I would give him another $25 when we made our departure. The $50 balance would be paid on the successful completion of the job.

It was growing late in the day. I walked quickly over to Lee's store, very proud of my horse and full of excitement at the prospect of tomorrow's adventure. I went in the back door without knocking and found Rooster sitting at the table with the man LaBoeuf. I had forgotten about him.

"What are you doing here?" said I.

"Hidy," said LaBoeuf. "I am having a conversation with the marshal. He did not go to Little Rock after all."

Rooster was eating candy. He said, "Set down, sis, and have a piece of taffy. This jaybird calls himself LaBoeuf. He claims he is a state ranger in Texas. He come up here to tell us how the cow eat the cabbage.

I said, "I know who he is."

"He says he is on the track of our man. He wants to throw in with us."

"I know what he wants and I have already told him we are not interested."

"Well, now, he might come in handy," said Rooster. "He has a bigbore Sharps carbine if we are jumped by buffaloes or elephants."

"We don't need him," said I. "I have already told him that. Have you seen to all your business?"

Rooster said, "Everything is ready but the grub and it is working."

LaBoeuf said, "I reckon I must have the wrong man. Do you let little girls hooraw you, Cogburn?"

Rooster turned his cold right eye on the Texan. "Did you say hooraw?"

"There is no hoorawing in it," said I. "The marshal is working for me. I am paying him."

"How much is she paying, Cogburn?"

"She is paying enough," said Rooster.

"Is she paying $500?"

"No."

"That is what the governor of Texas has put up for Chelmsford."

"You don't say so," said Rooster. "Well, it sounds good but I have tried to collect bounties from states and railroads, too. You do good to get half what they say they will pay. Anyhow, it sounds queer. Five hundred dollars is mighty little for a man that killed a senator."

"Bibbs was a little senator," said LaBouef.

"What is the terms?" said Rooster.

"Payment on conviction."

"We might have to kill him."

"Not if we are careful."

"Even if we don't they might not convict him," said Rooster. "And even if they do, by the time they do there will be a half-dozen claims for that money from little top-water peace officers. I believe I will stick with sis."

"You have not heard the best part," said LaBoeuf. "The Bibbs family has put up $1,500 for Chelmsford. Alive or dead. They pay off as soon as he is delivered up to the sheriff of McLennan County, Texas, and identified."

"That is more to my liking," said Rooster. "How do you figure on sharing the money?"

LaBoeuf said, "If we take him alive I will split that $1,500 down the middle with you and claim the state reward for myself. If we have to kill him I will give you a third of the Bibbs money. Five hundred dollars."

"Will that family pay off?"

LaBoeuf replied, "I will be frank to say the Bibbses are not loose with their money. But I guess they will have to pay. They have run notices in the paper. And there is a son, Fatty Bibbs, who wants to run for the man's seat in Austin. He will be obliged to pay."

Rooster said, "Tell me what your objection is, sis. Do you wish to cut me out of some extra money?"

I said, "This man wants to take Chaney back to Texas. That is not what I want. I want him to know he is being punished for killing my father. It is nothing to me how many dogs and fat men he killed in Texas."

"You can let him know that," said Rooster. "You can tell him to his face. You can spit on him and make him eat sand out of the road. But we must catch him first. We will need some help. It is time that you learned you cannot have your way in every little particular."

"You are thinking about that reward money," said I. "It is a pig in a poke. I have paid you cash money."

"We will get your man," said he. "That is the main thing."

"Let me have my $25. Hand it over."

"I have spent it all."

"You sorry piece of trash!"

"I will try and get it back to you."

"That's a big story! If you think you are going to cheat me like this you are mistaken! You have not seen the last of Mattie Ross, not by a good deal!"

I suppose I must have cried a little when I walked out of Rooster's place, but it was a cold night and by the time I reached the Monarch my anger had cooled to the point that I could think straight and lay plans. There was not time enough to get another detective. Lawyer Daggett would be up here in Fort Smith soon, looking for me, probably no later than tomorrow. The important thing was not to lose sight of my object and that was to get Tom Chaney.

I took supper and then set about getting my things together. I had Mrs. Floyd, the landlady at the Monarch, prepare some bacon-and-biscuit sandwiches. I also bought a wedge of cheese from her and dried peaches. These things I secured in a sack.

Mrs. Floyd was alive with curiosity and I told her I was going over into the Territory with some marshals to look at a man they had arrested. This did not satisfy her by any means but I pleaded ignorance of details. I told her I would likely be gone for several days and if my mother or Lawyer Daggett made inquiries she was to reassure them as to my safety.

(To be continued)

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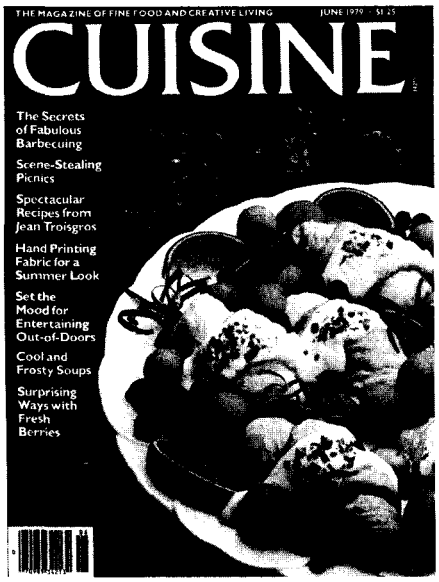
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- How to select the right food processor. The fine art of entertaining. Spectacular kitchens that really work. New microwave cookware. Terrific places for parties. Eight wonderful ways to set holiday tables.

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And there's lots more. Every issue features Paul Kovi, CUISINE's Beverage Editor (and coproprietor of The Four Seasons restaurant in New York), who writes one of the most straightforward, *no-nonsense wine and drink columns* you've ever read. Other regular features include timesaving tips . . . reviews of new cookbooks . . . "Where to find it" shopping sources . . . and much more.

Once you've had the chance to take a look at CUISINE, I think you'll come to the same conclusion that so many other readers have come to — that CUISINE is the brightest, most original, most down-to-earth, most refreshing magazine of fine food and creative cooking you've ever seen.

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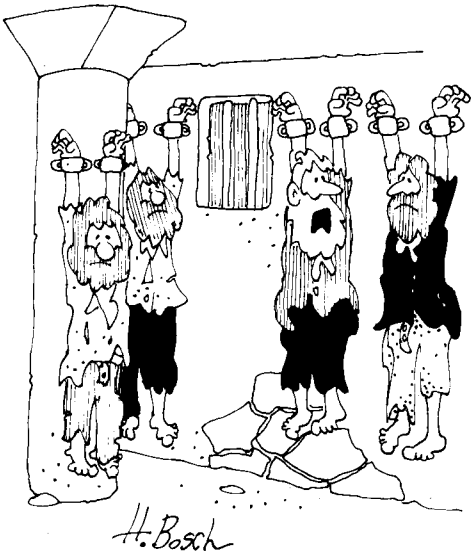
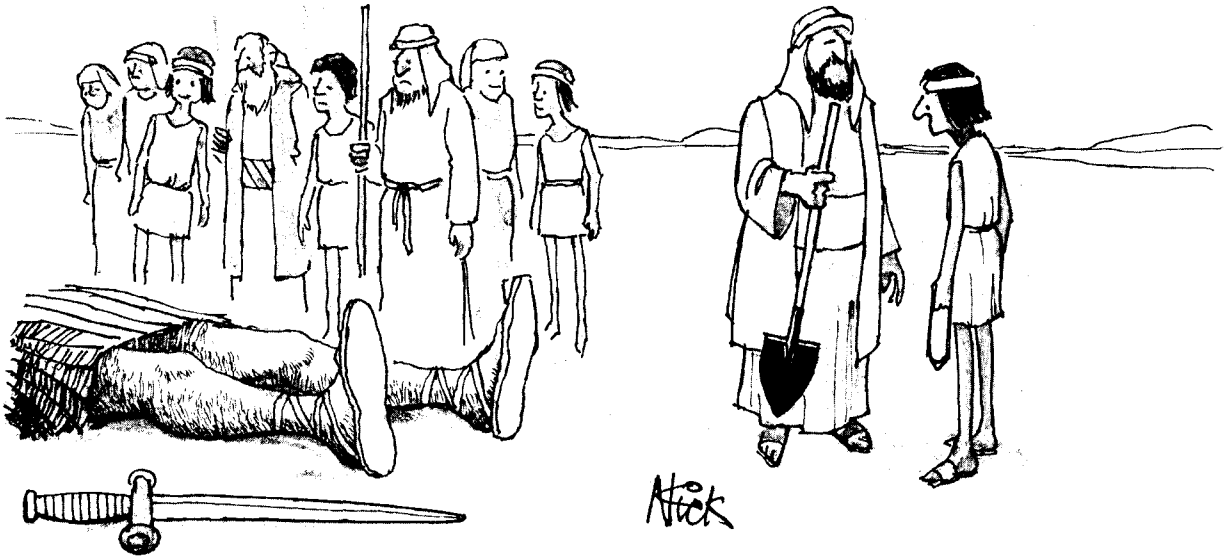
INFLATED CLAIMS

"What do you mean 'Postage Due'? When it was mailed 13¢ was the right postage."



"You mean everyone in here invented a carburetor that gets over seventy miles to the gallon?"



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You don't know me, I realize . . .

But, I want you to have this before it's too late.

Hello . . . My name is Bud Weckesser. I'm 46 years old and I own a small company in Dunkirk, New York. Our phone number is 716-366-8300.

A number of years ago I lived in an apartment in Kent, Ohio. I had no savings and a beat-up old station wagon that still wasn't paid for.

One night my wife and I were playing cards with some friends. Mary mentioned casually that—on our budget—she was sure she knew 101 ways to fix hamburger. That hurt. So I challenged her. "If you'll type up the recipes," I said, "I'll take out a small ad in the National Enquirer and we'll see if anyone will pay $3.98 for your collection of recipes."

I rented a P.O. Box in Kent and placed a small ad. It was surprisingly cheap.

Several weeks later I stopped by the post office. I walked over to my box. When I looked through the little glass window on the door, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed —full of letters. All of them contained checks for $3.98—and they'd come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

The next few days were hectic, to say the least. My wife typed the recipes. I had them duplicated, stapled them together and our crude little book was born. But, every day, orders continued to pour in. And every day we'd bank the money and send out our stapled recipe booklet.

I decided to try another ad. This time I placed a classified ad for some of my beer and wine making recipes in Popular Mechanics. Again, the orders poured in. Over $1,000.00 in just several weeks. And, as our business grew, I corresponded with other people . . .

• A husband-wife team from Sacramento wrote a booklet about how to "enjoy life in California." It pulled $8,700.00 in 60 days in cash orders . . . all from a small ad . . . all by mail.

• An Oregon man informed me he had made over $14,000.00 selling his small booklet about getting rid of moles and gophers in your yard. Again . . . all by mail.

• A Maryland man wrote an 8½" × 11" booklet of business advice. So far it's brought him over $140,000.00 . . . all by mail.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

Perhaps you're saying to yourself, "Yes, but this only works for a few lucky people." If that's your thought—and I don't blame you for being skeptical— please try this simple little test. It won't cost you a cent.

1. Go to the library and get some year-old issues of magazines with classified ads—like Popular Mechanics and Sports Afield, etc.

2. Select current issues of the same magazines.

3. Compare the classified ads. Look at the current issue then at the back issue. Note how many of the same classified ads are still running, ONE YEAR LATER. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

Let me give you some more amazing facts about this unique little business:

★ You can start at home . . . in your spare time . . . quietly . . . it won't interfere with your present job.

★ You can take out a test ad for as little as $13.50 in a variety of well-known national magazines.

★ You don't even have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you how to obtain "how-to" booklets at wholesale prices—or below. They're already written, already printed and ready to sell. Even better, you don't have to buy them until you've tested your ad and have the cash orders in hand. In short, you don't tie up any money in stock or supplies of books.

★ You can set your own hours. All you need is a post office nearby.

★ You can deduct up to 33% of the expenses on your home if you set up your office at home.

★ You can travel whenever you wish—or just loaf much of the time. All you need to do is pick up your mail twice a week—or have someone do it for you. You'll open orders, remove the checks (95% of them don't bounce, believe it or not) and bank your receipts.

★ In the afternoon or evening, you can type the labels for the small envelopes you'll use to ship your booklets. Drop them off at the post office and you're done. No bosses, no layoffs, no strikes, no rat race.

I've put all of my instructions—every secret—in a simple Starter Guide. And if you're wondering why I'd share my business with you—especially if it's so profitable—here's why:

The range of topics and ads is almost infinite. I won't be competing with you nor you with me. I've got a whole drawer full of ideas I haven't even tried yet. There's plenty of room for everyone.

I'll show you—

• How and where to get national ads for only $13.50 . . . ads you can run month after month.

• How to obtain FREE ADS—YOU PAY **ONLY** IF THE AD IS SUCCESSFUL.

• How to start with no money in books or supplies.

• Where to obtain hundreds of pre-printed booklets—at super low wholesale prices.

• How to word your ad—I'll include various sample ads.

• How to set up your office in a spare room or basement.

• I'll also include a giant list of "how-to" topics.

• Plus . . . all the sample ads, forms, lists, addresses, and details you'll need to get started within only 10 days.

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Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the reader who sends us the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick copy. Photographs for next month's photo caption contest may be submitted by amateur or professional photographers. $100 will be paid to any photographer whose picture is published. Black and white photography is preferred. Send entries to SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. To be eligible, caption entries must be received by October 15, 1979.

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Shcharansky

continued from page 20

to move to Israel in December 1973. The young couple both had their applications in to emigrate and were dreaming and planning a wonderful new life together in Israel.

The Soviet government denied them permission to marry, but they arranged to have the ceremony performed by a rabbi in the home of a friend. Then Shcharansky was imprisoned again, with no word of when he would be released. Avital was granted permission to leave Russia on July 5, and begged Soviet authorities to allow her then-jailed husband-to-be to go with her. Her request was denied. Could she be allowed to stay a little longer in Moscow with him? No.

Can you name this photo?

...contest:

Photo Contest Winners

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Priscilla A. Chase of Lacona, New York, for winning entry in our July/August photo contest.

There once was a tiny tot,
Who sat very long on the pot.
He said, "Oh, I fear
I'll be here till next year
Before I unravel this plot!"

Honorable Mention

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and this one was supposed to move me.

Virginia Ebright

Literary passage

Robert J. Schwartz

Avital smiles, "Then on July 3, like a miracle, Anatoly was released from prison." They were married as planned on July 4, spent their wedding night together, and on July 5 Shcharansky drove his new bride to the airport where she boarded a plane to take her to Israel. Not knowing if they would ever see each other again, the two parted: Avital to a new life in Jerusalem, Anatoly to yet unknown dangers in Moscow.

"We have been separated five years now," Avital says softly. "I write to him every day, but since his imprisonment he hasn't received even one of my letters. In the three years before that, we had many letters from each other. I have over 500 letters from Anatoly. I save them all. He saved all of mine, too. Then one day the KGB came in to Anatoly's apartment," here her soft voice almost chokes, "and they confiscated all my letters. Anatoly's heart is broken, and he just cry."

Avital is quiet now for a moment, thoughtful. "He is a very special person, Anatoly," she continues. "Everyone likes him and he tries to help everybody. People gravitate toward him. He is like a magnet. Not physically so handsome, but he has a wonderful spirit. He is a good speaker, the voice of the whole movement. He tries to help other religious groups, too —Baptists and Pentecostals. The Baptists even prayed and fasted for him when he was arrested."

Avital and her brother Misha, who share an apartment in Jerusalem, have spent the past five years working unceasingly for the rights of Soviet Jews. At Shcharansky's imprisonment in March 1977, they began traveling the world urging his release. "We are not political," Misha, an archaeologist, states emphatically in perfect English. "An innocent man is in prison. He must be released. Those are the facts." Misha (a Russian nickname for Michael) is unusually tall and gives the impression of immense physical and mental strength. He appears to be the main power and drive for the pair. "Mi-ha-el means angel," says Avital of her brother's name. She laughs. "But he isn't."

On a recent tour of the United States and Canada, the two traveled tirelessly, keeping a schedule not unlike campaigning politicians. They were brought over by the American Union of Councils for Soviet Jews, a small organization composed of local chapters in various cities across the country. Dedicated to helping their Refusenik brothers in Russia, these groups try to keep their plight before the public. They offer moral support to the Soviet Jews by writing them letters and helping them in any way they can. Oddly enough, the one thing these descendants of King David, who was the author of some of the most beautiful prayers in literature, don't do is pray for the freedom of their brothers.

It was my privilege to accompany Avital and Misha on their visit to Chicago, where they were hosted by the Chicago Action for Soviet Jewry. Here they met with Jews and non-Jews alike. They spoke with lawyers and with scientists, with anyone who would listen. Primarily begging for the release of Anatoly Shcharansky, they did not limit their pleas to him alone but sought to inform the public that he is not the only one. They are crusading for a country, for the freedom of a people, for the basic human rights of all.

"Look back to Hitler," they warn. "No one spoke out against the atrocities he committed. But now is the time to stand up and speak out. These oppressions are bad for the whole world!"

And they are painfully aware that Anatoly Shcharansky is the symbol of Jewish freedom for all Russia. Not in a long while have the Soviets so publicized a trial of this kind. It is obvious, they say, that they have used him as an example to frighten other would-be emigrants. In fact, through Anatoly they are trying to crush the entire Zionist movement in Russia.

We saw a home-type movie filmed by an American tourist in Russia as he visited some of the Refuseniks there. One kindly old man in a white beard spoke with a quiet passion: "We are asking our friends all over the world to help

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A POLITICAL BESTIARY

Deep in the tangled jungles of Government Lingo lurk the exotic denizens of Capitol Hill.

by Eugene J. McCarthy & James J. Kilpatrick

Illustrated by Jeff MacNelly

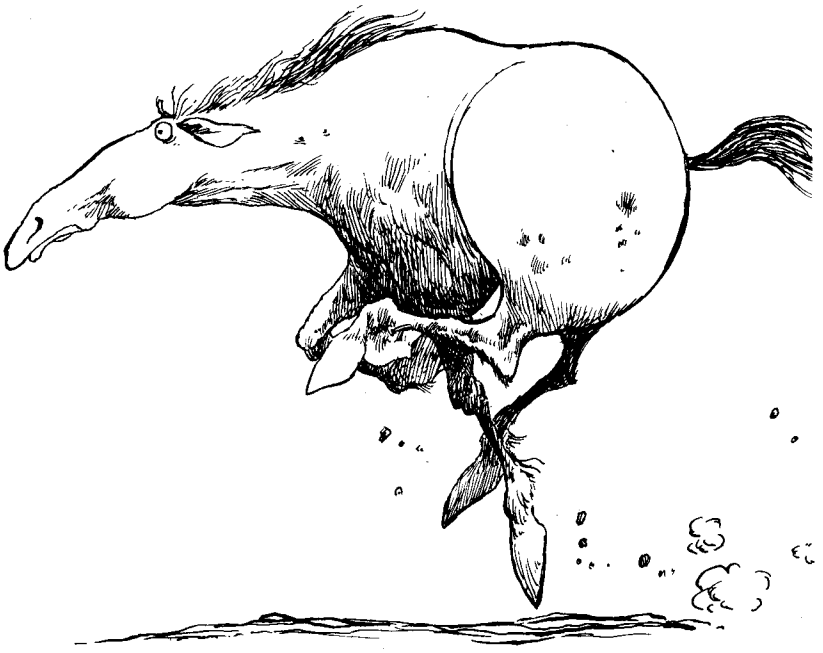
Tight and Other Budgets

Budgets, grown more or less in the dark and fed with special nutrients, inflation additives, cost-plus vitamins and normal accretions, rise from the murky waters of public finance in various forms. They are regularly identified by those who present them as lean and sober, generally as tight, sometimes as frugal and austere, often as bare-boned. They usually are seen by others as padded, bloated and larded with fat.

Budgets may appear impregnable, but they live a perilous life. In the familiar life cycle, a Budget no sooner appears than cries are heard to "cut the Budget!" One then observes the cut across the board, the trimming away of fat, and the cut that goes to the bone.

Tight budgets are believed to suffer distress. Politicians, always sensitive to the discomfort of animals and the displeasure of the Humane Society, are especially sensitive to the discomfort of the Budget. Given half a chance, they will attempt to treat its discomfort with bromides, skin relaxers, sitz baths and upward revisions of the revenue estimates.

Tight Budgets, with assistance, have been known to shed their skins as snakes do, or as some crabs shed their shells, thus relieving the pressure and making what appeared to be a Tight Budget a pleasantly loose one.



Inflation

Knowledgeable observers have positively identified only two species of this unloved but indestructible creature. These are Creeping Inflation and Galloping Inflation. Nothing has been found in between. Inflation never has been known to walk, or trot, or canter. When it gallops uphill in circles, it is known as Spiraling Inflation.

Usually Inflation creeps in its early, somewhat secret life. Sometimes an Inflation will creep throughout its life, but this is thought to be rare. Other times an inflation will break into a gallop almost at the moment of its birth. It races across the country, leaping Indices as it goes. Its double-digit track cannot be mistaken for anything else.

Inflations usually are associated with the higher economic cultures, where both the creeping and the galloping varieties may be seen. In the process of moving a simple and backward country toward a more sophisticated economic state, Galloping Inflation appears almost an act of nature.

Inflation feeds largely on Staggering Deficits and Inconstant Dollars. After a full meal, Galloping Inflation can become Runaway Inflation.

Do not feed this animal!

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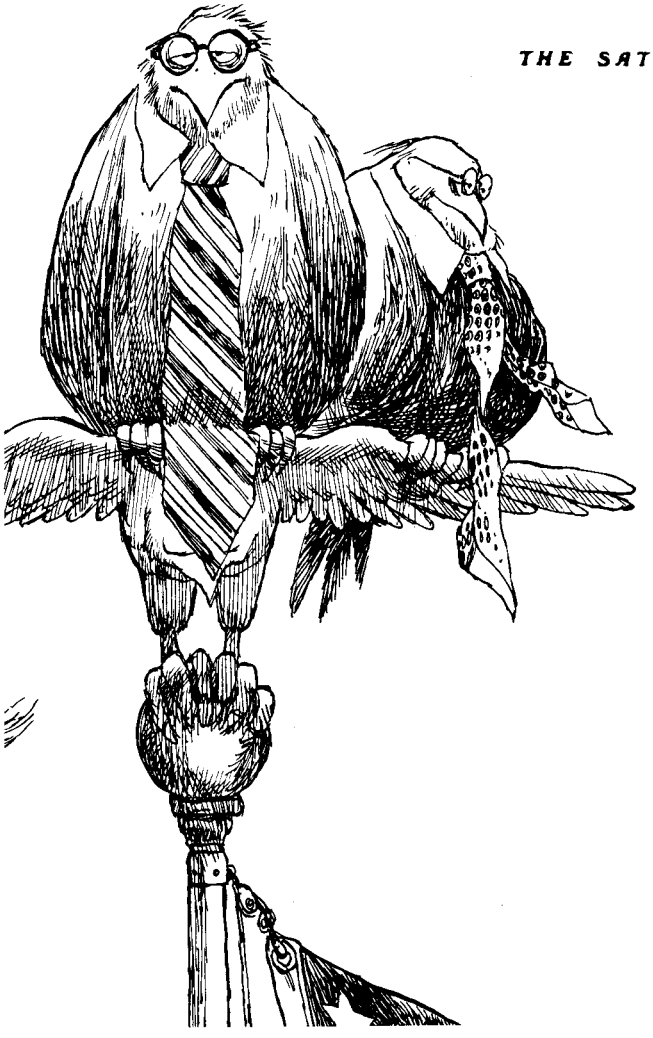

The High-Level Advisor

High-Level Advisors are closely related to park pigeons. Both have a migratory instinct; they also have a homing instinct. They bow and coo a lot. They strut and waddle. They tilt their iridescent heads whenever a President speaks. They are by nature freeloaders. They move to and from the White House and other Executive office buildings. Sometimes they are driven out because of election results or because they have fallen into disfavor with a President, or with one of his principal aides. But usually after a decent waiting period they return to serve either the same President who sent them packing or one of his successors.

Some, driven from the White House, find refuge in academic cloisters. Some roost on the capitals of columns of well-established foundations, supported by money made in steel, oil or automobiles. Others find a temporary home in established law firms, from which they sometimes make quick flights back to government agencies and financial institutions.

Democrats tend to migrate during the off season to the Brookings Institution, while Republicans journey to the American Enterprise Institute. These havens are like the Canadian marshes maintained by Ducks Unlimited—havens of breeding, incubation and rest, where the High-Level Advisors can flock to strut, to waddle and to wait.

The Broad-Based Constituency

A cow never voluntarily sits down. Because it has several stomachs, when it lies down it does so first with its front half and then with its rear half. The Broad-Based Constituency, on the contrary, never voluntarily stands up. Its strength and appeal lie in its broad base. Its movement consists principally in a slow pivot on its nether quarters.

Politicians constantly make the mistake of seeking Broad-Based Constituencies. The thought is that a BBC is reasonably stable and not likely to wander off, as narrow-based or narrow-hipped Constituencies often do. In time, however, Broad-Based Constituencies become a burden on their owners. As they become broader and broader, their mobility decreases until in some cases they cannot move, even in search of food. They have to be fed incessantly.

Possessors of Broad-Based Constituencies frequently develop nervous habits. They worry whether the Constituency is happy, whether it needs water, or more food, or just reassurance. Often they will leave in the middle of a party just to run home and give the Constituency a few biscuits and kibbles and a glass of cold milk.

In consequence of its sedentary existence, the Broad-Based Constituency suffers from nerve and muscle deterioration in its lower back and demands to be regularly stroked or massaged. BBC's also become calloused and insensitive in their basic areas, developing an ailment comparable to bargeman's bottom, which is in turn comparable to housemaid's knee or barfly's elbow. It is very painful—so painful that it sometimes drives a Broad-Based Constituency to overcome its inertia and move, leaving the politician who has nurtured it bereft.

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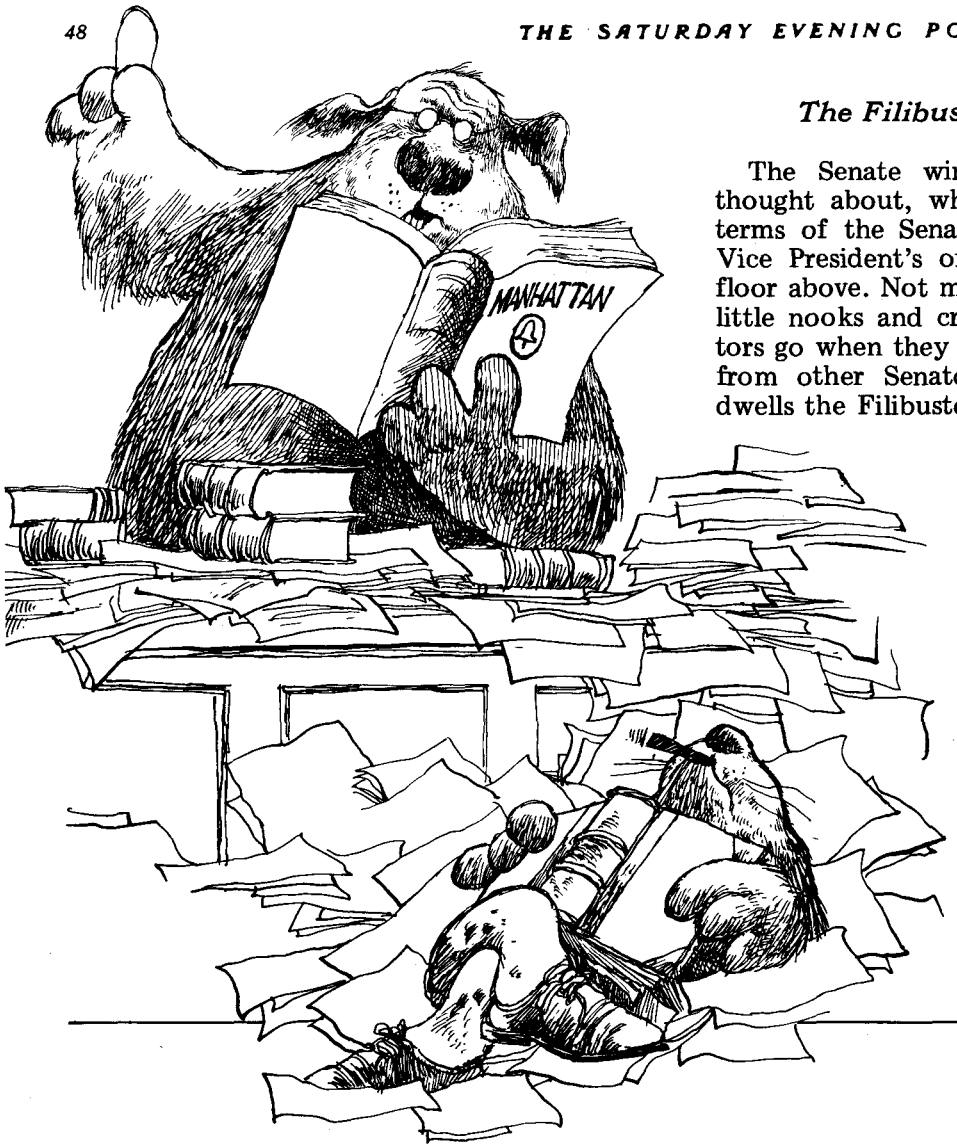

The Filibuster and The Dilatory Motion

The Senate wing of the U.S. Capitol ordinarily is thought about, when it is thought about at all, only in terms of the Senate chamber, the adjoining lobbies, the Vice President's office and the visitors' galleries on the floor above. Not much is written or said of the dozens of little nooks and crannies and private offices where Senators go when they want to hide from their constituents or from other Senators. In one of these snug cubbyholes dwells the Filibuster, a beast whose talent is not to terrify but to bore. Sharing quarters with the Filibuster is his friend and constant companion, the Dilatory Motion.

The two of them seldom appear on the Senate floor. Often months will go by while the Filibuster and the Dilatory Motion snooze in their comfortable quarters. They read books that are both long and dull; sometimes they memorize bum poetry, famous orations, biblical quotations and recipes for Southern gumbo.

But the day comes when suddenly they are summoned to action by the cry of a quorum call. Blinking his innocent eyes, the Dilatory Motion ambles to the floor and offers himself, with a litter of amendments, freely to

Continued on page 93

The Investigative Reporter

As a consequence of recent mutations, Reporters now appear to be fairly well standardized into three specialized breeds:

- Those that work primarily on scent, like foxhounds, are said to have a nose for news.
- Those that rely largely on sight, like greyhounds, are said to have an eye for news.
- A lesser breed, nearsighted and with little or no olfactory power, depending chiefly upon its hearing, is said to have an ear for news. They often become gossip columnists.

Investigative Reporters combine special gifts of all three breeds. They have amazing sight, like that of a hawk in the daytime and that of an owl at night. At incredible distances they can spot a smoking pistol, a dumb blonde, or a fat movie contract.

Their sense of smell is more sensitive than that of the truffle pig. The Investigative Reporter knows a truffle anywhere. He smells truffles from afar, in the same way that he can smell a publisher's advance.

The Investigative Reporter has a sense of hearing more subtle than that of the iguanas, the desert

Continued on page 93

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Announcing good taste at only 3 mg. tar.

Read how new Flavor-Intensified™ Triumph gives you taste good enough to stay with at only 3 mg. tar... one of the lowest tar levels in cigarettes.

Triumph. The first and only cigarette that delivers good taste with only 3 mg. tar.

If you've ever been disappointed by one of the very low tar cigarettes, you will understand why Triumph is quite an achievement.

Even the draw is a surprise.

The smoke comes through abundantly. The taste reaches you smoothly. Effortlessly. With none of the struggle you may have experienced in other very low tar brands. You don't have to *pull*—you just *puff* on Triumph.

No gimmicks, no miracles.

No less remarkable than Triumph itself, is the technology that enabled us to build it.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists took a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology farther than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the filter-rim *smooth* the taste.

That lower-leaf tobaccos (shaded from the heat of the sun) tend to be milder and lower in tar than those at the top of the plant.

In short, everything we could find that might *intensify flavor* at 3 mg. tar, was built into Triumph.

Taste you won't get tired of.

What it all comes down to is this: Triumph is not one of those ultra low tars that spoil your pleasure by short-changing you on taste.

Triumph, at only 3 mg. tar, is a cigarette with a taste you can stay with. So good, we believe *you'll never want to go back to your old cigarette.*

TRIUMPH.®

One of the lowest tar cigarettes you can smoke.
The one with taste enough to stay with.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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MERV GRIFFIN: THE BEST IN GUEST-SIDE MANNER

Behind the urbane demeanor there's a disciplined talent that leaves no ad lib to chance.

by Don Freeman

Once, in the long ago, Merv Griffin was billed as "America's Romantic Singing Star." It was an apt designation in one regard—he did sing with a romantic flair, which attracted listeners to his daily show broadcast on KFRC, a San Francisco radio station. But radio is the theater of the mind where imagination rules, and when fans requested pictures of their singing idol, they were pointedly ignored. Merv then weighed in at 240 pounds, with a 44-inch waist. He was rotund and unromantic.

A Merv Griffin booking can be an image-changing experience. For actor Roger Moore it was a literal close shave, but for others—such as Dick Cavett, Woody Allen and John Denver—the show was a first step toward the top.

As Merv entered the station's elevator one morning, he was stopped by a woman visitor. "Excuse me," she asked, "but where does the studio audience go to hear Merv Griffin?"

"There is no studio audience for that show, ma'am," Griffin replied.

At that moment, a secretary strolled by. "Hi, Merv," she said.

The visitor was stunned. She stared incredulously at the fat young man. "*You're* Merv Griffin?" she cried. "*You're* the 'Romantic Singing Star'?"

Merv turned crimson. The woman, still staring in disbelief, illusions shattered, began to laugh uncontrollably.

"She laughed," Merv recalls, his expression rueful, "until the tears rolled down her face. And then the tears started to roll down *my* face. And then I went on a diet and I lost 80 pounds in four months."

The foregoing incident occurred in 1948. Today, moderately trim for a man who stands 5 feet 9, plays considerable tennis, and still wages a persistent war against the scales, Merv Griffin resides at the summit—as a performer and a businessman. He is, unqualifiedly, a multimillionaire. He owns a number of radio stations, a tape-film company, a mail order firm, an airplane charter service, and a building in New York City. He is the head of Merv Griffin Productions, the parent company of several corporate structures overseeing such items as game shows, including "Wheel of Fortune." And yet he seems to be that rarity, a man of substance who is not owned by his possessions.

Most significantly, he is the host of a hugely successful talk show which is taped in Hollywood and syndicated by Metromedia to 115 television stations in the United States and Canada. It is his singular achievement and for it, last spring, he was tapped as the recipient of the annual Will Rogers Memorial Award, a cherished honor.

Orson Welles, a frequent guest on Merv's show, made the presentation speech and it is instructive to pass along some of his words:

"There's no art form, except one, which television has produced and which is unique to that medium. People are always saying that television has destroyed the art of conversation. Yet, ironically, what television has produced as an art form unique to itself is the talk show. It was never as good on the radio. It obviously couldn't happen in the theater or anywhere else. It is a pure television form. I think it is *the* television art form. And there are a lot of talk shows . . . local ones, national. We've seen them come and go. There are few giants, very few . . . I'm here tonight to join with you in saluting my favorite."

Welles went on to say: "To be able to genuinely listen in front of all those millions of people, to bring out the best in people without endlessly trying to score off them, or to be funny . . . to be compassionate, to be amusing and amused, to be concerned and intelligently concerned—all these are the definition of the classic talk show host and the best of all talk show hosts."

Rarely has a tribute been so articulately expressed or so unfailingly on target. Merv was immensely touched by those words and now, taking his ease one recent morning, he sat at his desk and talked about the nature of his work. He spoke casually, lightly, with detachment and great good humor and self-deprecation.

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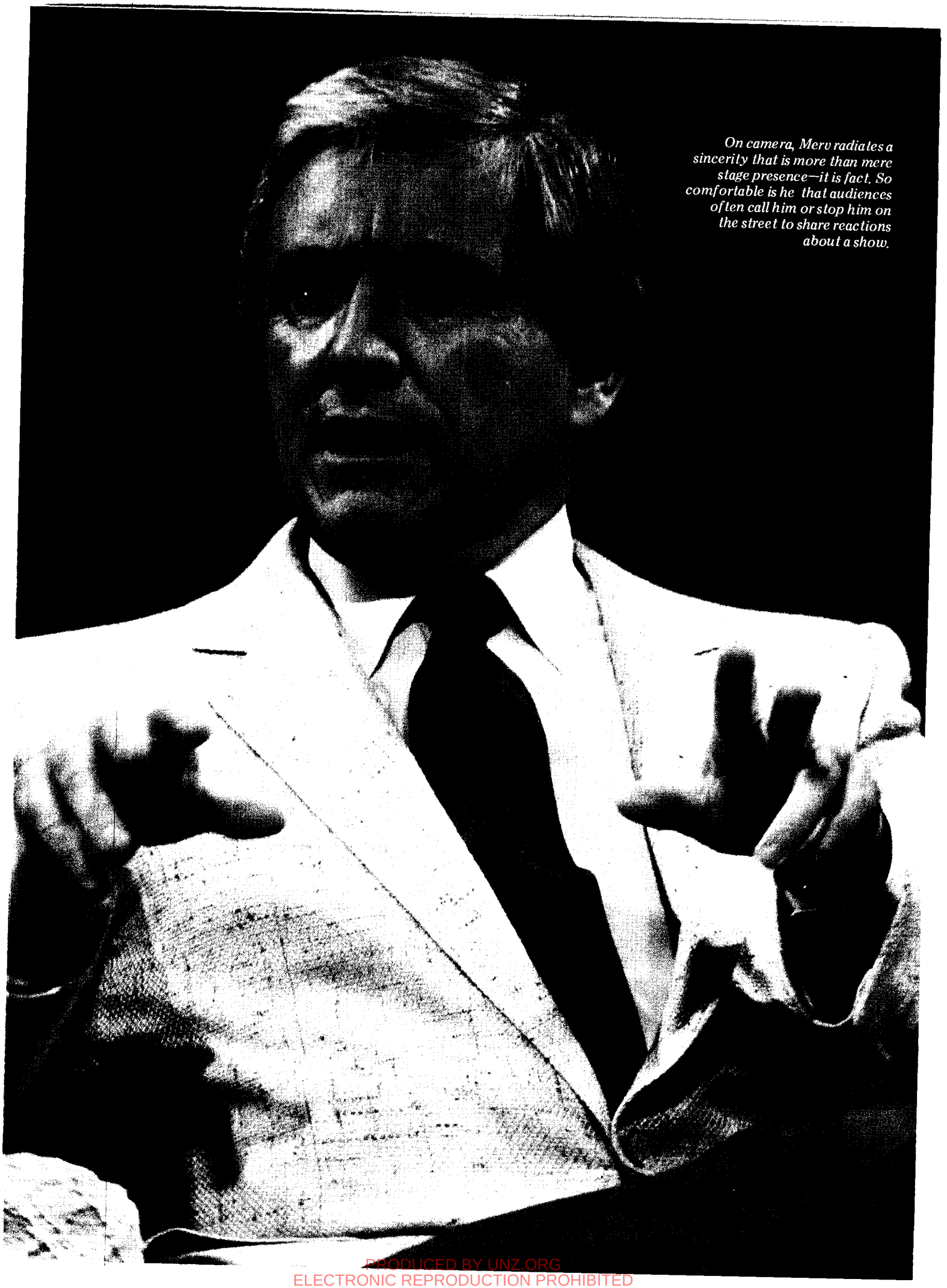

On camera, Merv radiates a sincerity that is more than mere stage presence—it is fact. So comfortable is he that audiences often call him or stop him on the street to share reactions about a show.

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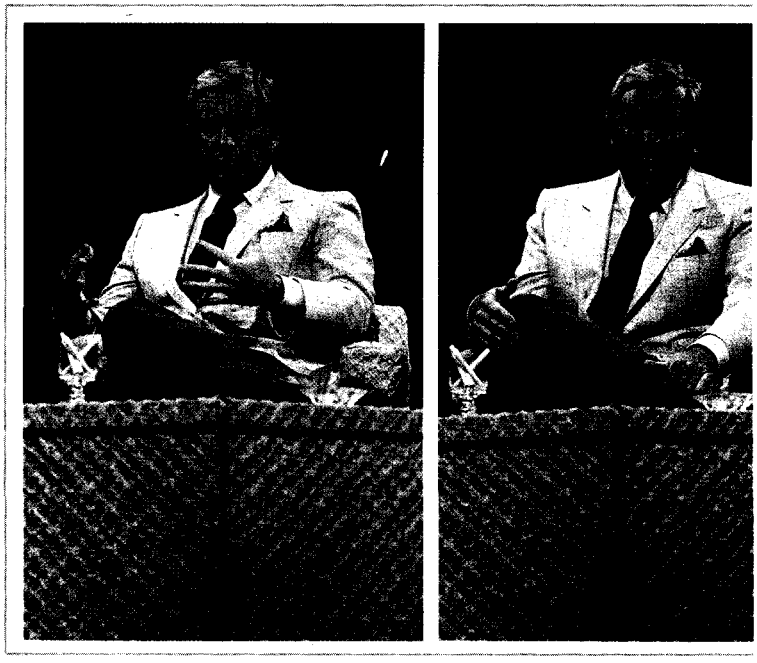
I had asked Merv how he does what he does so well and with such apparent ease. There are, after all, no schools to train a talk show host. No school of communications lists a course in how to listen or how to frame a question. It is an art that must be self-acquired, and if it were easy to master, why is success in the field so severely limited?

Merv smiles. "The big thing," he said, "is the incredible wealth of experience I've had in front of audiences, the kind of opportunity that television just doesn't afford any more. I've learned in front of the public. I've lived my whole life, it seems, on the tube, thrown into this show and that show and not always succeeding. And the singing with Freddy Martin's band, traveling all over the country. We'd work a dance in Mahanoy City, Pennsylvania, one night and the next night we'd open at the Starlite Roof in New York City. I learned that what worked in Mahanoy City didn't necessarily work in New York City. I learned, in other words, about audiences.

"The stage is my home," Merv said. "I'm show business-trained. If there's one quality that I'm proud of (and it's so necessary), it's discipline. I'm disciplined as a performer. On the show one night, James Michener, a fine author who knows how to talk, said this: 'Talent isn't rare, but disciplined talent is very rare.' I believe that wholly. I'm always in control. If I see a guest falling apart, maybe fumbling on an anecdote, I can step in with a line. Some people have referred to talk show hosts as 'traffic cops' but it's not that easy. You have to put a framework around your guests. You have to lead them in the right direction. Meantime, we're all out in the open. There's no place to hide from the camera. There's only one thing you can't have when you walk out there—and that's fear."

Merv has known the devastation of fear in front of an audience. "The very first time I substituted for Jack Paar, back in the early '60s, I went out and did a monologue. It lasted about ten minutes and I froze. I walked off the stage and I kept walking for the door. My producer grabbed me. 'Get back out there,' he hollered at me. 'We've got 80 more minutes to fill.' I shook my head. 'I bombed. I can't do it. Let me go.' He said: 'Are you crazy? It's going great.' Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't, but he literally pushed me back onstage and I've been out there ever since, facing those cameras and the audience.

"And I learned," Merv added, "that fear—the quivering lip, the nervous tic, the throbbing neck—almost always comes from not being totally prepared. Now I'm always prepared and I'm never intimidated, not even by the giants of the business like Bob Hope, who, I think, intimidates all the other talk show hosts. I remember what Jack Paar told me. He said, 'Pal, be prepared always. Make it look like ad-libbing but know what you're doing every minute.' "



The "Merv Griffin Show" is a skillful package of the serious, the comic and the in-between, punctuated by graceful slides into station breaks. "My goal," Merv says, "is to fit into people's living rooms like a comfortable piece of furniture."

Often, Merv will engage in a carefully planned gambit by steering his first guest out to stage-center and they will remain standing. Only one guest ever fathomed the reason for this unusual maneuver.

"Dustin Hoffman figured it out," Merv says. "After the show one night, Dusty said, 'I see what you did. I get it. The big problem is fear of an audience. So what you do is, you bring the guest down to the audience right away.' That's it exactly. I'll keep a nervous guest there, close to the audience, until the fear has been conquered. Some nights—not too many—I've had to literally hold on to a guest until there is no more fear in his eyes, or her eyes (fear being no respecter of sex). Then we can sit down and go on with the interview."

Keyboard expertise showed early in young Merv, at age four. Nowadays, an accomplished musician, he does it all—from clowning with Hermione Gingold to conducting major symphony orchestras in his own musical compositions.

A number of interviews are bunched in his memory as favorites, but one holds for Merv a particular fondness. He devoted 45 minutes earlier this year to an interview with Gene Tierney, the former movie star of the 1940s who has since led a troubled existence.

"The interview with Gene Tierney," Merv says, "confirmed my belief that the talk show is at its best when there's reality at its core. You wait all your life for such an interview. Gene Tierney! She was that beau-

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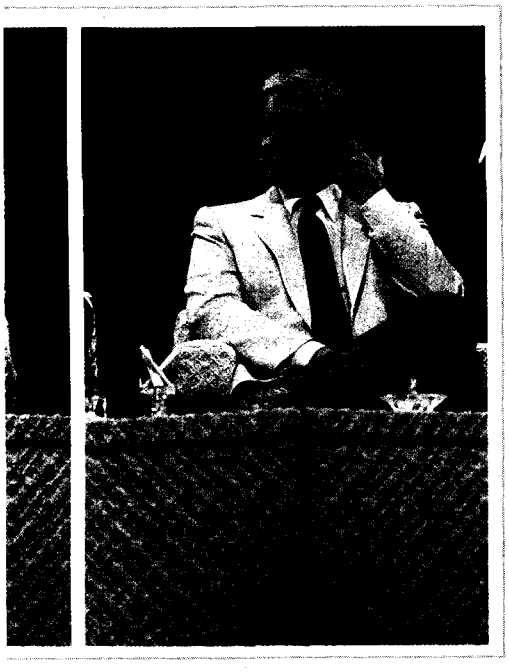

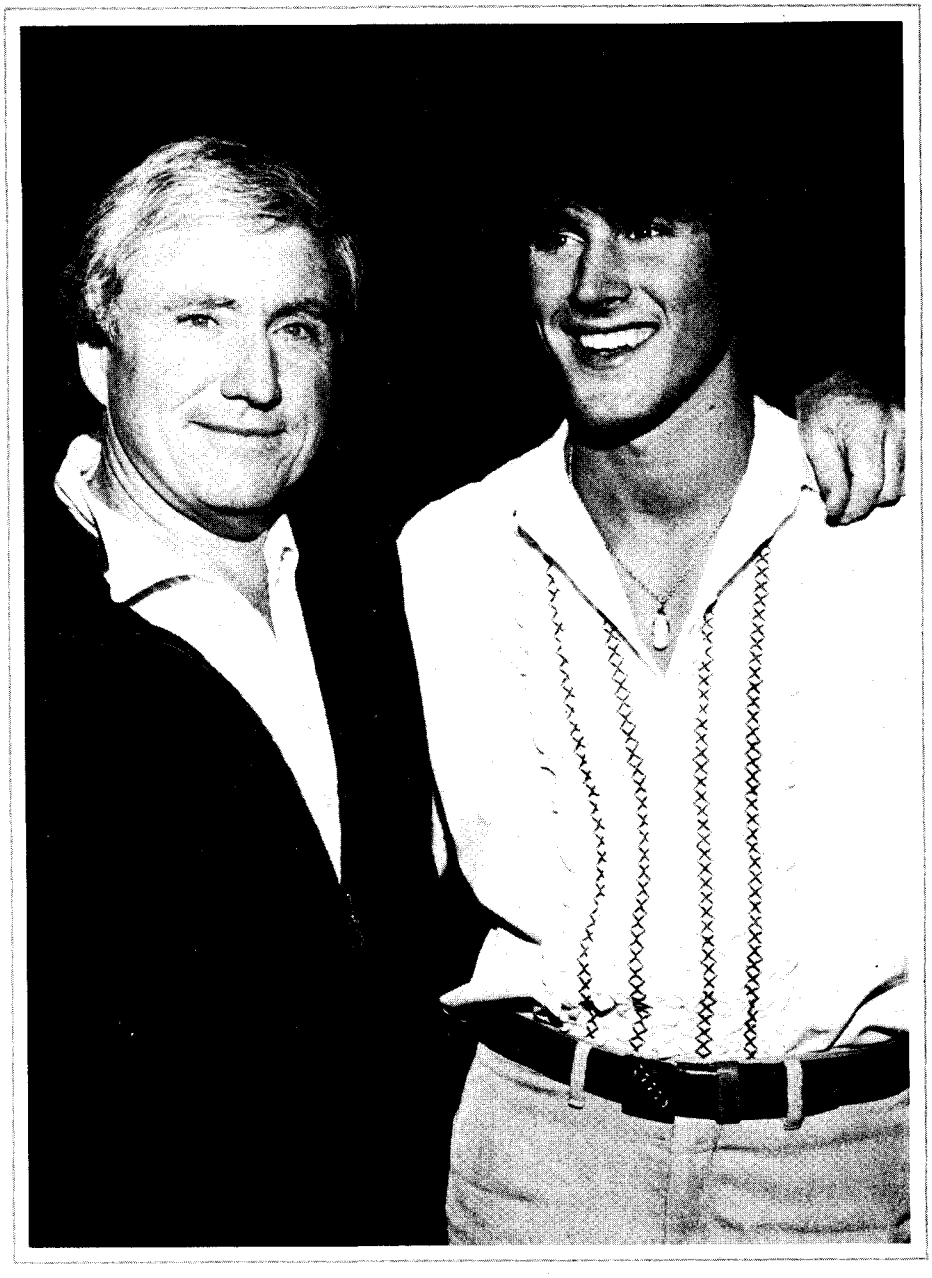

Eighteen-year-old Anthony Patrick Griffin, Merv's only son, has already been offered screen roles, but there's an agreement with Dad that education should come first. Tony seems destined for show business, though. He recently put together a rock band. Like Merv, he's an avid sports fan and a good athlete.

tiful woman you couldn't take your eyes off. Her big film was *Laura*, which is my favorite movie of all time—and so, to bring her on, I played *Laura* on the piano, setting the mood. She had been bedeviled by problems, 35 shock treatments, locked up for 20 years. A dreadful life for a woman who was once a major Hollywood actress, and she talked about it with candor and honesty. It was, for me and I think for the studio audience and the viewers, unforgettable."

As we talked about the qualities needed for a successful talk show host, Merv suggested that his own Irish sense of humor is an asset beyond measure.

"The Irish are famous prodders," he said. "They needle you. They're always on the attack, caustic, probing, digging, and most of the time it's in fun, a kind of national sport; that's not always true, of course."

Then he recalled the night he was called on to emcee the White House correspondents dinner for President John F. Kennedy in 1963. It was shortly before Kennedy's highly publicized trip to Ireland. Coincidentally, Merv had just returned from a vacation in Ireland.

To top off his monologue, Merv turned to Kennedy and said:

"Mr. President, you'll be going soon to Ireland to see some of your relatives. Well, I've just returned from that beautiful country, and I had an experience there that concerns you.

"My wife and I were in a little town called Limerick, having a spot of ale in a local pub. A little old lady, with a flowered hat, came up to us and said, 'We know about you Americans and how you live, your fancy cars and your fancy clothes. We know how you get them.' I said, 'How do we get them?' She snapped back: 'You charge them!'

"Then her tone changed and she said, 'But we're crazy about your Jack Kennedy, such a foine man, and he's married to the most beautiful Irish colleen.' I said, 'Really? Who is that?' And she said, triumphantly: 'Jacqueline Fitzgerald Kennedy!' And I said: 'Oh, no, that's all wrong. Her maiden name was Bouvier. She's French.' Without a pause, the little old Irish lady sniffed and said: 'I didn't think she was so much anyway!' "

Mervyn Edward Griffin, Jr., the son of Irish Catholic parents, was born July 6, 1925, in San Mateo, a

Continued on page 98

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SOCCERMANIA!

A hands down favorite for spectacular action, this game's best feats come right off the top of the head.

by Hank Nuwer

Back in the '60s my parents would cringe whenever a cocktail party conversation drifted onto the subject of one's children. Inevitably they would be called upon to discuss what their number one son was doing in college. Being honest sorts, they would feel obliged to blurt out the truth.

"He plays soccer."

With that the conversation was always charitably directed elsewhere. A few sympathetic souls would try to help. Someone would hand my mother a dry Kleenex. Another would shove a triple bourbon into my father's hand and clap his shoulder reassuringly. Mom and Dad would quickly make their excuses and trudge off red-faced to where the Ford Galaxy was parked. The minute they left, the room would buzz like a hive.

After all, if your son had run off to Nepal to play lead tambourine for the Hare Krishnas or was sweeping out opium dens in Haight-Ashbury to support his habit—that was one thing. A little deviation from the norm was to be tolerated in that age of expanded consciousness. But soccer? Uh, uh. One *had* to draw the line somewhere.

But what a difference a decade makes. Today an estimated two million Americans get their kicks out of playing soccer. Hundreds of thousands more jam stadiums across the country to see players from two professional leagues compete for a share of the lucrative U.S. sports market.

It's a far cry from August 1965 when a highbrow news magazine called *The Nation* blasted soccer as a game played by faceless nonentities whose brains were beaten to granola from stopping 80-mph shots with their heads. Most of all, the writer opposed the formation of the impending North American Soccer League which was talking about importing talent from all over the world. After all, he charged, soccer was a sport of "the rabble." Consequently, Americans would only get to see foreign players who would reinforce ethnic stereotypes already held about individual countries. Presumably he feared some Italian goalie might hit the streets with his cup and monkey after practice, or that it might take three Polish players to make one cornerkick.

Ridiculous as all this seems, nonetheless that's the situation which soccer promoters found themselves fighting. More than anything else, soccer was to be feared because it was a "foreign" game. And no one back then was even admitting he *had* roots, much less searching for them.

But the country's mood has since begun to switch. An annual parade of Italian-Americans in New York City threatens to surpass St. Patrick's Day Irish gatherings in size. The Acadians of Southern Louisiana have introduced French into the schools; New Mexico's Chicanos have succeeded in making state schools offer bilingual instruction in English and Spanish. A Black whose ancestors came in on a slave ship evinces the same pride that a New England Brahmin has in his forebears who arrived on the *Mayflower*. In short, being foreign isn't so bad anymore. In fact, it is *chic*. And the sport which boasts six more member countries than belong to the United Nations has gained acceptance in the U.S.

The "Black Pearl" (right) displays the kind of form that prompted the New York Cosmos to shell out $4.8 million for the Brazilian pro, though Pelé, at age 34, was over the hill by soccer standards.

The popularity of the game around the globe is awesome. British philosopher Sir Frederick Ayer is a devoted fan. Rock star Rod Stewart regularly kicks soccer balls offstage as part of his act, and Elton John used his royalties to buy himself a professional British team. Albert Camus once played goaltender in France, and Henry Kissinger pulls rank to visit pro locker rooms after games. *Time* magazine says that soccer "is the only inter-

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national language apart from sex."

But the sport, which had its antecedents in prefeudal England when the British kicked the severed heads of enemies around the village green, provokes a degree of intensity and rage which is frightening. Back in 1969, a dispute at a soccer match between El Salvador and Honduras flared into a war which devastated several towns and claimed 2,000 lives. In the late '60s, mob riots in Beirut led to a fatal shooting and the cancellation of championship competition in Lebanon. In 1972, following several questionable calls in matches between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, one referee complained that "even the ushers threaten me"; another had to be given an army escort to protect him from a lynch mob's wrath. The British government issued a national apology after English fans tried tearing apart a Dutch stadium after a partisan call cost the Queen's team a victory. Several tramplings have occurred in South American stadiums when unruly fans charged onto the field of play. The list of incidents is endless.

The height of soccermania is reached every four years when 16 nations, the bloodied victors of preliminary world-wide matches held two years before, square off against one another to compete for their Holy Grail—the World Cup, symbol of soccer supremacy since 1930.

Heretofore, the United States has played in World Cup competition out of custom and without fervor. But no more. In the fall of 1980, the American team taking on Canada and Mexico in the North American geographical subgroup will be headed full blast toward the 1982 World Cup finals with the same zealousness once accorded the space race. What's more, though it hasn't a prayer of winning the coveted prize, the U.S. team will no longer be regarded as a tournament joke: America's best players have finally gathered experience under fire by playing against the world's best competition under the auspices of the two U.S. pro leagues, the North American Soccer League (NASL) and the American Soccer League (ASL).

It's taken a long time for pro soccer to come of age in America. Forty-six years to be exact, since the American Soccer League was founded. It might be more accurately said that the ASL back then was made up of miniature ghettoes, not sports teams. Out on the field doing battle were clubs with such monikers as the Kearny Irish, the Philadelphia Germans, the Brooklyn Hispanos and the Ukranian Nationals.

Today the ASL might best be termed pro soccer's "We Try Harder" organization as it struggles to compete with the rival NASL which was founded a scant 13 years ago. The 12-team ASL has only one name which is world-renowned in sports. The league's commissioner, Bob Cousy, is a basketball Hall of Famer who played for the Boston Celtics dynasty teams under Coach Red Auerbach.

Cousy is cautiously optimistic about the ASL's future, and confident about the direction soccer in general is going in the U.S. "I see a parallel to the basketball boom back in the '50s when thousands and thousands of youths were playing the game in their backyards. Realistically, we are now five to ten years away

The Aztecs still make sacrifices, but in this case it's the owners of the L.A. Aztec soccer team who are doing the bleeding, forced to offer up $2.5 million to acquire superstar status in the form of Holland's Johan Cruyff.

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from total acceptance."

What may speed up that time table is the incredible success enjoyed by the NASL, a success which can only rub off on its competition, the ASL. After floundering for several years and playing to seats that couldn't have been emptier if bomb scares had been called, the NASL literally bought itself instant credibility when its wealthiest team, the Warner Communications-backed New York Cosmos, shelled out $4.8 million to sign an aging Brazilian soccer superstar named Edson Arantes do Nascimento—better known to the world as Pelé. The 5′ 8″, 160-pound "Black Pearl" had retired eight months previously from the Santos team of Brazil where he had scored 1,220 goals in 1,253 games. Imagine a Hank Aaron clubbing a home run nearly every game of his career and you'll have some idea of just how incredibly Pelé played.

Pelé, then 34, had no intention of leaving retirement until then-Secretary of State Henry Kissinger intervened to persuade the Brazilian government that the soccer player's presence would help all America forget the high price of coffee. Kissinger afterward became so involved in NASL activities that he accepted an invitation to serve as the league's Chairman of the Board.

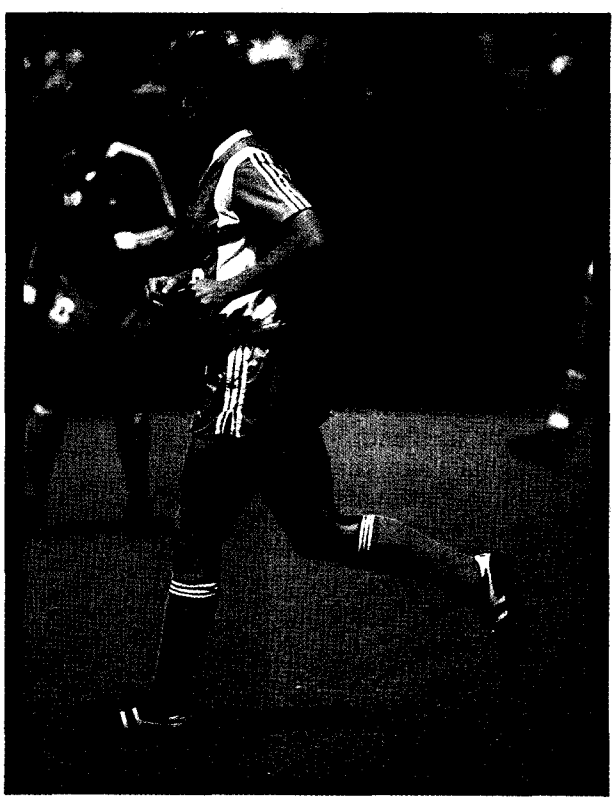
Pele quickly established himself as an American household name. He appeared in an American Express commercial, clowned with Johnny Carson on national television and traveled to the White House to show former President Gerald Ford the art of booting a soccer ball. The number 10 gracing Pelé's muscular back soon became as familiar a numeral to the star-hungry New York sports fans as Mickey Mantle's number 7 had been in his Yankee days: So many fans thronged into the Cosmos' Randall Island stadium that the team had to rent a bigger stadium to accommodate them all.

Up to this time, soccer had been a low bankroll operation. Starting players received as little as $75 a game, a sum which barely matched Pelé's meal money. But now Warner Communications pulled out all stops and began spending money by the millions to build the finest pro soccer team around. They said "*ja*" to a $750,000 request from Bayern Munich of West Germany for the contract of midfielder Franz Beckenbauer who combines the kick of an AR15 with the poise of a Vogue model, slapped down $800,000 for spectacular Giorgio Chinaglia of Italy, and then spent $550,000 for the contracts of Yugoslavia's Vladislave Bogicevic and England's Dennis Tueart.

Warner's decision to pay for the world's finest talent has paid off with championship after championship. But now the rest of the league has caught on and begun purchasing players with the same reckless disregard for cash. The result is that no longer do the Cosmos dominate the league as they once did. As competition has increased, attendance has likewise showed tremendous gains, and in 1979 ABC began broadcasting games nationwide. Where once a team like the Los Angeles Aztecs drew in fewer fans than a kazoo concert, in 1979 they hauled in 42,000 fans to a July 4th concert against the hapless Atlanta Chiefs. Had they played, let's say, the Cosmos, the Aztecs could have easily packed in 60,000 people for the holiday.

Los Angeles' rise to respectability has come with the purchase of Johan Cruyff of Holland, generally regarded as Pelé's successor for the title of world's greatest soccer player. Cruyff's purchase price of $2.5 million is more than the entire Los Angeles *franchise* was worth a few years ago.

Cruyff, interviewed at the Aztec offices in Pasadena, is a slight, fine-haired man whose leg muscles bulge beneath a pair of summer walking shorts. At 32, he is only a step slower than when he was named European Soccer Player of the Year in 1971, 1973 and 1974, and when he was awarded the World Cup's Most Valuable Player honors in 1974. Cruyff drinks from a cup of black coffee to which he's added a pinch of sugar to lessen the bitterness as he talks about his reason for coming to play in the U.S. He admits that, having made several bad investments, the money was an incentive, but says the real reason was that he "didn't want to play any more in Europe." Says Cruyff, "Here I enjoy the game. There I didn't enjoy it any more." After his successes, Cruyff was a marked man on the field in Europe. Here he must contend with double teaming, but in Europe he was physically beaten every game to counteract his scoring punch.



Only a handful of native-born players can compete in a field dominated by European imports, but talented professionals like Kyle Rote, Jr., are the vanguard of a new crop of homegrown challengers.

The Aztec decision to purchase Cruyff, says L.A. president Larry Friend, "should let the rest of the world know that the NASL is rapidly becoming a major soccer force to be reckoned with."

What the Aztecs are counting on is not only Cruyff's ability to score and pack in fans to the stadium, but also the influence he will have on the younger Aztec players such as the top rook-

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ie, Larry Hulcer, one of six American-born players on the roster.

NASL officials are hopeful that the league's future talent will be raised in the U.S. instead of imported from abroad. Right now, however, only a handful of top players are native-born. The best-known star, of course, is Kyle Rote, Jr., thanks to his being the son of the old New York Giants football receiver and his three victories in four years on ABC's "Superstars" competition. The 28-year-old Rote is a six-year veteran of the NASL who now plays forward for the Houston Hurricane. His best scoring year was back in 1977 when he popped in 11 goals while on the roster of the Dallas Tornado team.

Another familiar American name is goalie Shep Manning of the Rochester Lancers, whose off-the-field shenanigans have won him more press than his on-the-field heroics. Back in 1975, he posed nude for *Viva* magazine, and once traveled about with a South American tree bear for company. But neither Manning nor Rote—competent though they are—could start on a World Cup finalist team. League officials have no choice but to play foreigners until home-grown talent from youth leagues is sufficiently developed to replace them over the next four to six years.

Until then, youth soccer is an activity which the pros support: As ASL Commissioner Bob Cousy sees it, "These kids 8 to 16 are the lifeblood of the professional game."

Pro basketball and football by-and-large depend on the colleges to polish the skills of talented young players, and coaching on the post-high school level is easily the best in the world. Pro baseball utilizes its own sophisticated farm system to give youngsters seasoning and to cull out those with less-than-major league skills and desire. But professional soccer differs radically from all other sports in so far as the development of players is concerned. Talented players must be trained "on the job," as it were.

The Los Angeles Aztecs, for example, have an entire second team called a "taxi squad" which is composed of players college age and under who work out daily at the team's Rose Bowl headquarters under the tutelage of Youth Director Norm Jackson. The 21 players actually compete with the Aztecs under scrimmage conditions when the team is at home.

Jackson, like most of the professional soccer establishment, believes youngsters must be scouted when they are as young as 11 or 12 and plucked out of high school upon graduation to test their mettle against professional competition.

He points out that in other countries this is the system, and that America must follow suit if it is to become a World Cup finalist in 1982 or, more realistically, by 1986. "Europeans mold stars in their youth leagues," says Jackson. "Johan Cruyff was drafted at age 10 to play with the Ajax juniors of Holland."

One reason for this emphasis on youth is that most players are at the peak of their physical skills at ages 21 through 25. "In soccer," says Jackson, "at 28 you're already at a lagging-off period, and at 30, you're already over the hill."

Another reason for developing talented youngsters within a structured system is that college coaching in America is poor, charges Jackson. Except under the direction of a handful of coaches, he insists, "a youngster is going to learn bad habits" that he'll have difficulty breaking later. Also, since the level of play on many college teams is subpar, a player with superstar capabilities may unconsciously or consciously be lax in honing the skills he will need when facing professional competition.

A case in point for the signing of players directly out of high school is New York Cosmos forward Gary Etherington, a 5'8", 140-pound forward, who popped in three goals and had 11 assists in 21 games in 1978. Etherington, a naturalized citizen who was born in London, kicked field goals for his Mt. Vernon, Virginia, high school team while leading the local Annandale Cavaliers to a National Junior Cup championship in 1976.

But critics who oppose the signing of high school players say that Etherington's case is an exception, and that the majority of young players signed have no chance of achieving professional success. College soccer coaches, for example, are to a man indignant about competing with the pros for available young talent and argue that those who sign while young lose the opportunity to gain a college education except in a piecemeal fashion off-season.

The pros in turn rebut all arguments. Every youngster who signs is guaranteed a college education by his club, and they say that the experience of playing professional ball more than makes up for any ego-satisfaction to be gained from Big Man on Campus status.

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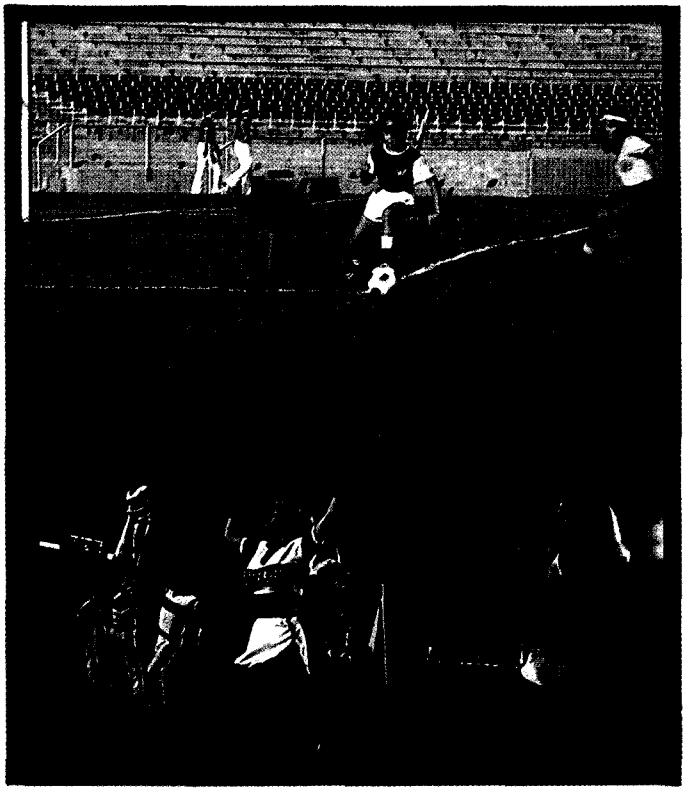

Traditional roles of cheerleader and spectator are abandoned as women take to the playing fields. In 1978 one of "the fairer sex" was named Soccer *magazine's player-of-the-week over all other college competitors, male and female.*

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Is Kirlian photography simply pseudo-scientific dabbling, or is it an exciting new tool for diagnosing disease?

Since the early 1970s, when U. S. investigators began studying Kirlian photography, a technique for filming objects in a high-frequency electrical field, the value of their research has been hotly debated in both the general media and the scientific press. While a majority of Kirlian researchers have argued that the technique is a means of filming the heretofore invisible energy field or "aura" that changes with an individual's mental and physical state, most scientists have retorted that the halolike images of Kirlian photography can be perfectly explained in terms of conventional, well-understood energies.

Regrettably, this eight-year-old controversy has obscured the work of a handful of Kirlian investigators who also reject the paranormal claims put forward by their colleagues but strongly believe in the potential usefulness of the technique. Indeed, the results of their experiments indicate that the medical value of Kirlian photography may one day rival that of the X-ray machine or electroencephalograph. Yet, their findings are dismissed by the scientific community with the automatic scorn normally reserved for purely parapsychological inquiries.

American interest in Kirlian photography was triggered by a vivid account of the technique in *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, a best-selling book of 1970. In 1939, according to authors Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder, an Armenian electrician by the name of Semyon Davidovich Kirlian (pronounced Keer-lee-an) chanced to observe a demonstration of a high-frequency electrotherapy machine at a research institute in Krasnodar, capital city of the Kuban region in southern Russia. Intrigued by the possibility of filming the tiny flash of light between the machine's electrodes and the patient's skin, Kirlian placed a photographic plate between his finger and the electrodes, switched the machine on for a fraction of a second and quickly developed the plate. What he obtained was not a picture of a spark, but a luminous outline of his finger surrounded by multicolored lights, sparkling flares and hairlike streamers of light.

Inspired by this discovery, Kirlian and his wife Valentina, a journalist and teacher, spent the rest of their lives refining and studying the technique. Their most startling discovery came accidentally in the early 1950s. While preparing his apparatus for a demonstration scheduled later that same day, Kirlian could not obtain a clear image of his finger pad and hastily began dismantling the often-temperamental machines. Suddenly, he was overcome with the dizzy spell that always heralded an attack of his recurrent vascular disorder and took to bed. Valentina then reassembled the instruments and found that they were working perfectly. The dark spots and indistinct clouds in Kirlian's finger pad electrogram, wrote authors Ostrander and Schroeder, were "a forerunner of his own illness showing up in the 'energy pattern' of his hand before it actually manifested itself physically." In other words, Kirlian photography could detect illness before the appearance of physical symptoms.

To the authors of *Psychic Discoveries Behind the Iron Curtain*, this discovery supported the age-old belief that "living things had two bodies, the physical body everyone can see, and a secondary 'energy body' the Kirlians saw in their high frequency photos." For centuries, they pointed out, the psychically-gifted of all cultures have been diagnosing illness and states of mind from their observation of the shape and colors of that "energy body."

Intrigued by these and other revelations contained in the book, a number of American scientists with an interest in parapsychology traveled to the U. S. S. R. in the hope of obtaining further information. Among them was Dr. Thelma Moss, a clinical psychologist from the Neuropsychiatric Institute of the University of California at Los Angeles. Like the other American visitors, however, she was not allowed to talk to Kirlian or visit laboratories where other Russian scientists were conducting Kirlian experiments. But she did meet informally with some Russian researchers who gave her schematic diagrams of basic Kirlian devices. When she returned home and showed the diagrams to electronic engineers and physicists at the university, however, she was told that many of the component parts were simply not available in the West, and that even if such an apparatus could be built, it would surely kill living organisms. Dr. Moss put the diagrams away in a drawer.

A year later, however, one of her adult education students, Kendall Johnson, a middle-aged insur-

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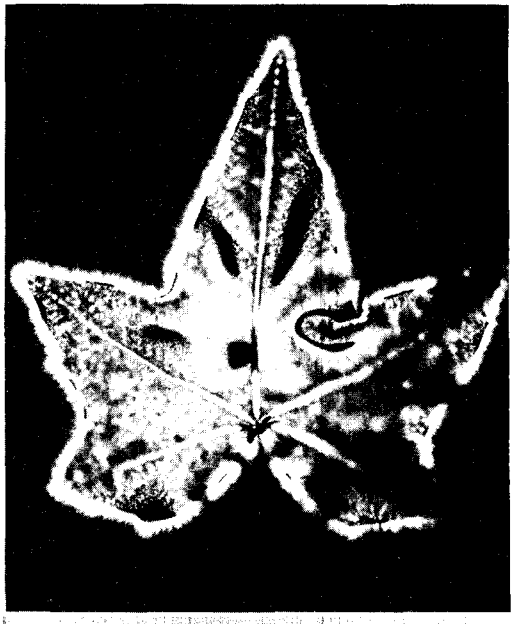

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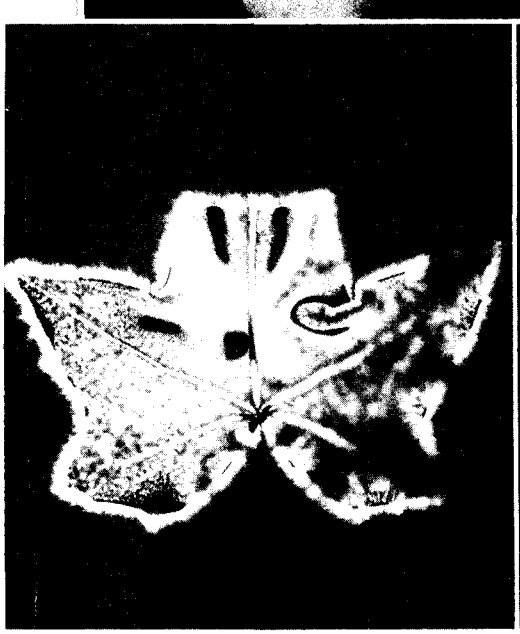
Anger, fear and pain produce red finger pad coronas. Those of a psychic (below), taken before and during healing, show yellow coronas during the healing process, which Dr. Moss suggests may represent energy being transmitted from healer to patient.



Three photos of the same leaf are shown in a Kirlian demonstration. At far left is a normal leaf before amputation; the cut leaf is shown after the phantom phenomenon occurred; and the aura of the missing part is seen in the right view in what photographer Robert M. Wagner has dubbed "the ghost effect."

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THE ROAD TO CHINA

or, How Old Ski Nose breaks in a new act and wows 'em at the Great Wall

by Bob Hope

Photography by Ron Tom

Touchdown in Peking! I'm in the home of the Great Wall, the panda and the fortune cookie.

But will the Chinese like me? Will they laugh at my jokes? Feeling a case of cold feet coming on, I lean over and seek the opinion of my wife and seatmate, Dolores.

"Bob, what on earth are you worrying about?" she soothes. "If they don't like you, at least they'll throw *fresh* vegetables."

Dolores always did look on the brighter side of things, but somehow I don't think she understands. After all, I am on a very delicate diplomatic mission—to introduce America to the Chinese people, to provide a showcase for the talented Chinese performers who would appear on our show, and to pick up Henry Kissinger's laundry. I just don't want to blow it.

As I stand up in the plane I see through the window two dozen well-dressed dignitaries smiling and wringing their hands in anticipation. As I reach the aisle, I'm suddenly jostled aside by a juggernaut of Japanese businessmen who disembark before me and are welcomed with open arms by the officials outside. I'm met by a deafening silence, interrupted only by the chattering of the Japanese commercial honchos. Mustering all the dignity I can, I saunter nonchalantly to the main building where I'm met by a solitary U.S. Embassy official who asks me if I've seen Bob Hope.

Eventually, I'm informed I'm due this evening at a 10-course, 20-toast dinner in my honor, an event that's to be repeated almost every day. I make a note to call NBC and demand stunt pay. By the end of the fifth day I expect my stomach to go over the hill.

But we're here and it's very exciting. I'm looking forward eagerly to the next four weeks. Even the promise of an Academy Award couldn't tear me away—I don't think.

* * * *

Three days, three banquets. The opening act is always cold hors d'oeuvres. . .followed by a series of beautifully served exotic dishes—some so spicy they can dissolve your bridgework, others enhanced by delicate, fragrant sauces completely unfamiliar to the American palate. And with each course our Chinese hosts propose a toast of friendship with a tiny glass of Mao Tai, which can only be compared to the fluid leaked by the nuclear power plant on Three Mile Island. My first experience with it was embarrassing. I was the only one at the table singing "Honeysuckle Rose."

A word about the toasts. Given by men high up in the ministry of culture, they're not just the usual diplomatic placebos demanded by protocol. They're expressions of the sincere desire of the Chinese for reconciliation with the rest of the world after an era of mistrust and isolation. I can vouch for their sincerity. There's nothing they haven't done to help us with the many technical and logistical problems involved in doing an elaborate TV special.

* * * *

I hate to leave the Peking Hotel because once I do, I could just as well be a steamfitter from Akron, Ohio. The only curiosity I arouse is due to my weapon, the golf club I always carry with me. I tell one Chinese who's staring at it that it's my moneymaker—and he laughs. I may never leave.

But it's different in the Peking Hotel, which is packed with American tourists who recognize me on sight or are made aware of my presence by one of my shills in the lobby who yells, "There's Bob Hope!" But they're not too reliable. This morning at

Recruits from the Chinese ballet snap to as Hope spoofs the musical H.M.S. Pinafore *in a song and dance maneuver, "I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navy," for his TV special airing September 16.*

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East-West exchanges aren't always restricted to politics and business. Surely the ancient builders of the Great Wall never envisioned an invader wielding a club like this!

This racket is too much for Hope. He can't quite match the skill of a young oriental opponent who gives him a good Chinese-style paddling.

Two birds of a feather bring grins to the faces of onlookers at Tien an Men Square. Chinese TV has nothing like "Big Bird" Carroll Spinney.

...full of Hope is too ... for these porters. ...r reach the top of ... Hill outside Peking

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breakfast, I had to start the applause myself.

Among the tourists are the 13 American mayors who are giving the Chinese urban officials the benefit of their expertise. After all, we're way ahead of them in air and water pollution, bumper-to-bumper traffic and taxes.

The sights in Peking are awesome. Tien an Men Square, the largest in the world, is an immense expanse which, on this Sunday morning, is crowded with lines of people waiting to have their pictures taken by professional photographers. I tell my interpreter, Chi Ching, to ask one of them what he'd pay for the honor of taking a picture of a famous American movie star. He answers her in Chinese but I understand it. The same to him and his ancestors!

* * * *

Help! I'm being held captive in a country with *no golf courses*! I know my game has been slipping a little lately but this is ridiculous.

Not only does this unthinkable situation make it difficult to get a decent starting time, but it actually took us two days just to locate a set of clubs we needed for a sketch on our show. Luckily we were able to borrow from Morton Holbrook at the U.S. Embassy an old bag which I think he'd been using as an umbrella stand. But while the Chinese haven't been introduced to my favorite pastime yet, this is such a sports-minded nation I have a feeling that won't be true for long.

The fact is, I don't think I've ever seen an entire country that's so universally enamored of physical fitness as China. It seems everybody here is into some sport or other—and all without any help from Howard Cosell. On any square block here in Peking you see makeshift basketball hoops hanging from trees and the sides of buildings, and I think I even saw one on the Great Wall, which you have to admit is quite a backboard.

The Chinese also play Ping-Pong, volleyball, badminton and a combination of basketball and soccer they call "handball"—a game so physically demanding you need the skills of Wilt Chamberlain and Mean Joe Green before they'll even allow you to put on your warmup suit. But for those wishing to take their physical activity in less harmful doses, there's also a beautiful and fascinating brand of isometric exercises the Chinese call "Tai Chi"—a series of graceful and invigorating movements that would make Gloria Marshall green with envy.

Hope, the camera-toting tourist, discovers they're not so shy in Shanghai. There's always somebody happy to get into the picture. "The crowds press on you so hard, if you're ticklish you can die laughing."

Starting at about 5:30 a.m. the streets look like a Jack Lalanne commercial. Everyone's exercising, either individually or in a group—most of them doing Tai Chi Chuan, a slow motion, formalized martial art that's beautiful to watch. It involves round, graceful movements, almost balletlike, all with a specific meaning (you mill the corn, you harvest the crop). The physical benefits come through the use of pressure and counter-pressure on arms and legs; that is very effective in tightening up the entire body.

The Chinese go about everything with great intensity. You can't help noticing their determination to accomplish their goals. . .to make friends with the rest of the world, to feed themselves, to keep informed, to take part in the political process. They're serious and persistent. . .and there's no doubt in my mind that they're gonna make it.

* * * *

One has only to look around Peking to realize that China is currently going through the biggest economic boom since Dow got together with Jones and decided to collaborate.

The signs that China has at long last opened her doors to foreign investors and industrialists are unmistakable. At almost any time of the day here, men wearing gray suits and firm expressions can be seen in the hotel restaurants huddling with the Chinese business people while furiously working pocket calculators and shuffling lists of proposed sales figures. And it all must be working because from what I've seen, they do more handshaking than Hank Aaron at a Little League convention. Representatives of IBM, British Aviation, Chase Manhattan—all the biggies are here for one reason: to ante up and get into the game while China's economic cards are still being shuffled. This has to be the biggest gold rush since Sutter's Mill.

The Chinese have traditionally played their cards close to their vests and you can be sure that won't change. I don't know if there's gold here, but there's oil, a desperate need for industrial expansion and the availability of every kind of franchise for consumer goods. So there are representatives here from England, France, West Germany, Sweden, Italy and the U.S. The only language you don't hear in the lobby is Russian. I hear there was a Russian vodka salesman here, but he drank one of the Chinese Mao Tais, poured his samples down the drain and went straight back to Mos-

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cow a completely broken man.

At a more personal level, one sees China's new consumer economy reflected in all the windows of the stores and shops that line the downtown streets here in Peking. Both Chinese and foreign-made TV sets, transistor radios and tape recorders have taken their place among the more basic consumer products that only a short time ago made up the entire inventory. Even in the clothing store windows, the Chinese everyday wardrobe, until recently simple in design and monochromatic in color, is beginning to show glimmerings of fashion. While the ordinary Chinese citizen may not be quite ready yet for Calvin Klein originals, once a housewife starts receiving compliments on her outfit, can Park Avenue be far behind?

* * * *

I've closed many a theater in my time, but yesterday I think I finally outdid myself: I closed the Great Wall of China.

Well actually, not all 3,000 miles of it, but we did borrow about 200 yards for me to strut my stuff on during the opening number for our show. It turned out to be the first time I've ever been upstaged by the scenery.

I'm seldom at a loss for words but I find describing the Great Wall next to impossible. Terms like *magnificent* and *awe-inspiring* simply don't do it justice. The wall is absolutely unreal. Separating sky from jutting mountain crests as far as the eye can see, it snakes its way across northern China like a giant ribbon on a Christmas package—a present that was gift-wrapped 25 centuries ago.

Gigantic doesn't really tell the story, either. It makes the Santa Monica Freeway look like a footpath in Griffith Park. Once you lay eyes on it for the first time and finally catch your breath, you fully understand why it was the only man-made structure our astronauts could see from space—spiraling higher and higher in the distance, it actually appears to end up there.

They say high walls make good neighbors, but as you experience the breathtaking grandeur of this one—stone hand-laid upon stone, millions and millions of them—it's hard to believe it all began centuries ago when an out-of-work brick mason whispered into the emperor's ear, "But what if they show up from the north at night wearing sneakers?"

* * * *

Shanghai—the word itself evokes visions of a China we in America have always thought typical—gray sampans slowly gliding across the evening shadows of the Yangtze, steamy back streets narrow and pungent with all the exotic and forbidden smells of the Orient, opium dens, gambling, vice.

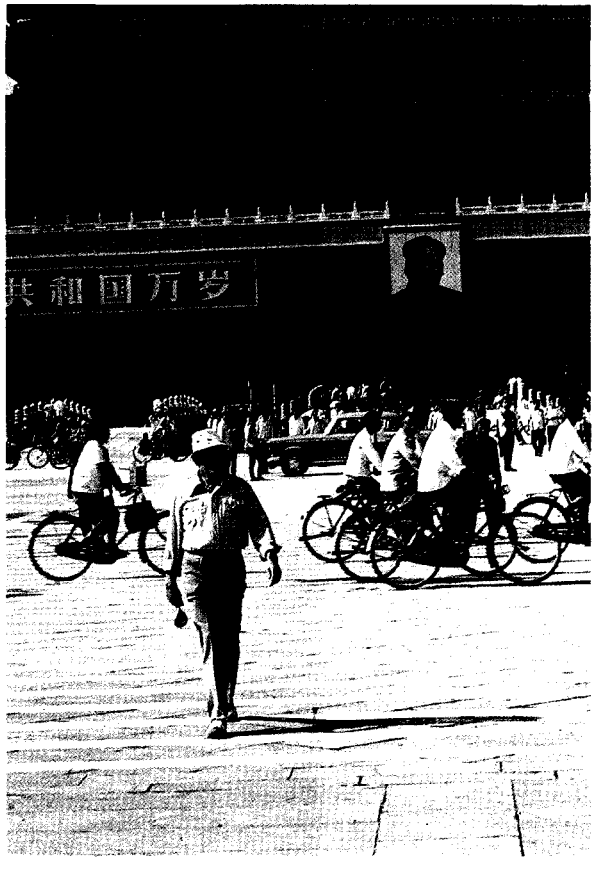
I think I'm homesick. While the tramp steamers still line Shanghai harbor, rusting silently in the salty mist, this city definitely isn't the Shanghai of the '30s or even the '40s.

This is the trade center of the new China. We thought Peking was a crowded city but Shanghai makes it look like Pocatello, Idaho. If friendship with China means people-to-people contact there's no better place to start than Shanghai.

Everything is crowded. . .the streets, the theaters, the shops, the department stores. There seems to be no shortage of consumer goods and certainly no shortage of people who can afford them, despite the figures you hear about the low annual salaries.

For instance, the manager of the Shanghai department store, the largest in China, is said to make $500 a year. It makes you wonder how an ordinary worker gets by but obviously he does. And Shanghai has to lead the world in humidity. I walked out of the hotel with a spring in my step smelling fresh and clean and in two minutes I was Lloyd Bridges after wrestling with a shark.

Unlike Peking, whose architecture reflects the stark and austere influence of Moscow, Shanghai feels much more European. Former occupation by the British has left its mark everywhere. This morning I could have sworn I was awakened by Big Ben chiming in Cantonese. The hotels, the shops and the more affluent private homes all seem stamped with an English benchmark. It wouldn't surprise me to come around a corner here and run into a beefeater wearing a Mao jacket.



An itinerant comedian adapts quickly to the Chinese art of bicycle dodging, something akin to developing sea legs. "At first I thought all Chinese were born with pneumatic tires," quips Hope.

But Shanghai is a modern city. The shops are better stocked and much more numerous than in Peking, its people better dressed and more sophisticated. It doesn't have its old-time glamor but it's exciting.

And now it's good-bye to this gracious, friendly country. Our China tour has been interesting, exhilarating and, like any television special, frustrating at times. But it was never anything short of fascinating.

One thing is for sure: I'll always look back on these past four weeks as some of the most pleasant memories of my life. ☒

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Surfing for solitaires can yield oceans of diamonds. Just ask this enterprising businessman from Salt Lake City.

Photography by Bob Connell

Tony Seymour's eyes were fixed on the stones on the weathered table. As he watched, Zeekie Prins and Vanie Wikins silently moved their large hands back and forth across the [illegible] but carefully onto the pile on the sand. So far this morning they hadn't recovered any diamonds.

Seymour had traveled 10,000 miles from Salt Lake City, Utah, to this remote stretch of South Africa's Atlantic Coast to see this. He had [illegible]

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diamonds were carried by long-lost rivers from kimberlitic deposits hundreds of miles inland to the ocean. The young American businessman had spent months and considerable funds to purchase, with others, the rights to scoop up the gravel from under these waters along the beach for diamonds. The mine, called the Broadacres, had been operating for six months under its new ownership. But this was the first time Seymour was actually seeing the recovery operation.

Nearby, Paul Villemse, an elderly workman who had spent many years at Broadacres, sifted more gravel in a muddy water drum. If he was doing his job right—gently bouncing the gravel while turning the pan around in his hands—the diamonds, as the heaviest natural rocks, would fall to the bottom and gravitate to the center.

Villemse finished another pan of gravel. Prins, who like Wikins is a university student trying to earn extra money, picked up the pan. He turned it upside down on the table so that the gravel in the bottom was on top of the pile. Instantly the two young Afrikaners were poking carefully at the rocks with their blades. Without saying a word Wikins began pushing some reddish-brown stones over to a corner, silently motioning to Prins. The markings indicated these rocks contained iron ore. In themselves, the rocks had no value. But rocks with iron were heavier and thus were from deeper deposits of the underwater area off the coast. And diamonds, as the heaviest natural mineral formations, would likely collect in the same areas.

Prins picked up another pan, this time one with smaller rocks. He turned it over onto the table. And

Experienced divers take the hose under water and vacuum tons of diamond-bearing gravel. A typical day's yield varies from 13 to 107 carats.

To reap diamonds from the sea, miners use a farm tractor fitted with a high-powered pump which provides suction for a 600-foot-long hose. The operation is so successful that the Broadacres mine plans to expand [illegible]

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Flawless Investment

Take a look at that diamond you own. It's fascinating to watch the fire, the brilliance as the light bounces off it. All right, so it's not the 69 carats that Richard gave Liz. But it doesn't have to be huge for you to enjoy it.

And there's something else to keep in mind. In case things get a little tight financially, you could get a loan on your diamond or even sell it. If you've owned it awhile, the chances are you could get more for it than you paid. And it would be a lot easier to sell your diamond than the one Liz had.

You don't have to be a millionaire to invest in diamonds. But it will require work on your part. Buying and selling diamonds isn't as simple as putting your money in a savings account or stocks.

Diamonds are unique among investments. They haven't fluctuated in value the way stocks have. They've managed to keep up with, even surpass, the investment rate—last year diamond prices rose 25-30 percent.

The international diamond market is controlled by a huge mining and selling cartel headquartered in South Africa called De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd. The De Beers cartel alone accounts for 85 percent of the total worldwide uncut diamond production.

As a private business it is in De Beers' own interest to maintain a steady appreciation in the value of diamonds. It does this by increasing or decreasing the number of "rough" diamonds it will sell to diamond cutters.

However, it takes skill to buy diamonds. In choosing a source for buying your diamonds choose someone who has an established reputation, not someone who has started selling investment diamonds because it's the latest "deal" investment.

Here are some additional tips:

* Investment-grade diamonds are the finest quality stones—finer than those commonly found in jewelry. It is better to buy a smaller flawless stone than a larger one with a noticeable flaw.

* Buy at, or as near as possible to, wholesale, because when it comes time to sell your diamonds it will be the wholesale price that you will probably have to accept.

* Be wary of those who stress that diamonds have increased sharply in value in recent years because people are buying them for fear of inflation. Diamond values have increased for just the opposite reason. The prosperity throughout the industrialized world in recent years has broadened the market for diamonds. More and more people are buying them as jewelry. ☆

there it was. Right on top in the middle. Unmistakably a diamond. Even in its natural state, buffeted by millions of years in the rough Atlantic surf, its brilliance captured the eye.

Picking the diamond up with his Lucite blade, Wikins handed the diamond to Seymour. Someone handed the American a loupe, the jeweler's magnifying eyeglass.

"It must be two carats," Seymour said excitedly. "An excellent white. Shape is good. There's a flaw in one corner, but it won't affect cutting."

The people around Seymour listened quietly. But they were already working on a new pan. For them finding a diamond was hardly new.

Surf mining in South Africa was started after World War II. At first companies used the country's plentiful labor to search for stones washed onto the shore. After the beaches were mined out, attention turned to finding ways of getting the stones in the surf out economically. De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., the huge South African-headquartered cartel that markets 85 percent of the rough diamonds in the world, is currently working a coastal stretch north of Broadacres near the mouth of the Orange River in Namibia (formerly South West Africa). It builds dikes along the shore to hold the water back so bulldozers can push the ocean gravel ashore. While their production is far greater than the operation at Broadacres, the people at Broadacres insist that the average size of the stones they recover is much larger.

Broadacres has the mining rights to a 400-foot-wide, 10-mile-long stretch of coastline adjoining the mouth of the Oliphants River in the Namaqualand region. This particular coastal area is one of the richest in Africa and has yielded between five and ten carats per ton of gravel. The average size of the diamonds has been 1.8 carats, which the owners claim is the largest average size of any alluvial or coastal mining property in South Africa.

"There are more diamonds in other stretches of coast. But they're not nearly as large as ours. The closer you are to the river mouth, the fewer but bigger the diamonds you recover," explained Seymour.

Although only a fifth of all diamonds formed in nature have the color and clarity to be of gem quality, 95 percent of the Broadacres stones are in that category, most of them clear white. Geologists believe that lower quality, or industrial-grade, diamonds were formed in the same mines as the stones now being recovered off the coast but these stones could not withstand the abrasive journey down from the mountains or were destroyed over time in the surf.

So pleased have the new owners been with their mine that they've already acquired an additional five miles of adjoining shoreline.

"When I was trying to find financing for Broadacres I went all over the United States meeting with groups of sophisticated investors," recalled Seymour. "But they couldn't get a feel for it. The idea of owning a diamond mine was too exotic. But look around here. It's a very real thing. We're bringing out diamonds and we're doing it profitably. Right now we're making $80,000 to $100,000 a month before royalties and taxes. It's the most exciting thing I've ever

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been involved in."

The son of a Stockton, California, retail jeweler, Seymour grew up around diamonds. Even at college (Brigham Young University), and graduate school (the University of Southern California), he sold stones to classmates wanting engagement rings.

Seymour's next logical step was to own his own source of diamonds—his own diamond mine. In this way he would have his own source of stones that could be brought to the United States to be cut and polished and, then, sold either for investment or jewelry.

"I started coming to South Africa two years ago to look for properties. I had some dealings with a South African named Norman Lowenthal. Norman is an independent exporter of rough diamonds. In the past 10 years he has exported $100 million in stones, no small feat. He has a tremendous knowledge of every facet of the industry. He also is a member of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. We agreed to work together. I would arrange the financing for the purchase and market stones in the United States. And Norman would supervise production."

Broadacres had been in business for 20 years under various owners. It had become a public corporation with its shares traded on the Johannesburg Exchange. After examining the property Seymour and Lowenthal signed a contract in June 1978 to purchase the entire holdings of its largest stockholder for about $1,250,000. That amounted to 71 percent of the company.

For three months Seymour negotiated a deal with a German investor. "We wrote a contract two inches thick. It was beautiful. My lawyer was so happy he went home and bought a Jaguar. At the last minute the German backed out."

With only a week left before the contract's deadline Seymour met with a wealthy investor from New York. "I told my secretary to arrange a flight for him to come to Salt Lake City. He arrived at Kennedy Airport in his limousine. When he got to the ticket counter he found that my secretary had reserved a second-class seat. This was a man who had never flown tourist in his life. But graciously he came without mentioning the ticket. After a day of talking he signed a two-page agreement that we worked up ourselves. No lawyers, no complexities. A week later he wired the money to South Africa."

A few minutes' drive from the recovery site, the pumping crew was assembled in a portion of the coast protected by a small ring of rocks. A half-dozen divers were flipping stones to one another to pass the time. "It's a bit rough out there," Bob Borchas, Willie Mayers' son-in-law and the mine's assistant general manager, greeted Seymour as he pointed to the surf. "I'm not sure if we'll be able to get in any pumping today."

To get the diamonds from the surf the company uses a process that was perfected by Willie Mayers, now general manager of the mine. It is a relatively simple and inexpensive but efficient process. An ordinary farm tractor is fitted with a high-performance pump providing suction for a foot-wide 600-foot-long hose. A diver takes the hose under water and vacuums tons of diamond-bearing gravel.

There was a stiff wind. Waves splashed hard against the rocks. Perched on top of the rocks were four sea vultures, each about three feet high, looking across the narrow bay to the two dozen workers on the beach. The divers, who had the final say whether they would go in or not, were hoping it would calm enough so that they could mine that area enclosed by the rocks. It was a spot worked several times before, but the divers were paid by the number of hours they spent in the water so they were eager to get some production recorded for the day.

After a half hour the divers decided that they would risk it. One motioned for the crews to begin assembling the hose. The hands began bringing down 30-foot sections of foot-wide hose. At the same time two of the divers began donning wet suits. Even though it was February, the peak of the South African summer, the temperature of the South Atlantic was only 50 degrees Fahrenheit. "With water that cold," explained Smith, "we try to keep the divers covered as much as possible. They can work only two or three hours a day in the water, it takes so much energy just to stay warm."

Later, back at the compound, Victor Troy took out the can holding that day's production and spread the diamonds out on a table. "I would say there are about 18 carats here," the elderly Afrikaner said. "What do you think, Tony?"

Seymour picked up each of the eight stones and mentally added up his estimates of the sizes. "It's more like 21," he told Troy.

Troy smiled. "Way too high," he said.

He swept the diamonds back into the can, and the two men strolled across the compound to the concrete structure housing the offices, Troy casually rattling the stones in the can like some exotic toy for babies. Troy laid the diamonds on a scale. The scale tipped completely down. A good sign. It meant there were at least 20 carats. Troy adjusted the scale for a higher reading. It finally settled at 20.22 carats, worth $25,000. The jeweler's son was about right. ☒

With the thought of all those gems just waiting to be found, Broadacres owners quickly built their staff from a dozen to more than 70 workers. At present each month's effort by divers brings in about $90,000 in raw diamonds.

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I TRIED TO BE A PLAYBOY

The artist tells of his fling with high-living society—which ended when he discovered that he couldn't keep up the pace.

by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell

My marriage to Irene jogged along without incident for several years. Then we had trouble. It began one day after a morning's work at my studio, when I put on my coat to go home for lunch—and suddenly balked. I couldn't bear the thought of again sitting at the table with Irene's brothers and sister and mother. Her family had been living with us, off and on, ever since our wedding. It was ridiculous to object at this late date, but I did. I went home and called Irene upstairs. "We ought to have a house of our own," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we ought to live alone," I said, "away from your family."

"But I want to live with them," she said.

"Well, you'll have to choose between them and me."

"I can't leave my mother and Marie and Hoddy and George," she said.

She wouldn't budge, so I packed my bags and went to New York. I wasn't mad; I just had to get out. I rented a room at the Salmagundi Club and a studio at 80 West 40th Street. The first few weeks everything was fine. I had convinced myself that I was in the right, and I was so busy painting a *Post* cover that I had no time for brooding.

One evening, while I was visiting a friend who had a studio in the same building, we heard a rumbling in the wall. "That must be the dumbwaiter," he said. "I discovered it when the painters scraped off the wallpaper. Let's see what's on it." He opened a little door, and up came the dumbwaiter—three open shelves loaded with bottles of champagne and Scotch. This was in 1925, during Prohibition.

"Where do you suppose it's going?" I asked.

"I don't know," said my friend, taking one of the bottles of champagne, "but we can't overlook an opportunity like this."

A couple of days later, as we were sipping highballs from a purloined bottle of Scotch, my friend suddenly put down his glass. "I know where it's going," he said. "Texas Guinan runs a speakeasy in the penthouse. She must store her liquor in the cellar."

My friend and I weren't pigs about it. Just every so often, when visitors dropped by, we'd wait until the dumbwaiter rumbled up the shaft, open the little door, and say, "What'll you have?"

So, as I say, the first few weeks of living alone passed comfortably. Then I began to go into restaurants, order dinner, and leave before the waiter brought food to the table. I didn't sleep well. I'd wake up in the middle of the night, dress, and walk around Central Park, disturbing the pigeons and thinking, *You can't go crawling back. But you're miserable. What are you going to do*?

I did nothing. Oh, I worked during the day—a *Post* cover, an advertising job—and occasionally I'd call up Irene and ask her to send me some of my paints. I drifted in a haze of misery for four or five months. Then, just as I was about to go all to pieces, what with loneliness and worry and feeling such a fool, I went to the hospital with tonsillitis. Irene visited me there, and after I had recovered, we bought a house in New Rochelle to live in by ourselves.

It was a cheaply built, imitation English cottage, which we soon traded in for a better place. I immediately made plans to build a studio onto the garage. Dean Parmelee, a friend who was an architect, persuaded me that the studio should be early American in design—the antique craze of the middle '20's was at its height.

We used fieldstone for the outer walls. Inside there were rough beams and a pegged floor and a wagon wheel with candles in it for a chandelier. Set into the south wall was a large fireplace of old bricks, topped by a fake balcony. I hung a Revolutionary War musket below the mantelpiece and set out quill pens, pewter mugs, a ship model, and an old clock. Inside the fireplace we installed imitation bread ovens and a crane supporting an iron kettle. All around the room I hung relics and antiques—powder horns, a brass bed warmer, an old bullet pouch, steer horns, and so on. The furniture was all antique—a wing chair, a battered stool, a Windsor chair, a long tavern table, a grandfather's clock. The only concession Dean and I made to modernity was putting a big studio window in the north wall. In the end my love affair with the antique cost me $23,000. Still I liked my studio and considered it extremely up-to-date, in an antique way.

The leading families of New Rochelle were organizing the Bonnie Briar Country Club. Irene and I accepted an invitation to become charter members. Suddenly we were attending parties almost every night. I made connections with a bootlegger and joined the Larchmont Yacht Club and took up golf. Pretty soon I was getting to be a snob.

Suburban society was an amoral and yet a curiously naive world. Everybody drank quite a lot, and the only rule of conduct was that nothing was to be taken seriously. It appeared sophisticated; yet the silliest things were done with pompous gravity. One summer, while Irene was visiting her mother at Louisville

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In Hollywood Rockwell met Gary Cooper, who posed patiently for this May 24, 1930, Post *cover. Rockwell also painted an ad for Coop's 1940 movie,* The Westerner.

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Landing, I lived in a room at the Larchmont Yacht Club. Every day after work I'd change into white ducks, blue blazer, saddle shoes, and a yachting cap. One of my friends owned a Victory Class sailboat, and I was a member of the crew. We'd polish the railings or varnish the mast or something for a while, then change into evening clothes and meet at the bar for cocktails. If I said, "This is a good drink," my friends were ashamed of me. Among us sailors a drink wasn't a drink, it was "grog."

Rockwell long resisted painting from photographs. Consequently, his models had to hold poses for several days. These lovebirds appeared on the Post *September 19, 1925.*

Clothes were vital. I bought a complete golfing costume—tight tweed knickerbockers, a jacket that buttoned to the neck, shoes with a long tongue flapping over the laces, all very British. Afternoons I'd dress up and drive to the club in my canary-yellow roadster—an Apperson Jack Rabbit—my golf bag propped up on the back seat, my cap at a jaunty angle, and a pipe in my teeth. Oh, I was a sport, make no mistake; I was right off the links at St. Andrews.

Then the Prince of Wales was seen playing golf attired in loose, baggy knickers that reached almost to his ankles. All of us discarded our old knickers, bought ones like his, and considered ourselves aristocratic.

How could we have been so serious about clothes? I didn't even enjoy golf. It took time and bored me, but I thought it was smart. I yearned to wear the right clothes, hold right opinions, play the right games. My new friends used to tutor me. "Get your hair cut," one of them said, "and part it. People don't wear pompadours any more." So I had my hair cut and parted down the middle. "That's awful," said my friend. "Part it down the side, man, down the side." I wore a stickpin in my tie. "No, no," my friend said. "Stickpins went out during the Civil War. Look here. . . ."

I did everything he told me to, even though I was getting sick of golf and tired of going to party after party. Just the same, it was mighty flattering to be taken up by the "county" people. My family had been poor when I was a kid, but look at me now—the gay man about town with wealthy, sophisticated friends. I didn't realize that I was made welcome as a kind of curiosity or conversation piece. Someone once blurted out, "They're not asking you to dinner—they're asking your reputation."

My work didn't change. I kept right on painting dogs and little boys and old men, unaffected by the parties, the promiscuity, and the drinking. And Irene and I were getting along well. She was socially ambitious. We went to all the parties and acted just like everyone else. But we were really fish out of water.

One summer in the mid-1920s I went to Europe with Dan Parmelee and Bill Backer. I remember it as a sort of sunny, carefree interlude. When I boarded the *Aquitania*, carrying a fat sketchbook under my arm, I happily turned my back on the frenzied life I'd been leading.

In England we toured the southeastern coast in a rented Rolls-Royce. After a few days' practice, I developed a quick sketching technique, a sort of shorthand. At night, in my hotel room, I'd carry the rough sketches a step further, adding little touches of watercolor here and there.

We flew to France. My sketchbook was filling up, and it was good stuff. I was carrying it everywhere I went; as a precaution I'd written my name and address on the end papers, front and back, adding, in French, German, Italian, English, and Spanish, "A huge reward will be given to the finder."

We sailed down the Rhine on a steamer, journeyed to Munich for a beer festival, and went on a walking trip. We walked from Munich to Venice, through sun-dappled forests and high mountain passes.

Then Spain. One day in Madrid I sat down in an art gallery to rest. After a minute I got up to look at *The Topers*, by Velázquez, one of my favorite paintings, leaving my sketchbook on a settee. When I returned, my sketchbook was gone. I never got it back. It was a terrible loss.

The night after I arrived home there was a party at the Bonnie Briar Country Club. I didn't especially want to go. I had a lot of work waiting for me—some ads, a *Post* cover, a couple of stories to illustrate. But Irene said "everybody" would be there, so we went.

We were right back on the merry-go-round. There were parties almost every night. Sometimes Irene went to one and I to another; sometimes we went together. But we were always with the same crowd. I planned my life around the evening, scheduling my work so that it wouldn't interfere with the parties.

One night we caroused at the country club until

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midnight, then piled into cars and drove to a raucous affair in Westport, Connecticut, where all the guests were dressed in pink jackets and riding habits. Everybody was drunk, and a woman fell into the swimming pool, and I thought it was all very grand because I met F. Scott Fitzgerald, the famous writer, and heard him sing a rowdy song. That spring I gave a party which cost me $1,200. I even had two orchestras, one in the studio and one in the house.

It was an unnatural life for me—for Irene, too, I guess, though she took to it more easily than I did. The people we were going around with were used to it. They'd lived with wealth and leisure all their lives, and could handle it. I developed a principle: *If you don't love anybody*, I said to myself, *if you don't become involved, then you won't get hurt*. So I filled my days with work and my nights with parties and tried not to think about anything, succeeding pretty well.

Then, during that winter, a queer thing began to happen. I noticed that my kid models, some of them sons or daughters of my country-club friends, were shocked by their parents' behavior. Everything the parents did contradicted what they'd told the kids was right and honest. The kids had been told that you should avoid drinking too much, save your money, and be strictly moral; yet they could see that their parents were drinking heavily, throwing money around, and not troubling themselves about morals. The kids were bewildered.

The artist and his second wife Mary posed for a painting commissioned by the Ford Motor Company for its 50th anniversary in 1953.

My work kept me sane, but after a while the parties and wildness even began to mix with my work. I'd delay a job for two or three days because it meant tiring myself after some party at the club. Then one summer in the late 1920s, I went to Europe with three couples. Again Irene stayed at home.

In Europe we did all the right things. We stayed at the Ritz in London and the George V in Paris. We visited the right night club on the right night. (I remember that you were supposed to go to the Embassy on Thursday; it was vulgar to go there on any other night.) We went to the tennis matches and attended a party in a British lord's flat, dressed in top hats and tails. I was living off the top.

One day in Paris I said, "Let's go to the Louvre." Somebody replied, "We've been to the Louvre." I didn't consider that a stupid remark. It was true: We'd been to the Louvre. Why go again?

That trip was the culmination of my career as a pseudo-playboy. I thought I was at last really in society. I wasn't a hanger-on any more. I was one of the best people. When I returned to New Rochelle everything collapsed. Irene asked for a divorce. After 13 years of marriage, she had fallen in love with someone else.

Looking back on it, I don't think I was surprised. I'd known for a long time that we weren't suited to the sort of life we were leading; something had to crack. But if I wasn't surprised, I was hurt. A few weeks later Irene went to Reno, and I moved into a studio apartment in the Hotel des Artistes, on 67th Street off Central Park West in New York City.

It was a spacious apartment—a two-story studio with a library, dining room, bath, and kitchen opening off it, and a balcony with two bedrooms and another bath. I moved in my furniture from New Rochelle and arranged it with great care. The first morning, when I came out on the balcony from my bedroom and saw my easel and palette table and chair grouped in the center of the studio before the wide, two-story window, I thought, *This is the life; no more mess, no emotional ties.* I skipped into the bathroom and shaved, whistling, then went downstairs and prepared my favorite breakfast, cereal and bananas, which I ate in the library.

Afterward I strolled over to Dorlan's Livery Stable and arranged for riding lessons. The riding habit I'd ordered at a Madison Avenue haberdashery wasn't ready yet, but I wanted to get started. You see, I was a bachelor again, and I was going to be sophisticated and gay.

A week or so later my riding clothes arrived: handmade Italian boots, tan breeches, tweed coat with long skirt, black derby with a cord on the back that I hooked to my coat collar, light-gray stock held in place by a horseshoe pin, and a leather riding crop. As I strode to Dorlan's, switching my boots with my crop, I felt I was the genuine article, the squire riding to hounds. The horse they gave me was a gentle old plug, but I was unsteady in my seat and posting was beyond me. When the horse went up I came down, gritting my teeth.

I dined with friends almost every night and saw a lot of shows. At first I lunched three or four days a week with Emil Fuchs, a portrait painter who lived at

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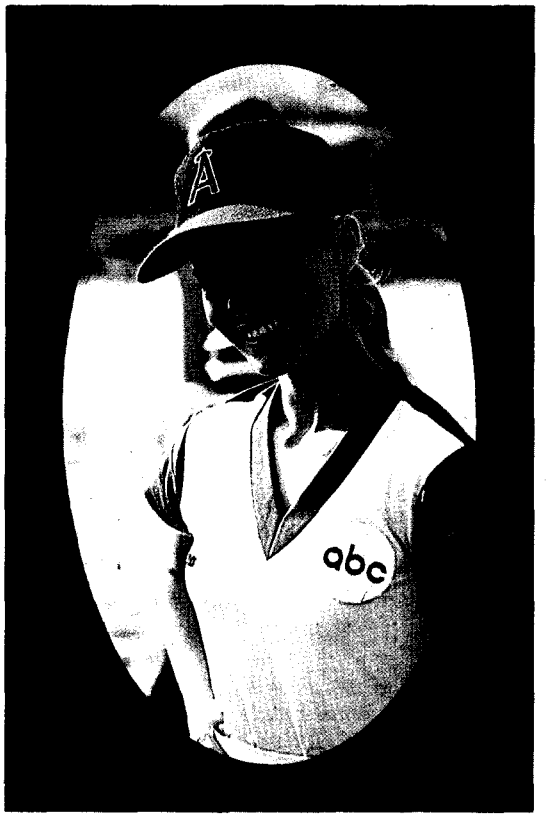
A LASS NAMED LADD

Looking like the archetypal blonde bombshell, Cheryl sets her sights on women's equality, shoots holes in the sex goddess myth, and strikes a blow for family values.

by Debra S. Davis

She is as tiny and delicate as a porcelain doll. One has to peer over many curious onlookers to find her in the crowd of professional men and women at an ERA fundraiser given by the Philadelphia Women's Political Caucus. Cheryl Ladd, the porcelain doll with the conspicuous curves and all-American good looks, has forfeited a weekend of rest from her grueling 12-hour days as one of Charlie's Angels to come East and push women's rights.

Sound hard to believe? What! The blonde-haired, blue-eyed lass, who's seen weekly on ABC wearing bikinis and racking up Brownie points as a private detective, the gal whose four posters for Pro Arts Inc. have sold more than two million, is also a women's rights advocate? Impossible! How can that be?



ABC's "Battle of the Networks" brought the poster girl off the wall into the sports arena; the network is planning musical/variety shows to introduce fans to Cheryl, the singer.

Well, first one must know a little about the 5 foot 2, 27-year-old actress and the new image today's so-called sex symbols are promoting as opposed to the simple-minded, haughty facades of yesterday's dream girls. Cheryl doesn't consider herself a sex symbol. "When people call me a sex symbol, I have to laugh. I've never been terrifically concerned with the way I look," she says. "I never try to be sexy."

Those wide-eyed teens buying her posters and plastering their bedroom walls with the Angel's likeness may disagree. But maybe it's because they don't understand that sex goddesses run a bigger risk of fly-by-night fame in today's Hollywood. There are just too many pretty blondes and sultry brunettes waiting in the wings to take over, and too many promoters searching for a "new face" ready to make a "quick buck" in the name of free enterprise, for an actress who's "just a sex symbol" to survive on cuteness and flesh alone.

Perhaps Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield encouraged their formidable "sexy" images without fretting over being typecast or taken too lightly. But Cheryl does care about her image and she's out to prove that beauty can have brains and should undeniably be equal with her male counterparts. So she showed up at a Philadelphia apartment on a Sunday to brunch and to talk about the importance of equal rights for women—an apartment packed with some 75 people, news reporters and television cameramen.

"I wasn't sure what to expect when I came here," she said, looking around with her husband, actor David Ladd, at her side. "I'm not political. I'm not a sex symbol. And I'm not a publicity seeker. I don't need the publicity. I'd rather be home in bed on a Sunday morning. I work very hard. But I think when you achieve the fame and money and prestige and power that I've been given, you have to give back. I don't believe in just taking.

"I was raised in a home where everyone was equal and able. Then I went out in the world and tried to get a credit card. . . . " The people shook their heads knowingly. "Sure, *now* if Cheryl Ladd goes into the bank for a loan they give it to her quick, but not when I was Cheryl Stoopelmoor."

Cheryl Stoopelmoor grew up in a small town in South Dakota in a modest home with two brothers and an older sister. Her father was a railroad worker; her mother, a homemaker. The show biz bug bit her when she was a tot performing for her family at Sunday suppers. While in high school she began singing on weekends with a local band called The Music Shop. She left home at 17 to work with the band full time, playing clubs and traveling to towns like Rock Springs, Wyoming, and Norfolk, Nebraska, living out of suitcases. Her parents were apprehensive about the kind of life she had chosen, but Cheryl convinced

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"David's understanding of Hollywood and the industry," Cheryl readily admits, "has knocked out most of my South Dakota awe for the glamour of it all."

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them that was what she wanted: a singing career. It wasn't easy. After being on the road a year and a half, the band finally hit California. But their luck went sour when two of them were injured in an accident outside Los Angeles. Cheryl decided to stay in California (like other fledgling hopefuls, who flocked to the West Coast in 1969) in search of that lucky break that would change her life. It didn't happen right away. Cheryl says, "I'm an eight-year overnight success."

The first job she nabbed in Los Angeles was doing the singing voice of Melody in the cartoon "Josie and the Pussycats." But through the years work was scarce. Sure, she managed to get a few TV commercials and bit parts in TV shows like "Search the D.A." and "The Ken Berry WOW Show." Later on, right before her "Charlie's Angels" break, she was doing some meatier TV roles on "Police Woman," "Happy Days," "Switch" and "Police Story."

She met David while doing a now obscure movie. David, 31—a rather short, stocky man with clean-cut looks, wire glasses, a sincere smile with overtones of a conservative Hoffman or Pacino—was her co-star. They've been married almost five years and have a three-year-old daughter, Jordan. David's family, the Ladds, have long been prominent in Hollywood. David's father is the late matinee idol Alan Ladd. His brother, Alan Jr., is the head of film production at 20th Century-Fox Studios where "Charlie's Angels" is taped. But Cheryl defends the inevitable accusations that favoritism and the Ladd name are what gained her the prize position as Farrah Fawcett's replacement in the fall of 1977.

"I've been taking acting lessons for years," she said in an interview some weeks before her trip to the East Coast. "I almost got the part as the older daughter on 'Family' (a part Meredith Baxter Birney won over Cheryl because she looked more mature) before 'Angels' came along. Sure, I was terrified when I first took Farrah's place. I didn't think I could fill her shoes. I almost didn't take the part, but I thought, 'Cheryl, it's time to put your fanny on the line and take the plunge,' so I did. The public might think that I was competing with Farrah, but I knew I wasn't. I etched out my own character. My husband said I couldn't worry about what might happen."

Being caught in the middle can be heaven, as producer Spelling, flanked by "Angels," can tell you. As a departure from their series, Cheryl will play a strong dramatic role in "A New Start," an ABC-TV movie about child abuse to be aired in late fall.

Still, Farrah had hit the screen like wildfire the year before with posters, T-shirts and dolls flaunting that fluffy mane and fabulous smile. Cheryl came in as Kris Monroe, Farrah's younger sister. . .so the storyline went. No one knew what the public's reaction would be to the girl who replaced their beloved Farrah. But Cheryl pulled in more viewers and the show's ratings have remained in the top 10 line-up, for the most part.

But can a successful Angel also be a successful ERA advocate? Can Angelic seduction and women's rights form a happy medium? Cheryl seems to think so.

"I think ERA and 'Charlie's Angels' do go together," says Cheryl. "Look, about 50 pilots were made for the networks with pretty ladies in them, but they didn't make it. I personally don't think 'Charlie's Angels' is a sex-symbol type of a show. It's not just pretty ladies. We don't act like dummies and bimbos on the show. 'Angels' shows that women can function in a man's world. We function in a man's world even if it is only fictional. And our audience is primarily women."

That's surprisingly true. For all the talk of the Angels' model figures, bikini clad and sometimes braless, ushering in the trend in television toward what many have come to call "jiggle television," according to ABC's audience breakdown about 10 million more women than men watch "Charlie's Angels." It's also the women 18 years and older, television's youngest consumer group, the most impressionable bunch, that make up the largest breakdown of viewers, according to ABC's findings. More than 16 million of the 18-and-over crowd are "Angels" fans.

With success, Cheryl is faced with pressures like trying to maintain a wholesome image and fending off situations where she may be exploited as an actress and a person. She has turned down many nude magazine centerfold offers and scenes showing too much skin and not enough acting on "Angels."

"Why don't I want to do a nude centerfold? My reasons?" Those clear, blue eyes scan the interviewer incredulously. "I'm someone's mother! My daughter Jordan is three years old. I don't like to push the sexy thing too much."

Rumors had it that Cheryl once ran off the "Angels" set crying when the script called for her to wear a tiny bikini in one scene. Cheryl denies rumors of fleeing the set in tears, but not her disagreement with the show's producer, Aaron Spelling, because she felt it was unnecessary to don a bathing suit in a particular scene. She felt that it was exploitive. That led Cheryl, Kate Jackson and Jaclyn Smith to have further discussions with Spelling.

The discussion doesn't mean Cheryl and the other Angels won the battle. But at least their feelings were aired.

"They were taken into consideration," Cheryl explains. "You can't expect to win all battles. But there

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may be a compromise."

It was the equal rights issue she kept coming back to on that unseasonably warm fall day in Philadelphia. Wearing blue corduroy pants and a beige turtleneck sweater, Cheryl was hot and kept picking up her long blonde hair to keep cool. But the heat did not deter her short speech or her talk of equality as she signed everything from napkins to paper plates for anxious autograph seekers. She wants her daughter Jordan to have it easier and she sees ERA as the answer:

"I want to be influential where I can be and about something I believe in. I'm not a flag waver and I don't have all the answers. I'm a working mother and I'm concerned about women and my daughter's future."

One wonders how Cheryl does it. How does she remain a sex symbol or at least a sought-after television beauty and actress—doing posters, specials, speeches, records—and keep a marriage and family together? For a start, she has an understanding husband. David's been in films since he was a child. He's a busy actor, if not a star. He guests on many television dramas and has won a Golden Globe and a New York Critics' Award. David's secure. There's no jealousy or animosity between him and his wife as far as her career and stardom are concerned.

"We've always supported each other," says Cheryl. "If David was in a play, we'd pack up the bags and the kid and go to the show. And I'd be at all the rehearsals and study David's lines with him so when he went on it was as if we were both on stage. David knows exactly what it's all about [show business] and what he's doing and what he wants to be doing. Unlike me. I had to read all about it in the movie magazines."

Right now they've formed a production company called C&D (Cheryl and David) Productions.

"I want to produce now," David says. "Listen, a lot of people think because you're not on episodic television that your career is in the toilet. Yes, my career is in the toilet *by choice*! I'm a little choosier about the parts I do *by choice*. There are two types of actors: the actors who are stars or set out to be stars and those who perform because they love it. Cheryl and I love our work. I don't think when we started out we said we were going to be superstars. None of the great actors did. Show business is the toughest business in the world to get the opportunity to do what you want to do. My wife being a superstar? How does it affect me? Well, I've been around stars all my life. I'm used to it. But Cheryl's not just a superstar. She's a talented actress."

She's also one of the country's top-selling poster girls. Each of her four posters for Pro Arts Inc. has sold more than half a million. The company, which swamped the market with Farrah Fawcett posters when she first hit the tube, credits Cheryl's healthy all-American looks and husband David's judgment about his wife's image with her pin-up success.

Despite all the attention given to Cheryl's image, she may seem a contradiction to some. After all, here's this beautiful star selling not only talent, but also posters—Betty Grable/Rita Hayworth-type posters that ring of cheesecake intentions. Yet that same woman who graces these dashing posters will also go out of her way to tout women's rights. Unlikely? Cheryl claims she is a supporter of human rights and that includes women.

"David and I are not just takers," she says. "So much in this country is based on the dollar sign. People don't care about old people or the educational system. I want my daughter to know she can be bright and she can expect to do whatever she wants when she grows up. I am a supporter of human rights and it's appalling to me that women don't have opportunities."

If anything, Cheryl's opportunities are expanding. She's the only Angel with a record album out and another one on the way. The album entitled "Cheryl Ladd," released by Capitol Records last year, did well enough. One cut from the album called "Think It Over" managed to make it to the top 40 list, although it made only a slight dent in the popular music scene. But it was the highlight of Cheryl's year. Singing had

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The comely Cheryl doesn't need advice on how to look good but she welcomes tips from Aaron Spelling, producer of "Charlie's Angels," to better herself as an actress. Cheryl plans eventually to direct and produce films also.

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JIM BOWIE'S KNIFE

Gramps' crash course in bartering was worth more than four years of business college, with the knife as a starter.

by George Osborne

Illustrated by Ron Ramsey

It was a warm summer morning. Grandpa was sitting in his favorite rocker on our back patio when I found him. I could tell he was thinking hard by the way he was rocking. When his mind was way off somewhere he rocked furiously.

"Grandpa," I said, getting in front of him to catch his attention, "let's you 'n' me go fishing. What say?"

He stopped rocking and blinked lively blue eyes. "How old are you, Jamie?"

"Almost nine. But what's that got to do with fishing? We been fishing since—— "

"It's 'bout time I taught you the tricks to bartering, Jamie. The way this here government is going, we're gonna have a depression that'd make the '30s look like a church picnic."

"Bartering? What's that?"

Bushy white brows shot upward and his seamed face took on a sorrowful look. "It's too bad what they don't teach in schools no more. Just fill your heads full of new-fangled book ideas . . . not one bit of common sense."

I grinned. Grandpa was always knocking the school or the government or the unions or big business or something or other. But not even Mom or Dad questioned his judgment. In my way of thinking, Grandpa was the smartest man in the whole wide world.

"Bartering, Jamie, is trading something what you can get along without for something you want or need. And it don't take any cash money. Supposin' you've got some pig meat but don't have no flour to make gravy out of. Then you take some of it into town and find someone what's got flour but no grease to make gravy from."

"Gee! That's kinda like me trading my old wagon for a hamster, ain't it?"

"Exactly. Now, if you had your druthers, what would you like the most right now?"

"A bicycle!"

"Good. Now what you got to start bartering with?"

I set my brain to thinking. "Golly! I don't know, Grandpa. I don't want to trade my hamster and he's almost the onliest thing I got that's worth as much as two dollars."

"How about that hunting knife I gave you?"

My heart leaped. "Yeah. But it's so old . . . besides you gave it to me . . . an' who's gonna trade a bike for some old hunting knife?"

"You run and get it and we'll see."

I ran up to my room and brought back the knife and its cracked leather sheath. It was way too big for my hands anyway.

Grandpa pulled it out of the scabbard with gnarled fingers and got that faraway look in his eyes. When he was like that I knew he was reliving something that happened long ago.

"First thing in bartering, Jamie, is to know who needs what and who's got the what they need." He took a couple fast rocks, pushed on the chair arms with both hands and got on his feet. He was tall, slightly stooped and walked with a limp on the leg he was wounded in during the war. "Come along, Jamie. If we're gonna get that bicycle for you before sundown, we better get humpin'."

The town we lived in was not very big. I could walk all over it in a few hours. Grandpa was a native. He knew everyone in town, even that new man who had opened up the Toyota place down on Main Street.

My dad worked at the feed lot and Mom clerked in Shelton's Department Store. Mom told me that she didn't like imposing on Grandpa to look after me, but, what with this inflation thing going around, Dad's pay check just didn't go far enough.

But I didn't mind being babysat by Grandpa. Him and me were buddies. He taught me how to catch and clean a fish, why a mother bird would flutter its wings and act crippled when you got close to her nest, how to plant garden seeds, and next year he was gonna teach me to shoot a rifle. Yes, siree. I was proud to be Grandpa's buddy. Even though he was old as the hills, as some said, he was still smarter than anybody else. And my friends were always pestering me to get him to tell them about when he was a little boy.

Grandpa stopped his battered old pickup in front of Gilbert's Hardware Store. Mr. Gilbert also sold bicycles. He had gray hair, like Grandpa, but he was not much older'n my dad.

"Howdy, Gramps," he greeted Grandpa. All the younger people called him Gramps. "What can I do for you?"

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"You got it wrong, Hank," Grandpa said. "It's what I can do for you. I come to take that mangy old seeing-eye dog off'n your hands."

Hank's son, before he had been killed in an accident, had been blind, I knew, and Hank had kept the boy's seeing-eye dog for some reason or other.

"Spike's not for sale."

"Didn't say I wanted to buy him. But, if he was for sale, how much you reckon he'd bring?"

"Cost me $200 six years ago."

"That'd make him worth about $50 now, eh?" He took the knife out of his pocket. "See this here knife, Hank? It'd sure go good with your collection. Look at them initials stamped on the butt of the handle. 'J.B.' They stand for Jim Bowie."

I started to say something but decided to keep my mouth shut.

Hank took the knife, turned it over a time or two and ran a stubby finger over its edge. "Looks old enough, that's for sure. Hummm . . . I don't have a Jim Bowie knife in my collection. Hummmm . . . What you aiming to do with Spike? . . . That is, if I decide to trade him."

While they were talking, I looked over the new bikes in the store. There was a peachy one for $96. But that was more money than I'd ever seen before.

"I know a party," Grandpa was saying, "what's going blind. Reckon Spike would make her a good companion."

"How much boot you offering?"

"You got it wrong again, Hank. You can have the knife for Spike and $50, if you throw in his harness. That knife could be worth three times that much . . . in the right hands."

They haggled for a while and finally made the trade. But Grandpa only got $25 to boot. When we left the store with Spike on a leash, I was disappointed in Grandpa for the first time in my whole life. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, but I had to know why he lied to Mr. Gilbert.

"Grandpa," I asked, "why did you tell Mr. Gilbert that that knife belonged to Jim Bowie?"

"I didn't, Jamie. I said the initials 'J.B.' stood for Jim Bowie. And they do."

"But—but you told me they stood for me, James Bradley."

Grandpa chuckled. "And they do, Jamie. They are also the initials of your great-grandfather."

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"It's too bad what they don't teach in schools no more. Just fill your heads full of new-fangled book ideas . . . not one bit of common sense."

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A beachcomber's delight: Seldom-explored stretches of sand contain Portuguese glass floats, old bottles, a potpourri of seashells and, locals say, "almost anything after a Norther."

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Caribbean Islands of the Unexpected

The Turks and Caicos—their past includes igloos and whale hunts, their present windmills, donkey carts and an honorary citizen who dropped in from outer space.

by Barbara Currie Maguire

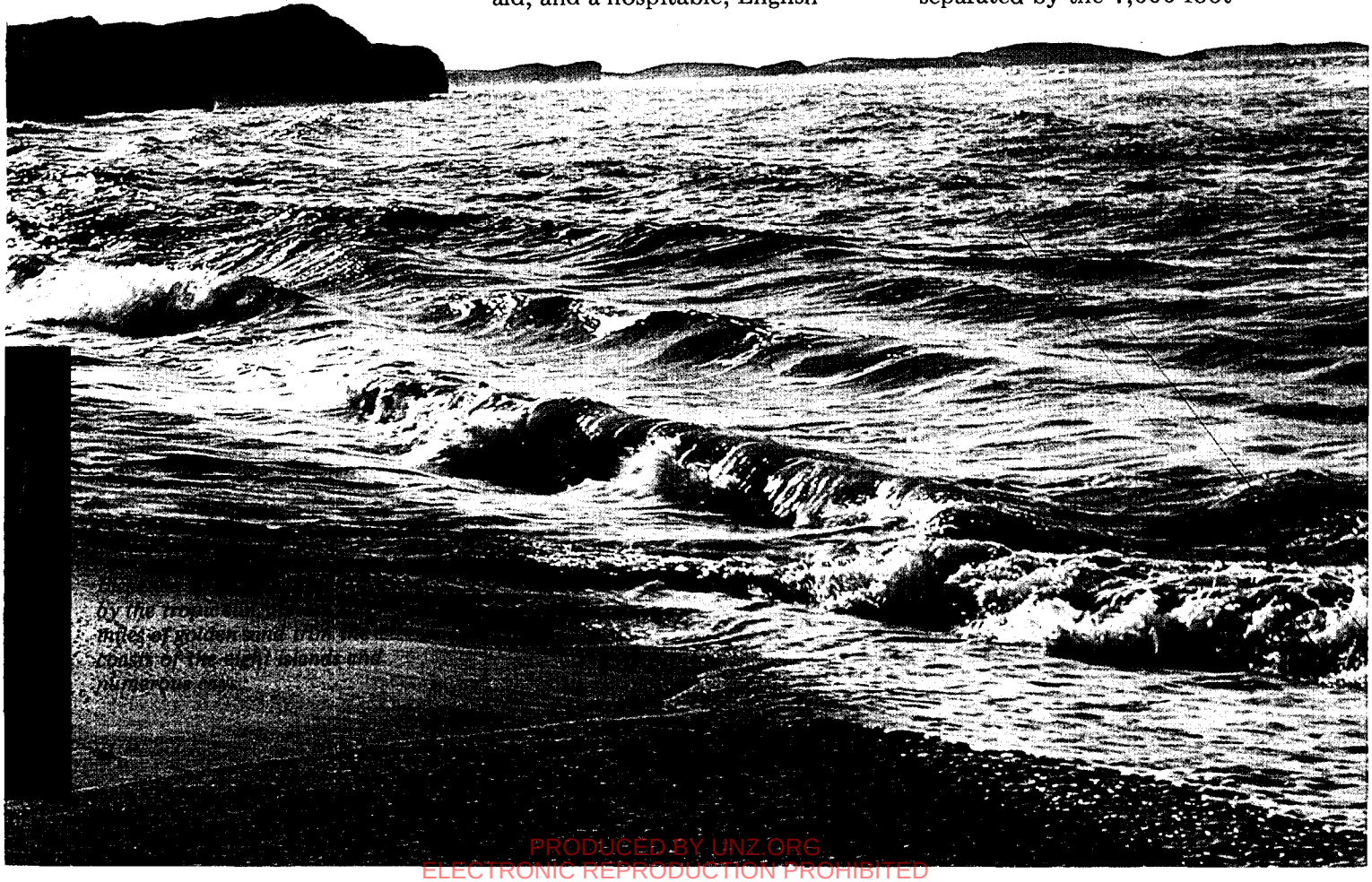
You could call them the bohemians of the Caribbean. The Turks and Caicos Islands differ from their better-known Caribbean brethren in many ways. For one thing, they don't claim to be another parody of paradise. Yet travelers fortunate enough to discover the quiet coastline of this British Crown Colony, hidden between Miami and San Juan, will tell you these islands are blessed with the conventional prerequisites for tropical Edens: perpetually Junelike weather, white sand beaches that stretch for miles, seas in shades of turquoise and emerald, and a hospitable, English-speaking population.

But this unpretentious archipelago of eight islands and forty cays has eluded that net of cliches and commercialism cast across much of the 20th-century Caribbean. Apart from regular air service from Miami and Nassau, and the islands' 13 small hotels and guesthouses, the Turks and Caicos lack the expected civilized frills of prepackaged paradises: rental car fleets, carefree cabarets offering blackjack and burlesque, chain hotels with swim-up bars, and duty-free bazaars.

What they offer in place are peace, quiet and the unexpected. Their clientele is as unpretentious as the islands themselves and seeks, not palm-shaded hammocks and planter's punch, but a tropical haven where there is still potential and patience for dreams to develop.

Local legend says the islands derive their name from the scarlet cap atop the local Turks Head cactus, which somewhat resembles a Turkish fez. Caicos is a derivation of *cayos*, the Spanish word for *cays*.

The two groups of islands are separated by the 7,000-foot



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depths of the Turks Islands Passage, a 22-mile-wide channel. Locked within a continuous and still-unplundered coral reef, the islands form a mural of color and contrast, fusing elements of three centuries in a stable political setting. Runways long enough to land 737s on Grand Turk and South Caicos exist just minutes from towns where donkey carts carrying water tanks still clatter through narrow streets.

In past centuries, the Turks and Caicos were visited by Spanish explorers and pirates, salt merchants and plantation owners. Some historians now believe that Columbus made his 1492 landfall not on San Salvador in the Bahamas, but on a tiny cay between South and East Caicos. Ponce de Leon passed through in 1512, seeking the mythical Fountain of Youth; plagues of pirates, including the infamous Anne Bonny, plundered these coasts in the late 1600s.

Lucayan Indians populated the Caicos Islands long before the first modern settlers arrived from Bermuda in 1678 to rake the salt in the arid southern islands. During the post-Revolution period in America, Loyalist plantation owners from Georgia migrated with their slaves and attempted unsuccessfully to raise cotton and cane in Caicos Islands.

Today, the descendants of Bermudian and Loyalist slaves comprise most of the colony's 7,700-member population, known as "TI's" or "belongers." The 20-page Turks and Caicos telephone directory reflects the English influence: The longest listings occur under Williams, Forbes, Lightbourn and Stubbs.

Tons of conch and giant spiny lobster are snatched from the teeming South Caicos waters every year by local fishermen and sent on their way to culinary distinction in France and the U.S.

The cost of living is high in these islands of limited natural resources, and most food prices reflect the curse of the so-called idyllic island life: import duty. But many TI's will tell you, "We don't have much, but what we have is best." And quite often, they'll share their best with visitors. Special guests may even receive a Turks Island welcome, complete with band, upon arrival, and there is no finer hospitality anywhere in the West Indies. Those who have found this cache of uncommercial islands include sportsmen and pilots. Forty-two percent of visitors arrive by private aircraft. Scuba divers who have tried and tired of other marine Edens now arrive in growing numbers to explore these clear, colorful depths where reefs and wrecks remain separate underwater attractions. The unexploited and still-unspoiled sites are as thrilling to them as the equally unexplored miles of white sand are to those who have combed the Caribbean in search of secluded shorelines.

Those beaches figure prominently in a favorite island tale told by Minister of Public Works Lewis Astwood, involving a visitor from outer space who later became the island's first honorary citizen: John Glenn.

According to Astwood, now-Senator Glenn's splashdown near these islands following the historic 1962 space mission was by choice, not chance. Glenn is reported to have said he sighted the beaches from outer space and was so enthralled he decided to maneuver his capsule down for a closer look so he could enjoy his debriefing—"in paradise."

The colorless beaches are a striking contrast to the color that reigns around them: Within a half-mile from shore, the sea spans a spectrum of vivid blues and greens which meet the often-cloudless cobalt sky, causing any viewer to wonder if God exhausted his quota of blues when he created this tiny archipelago.

At twilight, the clear, ice-blue skies of these placid latitudes turn passionate. The sun blazes, a scarlet circle in the west, sending streaks of salmon and orange against wine-colored clouds. At other times, the clarity of the horizon causes almost nightly occurrences of the legendary "green flash," a phenomenon where the edge of the setting sun appears to flash kelly-green for a split second.

The silence is startling in these islands, broken only occasionally by the drone of small aircraft on inter-island flights or an arriving Air Florida flight from Miami; other times, by the chatter of uniformed school children, the braying of a wild donkey, or cries from members of a still-uncensused bird population.

Or on weekends, when nightlife is simple and spontaneous, by ripsaw band revelry or strains from a local night spot whose younger generation musicians play modern reggae, calypso and disco rhythms. Or by the cacophony of a bar's slot machine relinquishing its cache of quarters—the local equivalent to pinball and casinos combined.

But most nights are so quiet, the nearby sea seems loud. And the tranquillity is not deceptive: Unlike other countries where paradise is lost with nightfall, the Turks and Caicos remain a place where visitors can stroll either beach or streets safely long after the rouge of sunset fades from the sky.

"How are you enjoying our islands?" is a question commonly addressed to visitors, and TI's, if somewhat reserved initially, are usually pleased to help you discover their homeland's curiosities. Whether you need a fishing guide for the bonefish flats of the Caicos Islands or a recipe for conch fritters, if you ask around, word of mouth will usually spread your request and someone will come to your aid.

On Grand Turk, historian Bert Sadler can tell you more than any guidebook published to date about his islands' curiosities—he's published a seven-volume history of the Turks and Caicos Islands.

From behind the register in his Cockburn Town market, Sadler will gladly talk with visitors about

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local subjects ranging from female pirates to the 19th-century whaling industry on Salt Cay. But a faded flag which hangs overhead serves as a reminder of a more humorous tale involving igloos.

In 1869, local administrators proposed a colonial flag and submitted a design for its seal to the appointed London artist. Symbolic of the once-flourishing salt industry, the seal portrayed two salt heaps, a salt raker on a beach, and a frigate awaiting its shipment in the background.

Says Sadler, the artist assumed the islanders were artistically ignorant, that the salt heaps were actually igloos, and added his dash of authenticity with an entrance in one heap.

For almost 100 years after that, the Turks and Caicos Islands seemed to be some offbeat outpost of the British Empire in the arctic. The Islands of Perpetual June became the archipelago of Peripheral Juneau until, in 1967, the igloo was replaced with indigenous species of lobster, queen conch and Turks Head cactus. And although igloos never existed, salt piles still stand in some places on Salt Cay and South Caicos, evidence of an industry which supplied that important product for almost three centuries.

Today, tiny Salt Cay is considered the most picturesque community in the islands. Its 400 people live in colorful cottages confined by neat stone walls and clusters of bougainvillea, punctuated by buildings of authentic Bermuda design almost 150 years old, spread around the dormant salt ponds and their silent windmills.

Evidence of the past is ubiquitous in these islands which now boast modern tax-haven status and use U.S. currency as legal tender. And while the importance of the past cannot be overlooked as a vehicle for learning, the future of this tiny archipelago is what concerns its elected leaders.

At 34, Turks Chief Minister James McCartney is the youngest such political leader in the entire British Commonwealth. Like his fellow cabinet ministers who are well-informed and well-traveled, McCartney recognizes the importance of tourism and foreign investment to this country of limited natural resources. But, stresses McCartney, they want responsible development; his government has studied and—McCartney hopes—learned from the mistakes made by other Caribbean countries which lost in the commercial gold rush. The Turks and Caicos Islands do not want to provide the capital to pave "easy streets" in other countries, or to become a haven for modern pirates and profiteers with Cinderella schemes for riches which contribute nothing to the islands in return.

Here, in a tiny necklace of unpolished islands most travel agents have never heard of, exist some highly polished resorts. Providenciales heads the list with three, as well as a host of luxury rental villas: the Third Turtle Inn, Erebus Inn and Leeward-Going-Through marina complex.

Nearby, Pine Cay, a privately owned 850-acre island, offers guests at the 12-room Meridian Club what some patrons consider the best of both worlds: seclusion on a two-and-a-half-mile virgin beach, in a garden setting where accommodations and atmosphere are sophisticated and private.

The archipelago's largest hotel, the 25-room Prospect of Whitby, sits in solitary confinement on a 10-mile stretch of sugary sand sprinkled across the north coast of this undeveloped island populated by only 1,400 people. The Prospect of Whitby is what most travelers hope to find at the end of their plane ticket: perfect beachfront seclusion, water clearer than English gin, and that elusive élan which permeates every aspect of the Whitby operation from accommodations to cuisine.

Managers Ken and Sandra McLeod are island-wise Scots with a flair for creating *joie de vivre* without disrupting the fabled "island time" clock and its relaxing pace. You can dine on gourmet French cuisine and succulent native lobster in Crusoelike isolation, while enjoying an almost Mediterranean elegance.

The Turks and Caicos Islands harbor other unexpected natural attractions which remain discovered by only a few visitors. Among them: bonefish so large and plentiful in the Caicos Islands and cays that locals eat them as casually as Americans eat cod; blue marlin tails from Providenciales water that would titillate Ripley's; Caicos savannahs that occasionally cultivate a rose-colored crop of flamingoes; Grand Caicos caves, still primarily unexplored, which once yielded Arawak Indian artifacts.

But these, like the Turks and Caicos Islands themselves, remain well-kept secrets, rare collector's items nestled among the other tropical jewels of the Caribbean. ☒

Where on Earth are the Turks & Caicos Islands?

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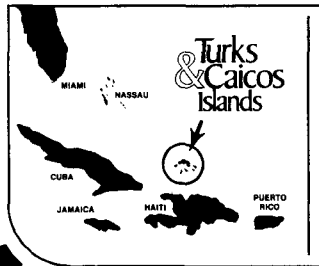

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POST SCRIPTS

Just a Puff Piece

A seven-year-old was going to spend vacation with her grandmother. Her mother explained that Grandma was old-fashioned and proper and that if she wanted to go to the bathroom she should say, "I'd like to powder my nose."

The little girl's manners were fine and when her vacation was over, Grandma said, "It was nice having you, my dear. Maybe next time your little sister can come, too."

"I don't think you'd want Annie," her granddaughter said. "She still powders her nose in bed."

–Dorothea Kent

That Devil Disco

Two men, Sam Frank and Frank Sam, were best of friends. Born within minutes of each other, they spent their lives in the company of one another, married each other's sisters, and died on the same day.

Frank Sam went to heaven, but Sam Frank went to hell, where he prospered and opened up a classy nitespot called "That Devil Disco." In heaven, Frank Sam missed his close friend and confidant, and sat about strumming his harp disconsolately. "Sure, it's heaven here," he told a concerned St. Peter, "but with your permission, I'd like to see Sam Frank in hell."

"No sweat," said St. Peter, "but heaven, like Cleveland, closes each night at 10:00 p.m., and you must be back before the gates are shut."

So Frank Sam went to hell (which would have delighted his mother-in-law), though just to visit (which would have saddened her). Sam Frank and his disco were hot items in Hades, and Frank Sam got a little carried away, what with dancing with the devilettes and imbibing a bit too freely of the demon rum, and before he knew it, it was 1:00 a.m.

Frank Sam rushed back to heaven, where an angry St. Peter was waiting at the gate.

"You're late!" St. Peter yelled. "And look at you! Your robe is torn and your halo's askew. And where's your harp?"

Frank Sam clapped his hand to his forehead. "Oh no," he cried, "I left my harp in Sam Frank's disco."

–Swayze Marajak

"In accordance with the conditions of the will, your first number is . . ."

Free Fedoras

A man went into a night club and gave his hat to the busy hat-check girl. When he came out she handed him his hat before he could present his check, then started to turn to another customer.

"Just a minute, miss," the man said. "How do you know this is my hat?"

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"I don't mean to downgrade the productivity of the civil service, but how long have these men been working on this project?"

"I don't, sir," the girl replied meekly.

"Then why did you give it to me?"

"Because," she said, "it's the one you gave to me."

–Lane Olinghouse

A New Leash on Life

A little man was strolling down the street when he suddenly encountered a big guy with a huge bulldog. "Keep your dog away from my dog," shouted the little man. "I warn you!"

The big guy snorted and said, "What could a little yellow dog like that do to my big bulldog?"

The fight started. Just when it looked as if the bulldog would chew up the little yellow dog, the little dog opened its mouth and whammie! That was the end of the big bulldog.

Naturally the big guy was flabbergasted and screamed, "Say, what kind of dog do you call that?"

"Well," said the little man, "before I cut off his tail and painted him yellow, he was an alligator."

–Al Lindop

Cattail

The little boy told me his cat's name was Ben Hur.

"Isn't that a strange name for a cat?" I asked.

"Well, I used to call him Ben but then he had kittens," he answered.

–George E. Bergman

Hang in There, Albert

The man in the supermarket, pushing a cart containing a screaming baby, kept repeating softly such admonitions as "Don't get excited, Albert" and "Keep calm, Albert."

A woman standing in front of him in the check-out line turned and said, "You are to be commended for trying to soothe little Albert."

"Madam," he said, "I'm Albert."

–T. J. McInerney

The Plumber Was a Cut Up

A woman called a plumber to come and fix a small leak. Although he was there only a few minutes, he charged $20 for the call. "Twenty dollars!" the woman protested. "My doctor only charges ten!"

"I know, lady," the plumber said. "I used to be a doctor."

–Henry E. Leabo

Just Clowning

A group of small boys were standing near a circus tent when a well-dressed man strode up, took in the situation, and said to the ticket taker, "Let them all in and let me know what the count is." The ticket taker did as requested, then said, "There were 22, sir."

"Fine," said the man, walking away. "I thought there were about that many."

–M. Y. Wilcox

The Doctor Makes a Call

On a street corner, a young man was screaming, "Call me a doctor! Call me a doctor!"

A woman rushed up to him and asked, "Are you sick?"

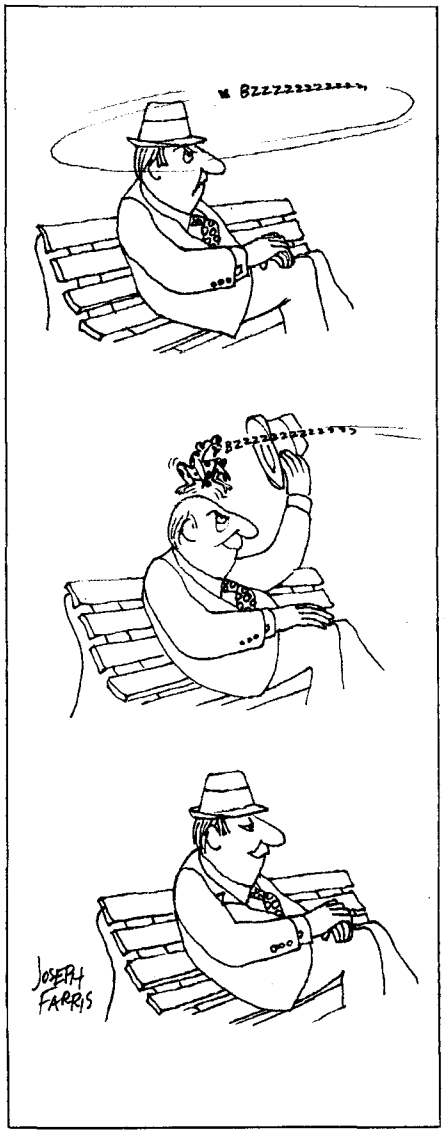
"No," the man replied. "I just graduated from medical school."

–Lucille Boyce

Not What He Meant by Junket

A political candidate sent out thousands of fund requests to voters in his district. Not having a voting list, he addressed the letters to "Occupant." A few weeks later he received a $1,000 check in the mail. Overjoyed, he looked at the signature to see who had been so generous. The check was signed "Occupant."

–Honey Greer



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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CORY SERVAAS, EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Lift Rhodesian Sanctions

The United States has a weak, black-ruled nation in Africa on the ropes and won't let it go. The nation is Zimbabwe Rhodesia, now governed by a black American-trained Methodist bishop, Prime Minister Abel Muzorewa, elected by popular vote last April. At issue are trade sanctions left over from the days when Rhodesia was a maverick breakaway British colony ruled exclusively by whites.

Zimbabwe Rhodesia is combating a most loathsome terrorist-guerrilla movement acknowledged to be financed and supported by the Communist bloc. The guerrillas are well-armed. Since it can get help from no one else, Zimbabwe Rhodesia is forced to get assistance from the Republic of South Africa. Though it is seldom admitted, almost all black nations in southern Africa get major assistance from the Republic of South Africa. Rhodesia is being punished because it must do so openly.

America is bowing to the pressure of Third World nations in this sad matter. As an excuse we have officially cast doubt on the fairness of last April's elections in Rhodesia. But Bayard Rustin, one of America's earliest and leading black activists, and certainly a foremost black authority on Africa, witnessed the elections. He says they were the fairest ever held in Africa and that voters went to the polls with enthusiasm. Privately, U.S. State Department observers agree this is true. Nearly every hour of every day a black man in Zimbabwe Rhodesia is killed. Part of the blood is on our hands. We should lift those trade sanctions without delay.

Throw Them Out!

We've listened in vain for President Carter and his closest domestic advisers to admit that the way out of the nation's energy mess must lie with the complete removal of government controls over the prices of oil and gasoline and the return to marketplace distribution of these products.

As certainly as day follows night, government price control means people standing in line for things. The best example is Russia; people stand in line for the most shoddy goods and foodstuffs imaginable. The only food of quality is found on the semilegal black market.

Moratorium on Motivation

Price controls and standing in line is frightfully costly. At three dollars an hour—about the minimum wage—waiting in line for half an hour adds a dollar and a half to a purchase. Ask any Soviet planner; price control brings down productivity. Soviets tinker with free enterprise techniques to increase incentive. Nothing saps the vitality of a nation's work force as much as having it stand in line.

Government control of industry destroys its initiative. Rent control in any city, if allowed long enough, will destroy the industry which builds and operates apartments. Prospective tenants will wait for years, their names on long lists. Eventually government ends up as a slum landlord. When things are rationed, black markets are inevitable. Money which should encourage industry to produce, and eventually reach the hands of the work force, goes instead to the profiteers, the least productive element of society.

Government control and regulation, even when carried out by good, experienced men, requires a lot of bureaucrats to do something which the marketplace can do free. In the case of energy, the cost of the Department of Energy is far greater than the profits of all the oil companies combined. Now we talk of two more government bodies: an Energy Mobilization Board and an Energy Security Corporation. You should note that government produces very little energy with all that money. Our work force and industrial companies produce the energy supplies. Almost universally they see government in Washington as an obstacle—and justly so.

Most frightening is that little group of White House advisers

Continued on following page

"I'm sorry, but I never discuss religion or politics when I'm drinking—however, I do think the Mets stink."

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who control the President's thinking on domestic matters. Not one of them has any experience in the energy field. Indeed, experience in the oil industry disqualifies anyone from working on the problem in Jimmy Carter's administration.

The White House domestic advisers have a petty, puerile animosity for anyone who produces things, industry and worker alike. The President seems to share this distaste for America's workers and workplaces. Repeatedly he has tried to turn Americans against American industry. You can see their jaws tighten and their cheek muscles twitch with emotion and intensity. *Tax those oil companies, tax the corporations, tax the dividends, tax the excess profits. Break up those companies—tax, tax, tax; control, control.* It's hard to believe, but it's American industry and American jobs they're trying to break up and destroy. And remember, American expertise in producing energy once taught the whole world.

Those American corporations are owned by millions of stockholders and pension-fund members. When people talk with anger about the industry of America, it's us they are talking about.

That old government solution of taking from the "haves" and giving to the "have-nots" is sterile. It's been done already. Those engaged in dividing things up now outnumber those who produce things. The working man is taxed dry. He has little incentive left.

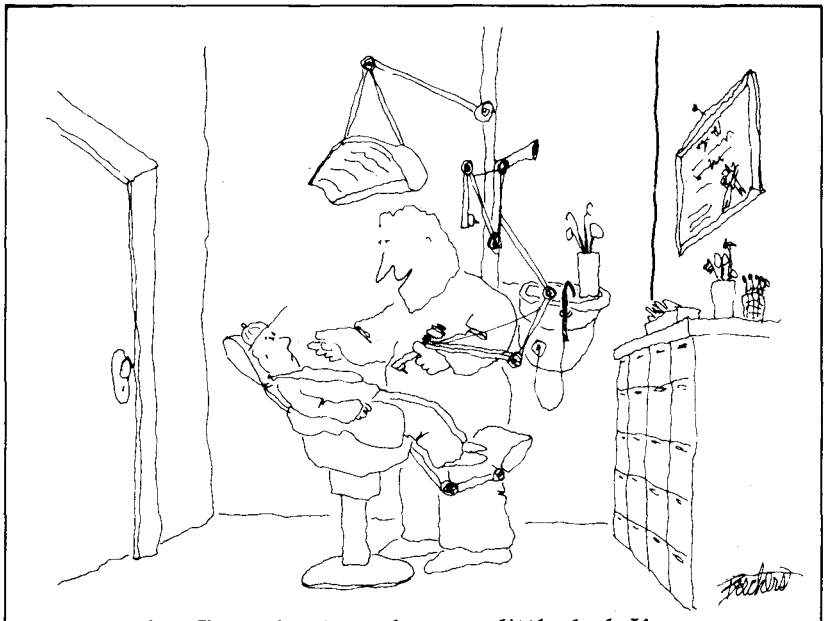
Our factories, our industrial equipment is aging. America is producing less. Investment is badly needed to modernize American industry. In the current climate of government control, who would want to invest, who dares? Yet the President's domestic advisers push yet more controls, more government, more programs, and more people to divide things up. The economic structure of socialism is remarkably difficult to administer. Eventually government has to cope with a lot of shortages. As industry is destroyed by government, government has to nationalize key industrial sectors. Isn't that what the Energy Security Corporation is about? We doubt that the Georgia Mafia has the strength, courage and ability to run such a system.

It's not a question of faith in America or in America's brand of industrial and economic freedom for her work force. It has worked in the past; it will work in the future. Our free society can develop standards of living which use less fuel and pollute less. Let the true cost ring up on the cash register, and Americans will find something cheaper. And America will lead the world in doing so.

We have no faith in that gang of petty populists in the White House who would control our lives and distribute the goods of America. Either they've got to stop it or they've got to go.

People drift across oceans in small boats, climb barbed-wire-topped walls, even brave machine gun fire to get away from the stifling economics of socialism. The fact that these yokels from Georgia don't know any better is no help. As long as we can vote, we must not allow them to do it here.

Throw them out.



"OK, I'm going to make you a little deal. If you don't bite me, I won't punch you in the face."

Is Jimmy Carter a Fibber?

It was spring of '76; Jimmy Carter was a serious contender for the presidency. In Washington crusty old Admiral Rickover had a problem. Carter's *Why Not the Best?* was getting careful scrutiny outside Georgia. The press was b eating on Rickover's door for some Jimmy Carter anecdotes. In his gruff way, Rickover passed the queries on to the Navy's Chief of Information who had very little to say either. Rickover, a politically sensitive man, brooded: Try as he might, the old admiral just could not remember Lieutenant James Earl Carter at all.

In truth, Lt. Carter USN had made a very tiny splash in Rickover's nuclear navy. He had left long before any nuclear submarines went to sea. As a naval officer he never saw a critical reactor on a submarine. He had undergone some very elementary engineering and math refresher preparatory to serving in submarines. Then he left for civilian life in Plains.

It was an overzealous staff, we thought, who were describing Jimmy as a nuclear engineer and a nuclear physicist. That happens. His book was more modest. Then we heard Jimmy himself say he was a nuclear engineer and a nuclear physicist.

Carter had a wartime-accelerated three-year college course at Annapolis. Just barely, in some circles, would that be called an engineering degree—certainly not nuclear engineering. By today's standards for real engineers his academic credentials don't even come close. As for his being a nuclear physicist, that's preposterous and can be discounted out of hand. It simply is not true.

Then there was a little overstatement when Bert Lance was ousted from his job at the Office of Management and Budget. Lance was leaving under a cloud. He had had his opportunity to defend himself before Congress. He had obviously taken time to be well prepared. He had had time to play tennis. Why would Carter say that Lance, to the very end, had been working 16 to 18 hours a day on his job at the Office of Management and Budget?

Recently we've read that Jimmy Carter's pulse rate has dropped from 60 to 40 after only three months of jogging. That's a lot. Experienced runners say that they can bring down their pulse rate by ten points by steady running for five years.

Many still give Jimmy the benefit of the doubt. Maybe Jimmy secretly got a nuclear physics degree from a college he forgot to mention. Maybe Bert Lance really was at work on OMB problems for 18 hours the day before he was ousted. Maybe Jimmy's extraordinary pulse rate change is due to an unusual family gene pool.

Most likely not. Why does he fib about little things? That's easy: Whoever heard of Jimmy Carter thinking about big things?

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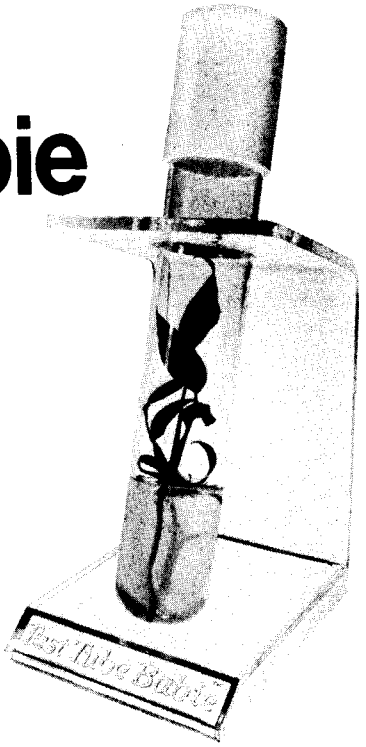

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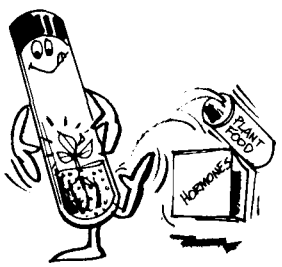

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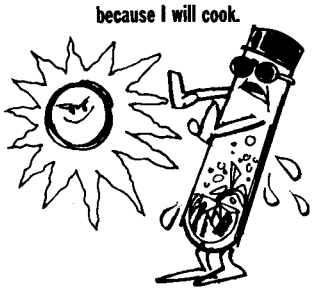
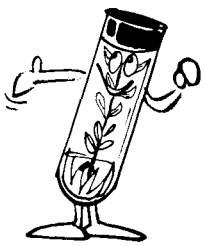
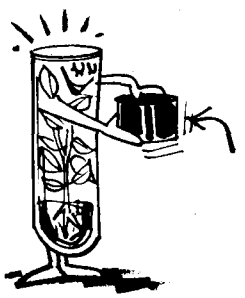
because I will cook.



I won't always be a babie. I am ready to come into your world when I am well rooted and reach the top of the tube.



Take my cap off for 3 days.



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Margaret Thatcher

continued from page 24

ship would be challenged, and constitutional machinery was set in motion to make this possible. Mrs. Thatcher was not among the "Heath must go" brigade—she had voted for Heath and she believes in the old adage that "loyalty is the Tories' secret weapon"—but in the autumn of 1974 she distanced herself from the Heath outlook by forming, with Sir Keith Joseph, the Centre for Policy Studies, with its stress on Adam Smith, the market economy and monetarism. She had, in fact, made her general philosophy abundantly clear as long ago as 1968, when she gave the keynote address to the Conservative Political Centre at the party conference, asking the question: "What is wrong with politics?" and answering that government took too many decisions, and the private citizen too few.

She made it plain, that autumn, that the Tories had gone adrift precisely because they had followed Labour in permitting an ever-increasing role for government, and in countenancing a level of expenditure, and a consequent level of taxation, which was literally destroying the individual spirit in British industry and opening the way to collectivism. When it was clear that Heath would have to seek reelection as leader, she was unwilling to stand if Joseph did so. But he, having made an ill-advised speech on population control, and confessed his error in some confusion and humiliation, demurred. Mrs. Thatcher then nailed her colors to the mast, as the champion of free enterprise and limited government against Heathite bureaucracy and collectivism, and, equally significant, as the choice of the backbenchers against the establishment.

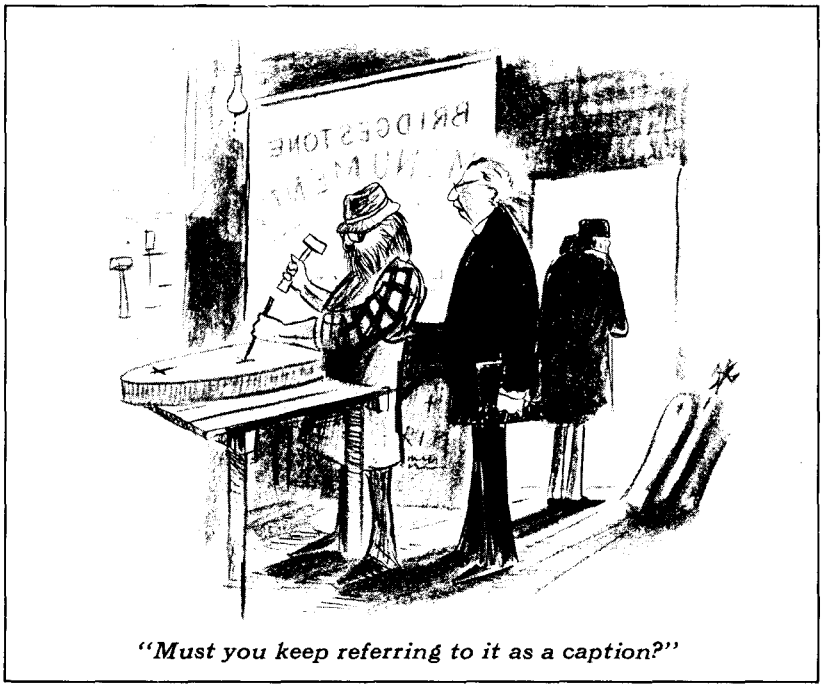
She did not seem the obvious first choice of the backbenchers at the time. On the other hand she possessed a qualification of great value in the Tory leadership game: There was nothing positive against her, and no organized section of Tory MPs who wanted to blackball her, as they had blackballed Butler on two occasions. And, again, she had a stroke of luck. Heath, somewhat disdainfully, in allocating post-election shadow jobs, had shifted her from No. 1 at education to No. 2 at the Treasury. This, as it happened, gave her the opportunity—joyfully seized with both hands—to make a smashing speech, immediately before the balloting, against Labour's new capital transfer tax, an object of peculiar detestation on the Tory benches.

Heath's supporters ran a high-geared campaign, which included a good deal of mud flung in Mrs. Thatcher's personal direction. This almost certainly helped her, because if there was one quality in Mrs. Thatcher which her candidature brought sharply to the attention of Tory MPs, it was her courage in standing at all, knowing the way the Heath machine would play it. Her own campaign had very much a backbench flavor, run by and for the outsiders of the Heath epoch.

The result came as astounding news to the Tory magnates: On the first ballot she beat Heath 130 to 119—not enough to win outright, under the rules, but enough to persuade Heath to fold his tent. On the second ballot, in which a hapless Willie Whitelaw was trotted out as the establishment candidate (plus rag, tag and bobtail), she notched up 146 votes, nearly twice that of the nearest contender. It was a famous victory for the rank and file in Parliament, and since then Mrs. Thatcher has continued to add to the number of the backbench MPs who have total confidence in her leadership.

To recapitulate, then: Mrs. Thatcher achieved what would have seemed impossible only a decade ago by a combination of Victorian virtues and anti-establishment attitudes. This provides the key to the kind of prime minister she is likely to make. Of course, her conduct as Leader of the Opposition has been savagely criticized. Much of the mud used against her by Heathites in the leadership contest has been eagerly appropriated by the Labour Party and by the government press: She is narrowly middle-class, hard-boiled and uncompassionate, aggressive, anxious for a confrontation with the unions, divisive and reactionary. Many of her statements (for instance on race) have been deliberately distorted to turn her into a Fascist beast. She has suffered these assaults while prominent colleagues and ex-colleagues have sat by nodding their heads in silent agreement.

Mrs. Thatcher has also had to put up with a great deal of snobbery: There is tremendous hostility toward her, as a middle-class suburbanite with unfashionable right-wing views, both among the rich upper crust who live in Hampstead and NW1 and vote Labour and among the rich upper crust who live in W1, SW1 and SW3 and vote Conservative. This hostility, most marked among the women, which I have witnessed on many occasions, has to be seen (and heard) to be believed, and is an unpleasant reminder that the class system still flourishes in Britain.



"Must you keep referring to it as a caption?"

But there is another side to this picture. The harassment and prejudice Mrs. Thatcher has experienced in the Commons have sharpened her debating skills and enabled her to develop a very necessary carapace. She is no longer a vulnerable figure, and Callaghan himself has dropped his heavy father act, more particularly since he has been given a bloody nose with increasing frequency in the last year. Mrs. Thatcher has also acquired a good deal of proficiency in dealing with television, a field in which until recently Callaghan was vastly more skilled.

Most important of all, Mrs. Thatcher has established herself as a notable whistle-stop campaigner. She has been on the spot at nearly every by-election and she has made ceaseless provincial tours. She is, of course, a provincial herself (not a suburbanite). In fact she is a midlander, and her appeal is particularly strong in the industrial regions, areas where the Tories under Heath had been doing spectacularly badly.

The Labour Party is disturbed by her strong and growing appeal to working-

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class women voters. Women know she was born above a grocer's shop and they admire the way she has struggled upward in a man's world. It is what many of them would have liked to have done themselves. They like her impeccable turnout, her spotless, uncreased clothes, her hair always in place, her strong sense of the difference between right and wrong, her down-to-earth economic realism on wages and prices—all the aspects of the Margaret Thatcher phenomenon that fill London hostesses with sneering contempt and fury.

Politically and socially, then, she is essentially an outsider with a marked popular appeal. She is thus a threat to established attitudes and conventions in British public life. Many highly placed people, whether trade unionists, Civil Servants, members of the Legion of the Great and Good or, for that matter, industrialists, who have had things very easy over the last decade or so of Britain's decline, regard a Thatcher premiership with well-justified apprehension. But that does not mean she is out for a row. She intends to change things fundamentally, but she will do so in an irenic spirit. By nature, she is extremely cautious, deliberative, conciliatory and patient. She has none of Heath's hideous tactlessness and aggression. She has strong moral principles and is genuinely horrified by the excesses of our permissive, parasitic society. But she is not a hard-faced reactionary. In economic and welfare policy she equates morality with realism and truth. She believes that Labour's approach to the social services and government provision generally is fraudulent, because it is based on promises which they cannot (and know they cannot) fulfill. History bears her out, for the 1964-70 and the 1974-79 governments were both punctuated by economic breakdowns and consequent unplanned cuts, as a result of which the social services are now in worse shape than during the "13 wasted years of Tory rule." She argues that adequate social services must be based on wealth creation, itself dependent on a return to the dynamism of market economics.

It will take courage. Fortunately, courage is something she has in abundance. It is, perhaps, her pre-eminent virtue; and to my mind it is the supreme political virtue. There is a certain directness about her, a willingness to face up to the difficulties of life which I think comes from her religious upbringing and which makes her a refreshing political leader with whom to have dealings. A senior member of the royal family told me: "What I like about Mrs. Thatcher is that she always looks you straight in the eyes." It is true; and it is the hallmark of a notably strong and uncomplicated personality.

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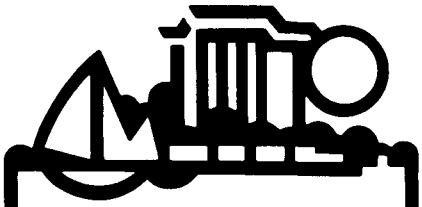

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BOOK REVIEW

DRYING FOOD AT HOME

by Jean White

A Saturday Evening Post Book Review
How to Dry Foods *by Deanna DeLong*
HPBooks, 160 pages, $5.95

Drying as a method of preserving food is attractive to people who bake their own bread and treasure great-grandmother's patchwork quilt. It conjures up pictures of Indian maidens spreading blueberries on sun-warmed rocks and thrifty pioneer mothers hanging bouquets of herbs from the rafters of their log cabins.

Food drying is also attractive to those of us who are trying to find ways to cope with the energy crisis—the processing of dried foods takes less energy than canning, and their storage (unlike the storing of frozen foods) takes no energy at all.

With a simple whirr of the blender, health-conscious parents can turn dried fruits and vegetables into nutritional, natural treats for their tots and run a thrifty kitchen in the bargain.

People who are interested in good nutrition like the fact that foods can be dried without the addition of sugar or chemical preservatives. For most foods, the nutritional value retained is about the same as with freezing. Drying actually destroys fewer vitamins than canning—generally the only vitamins lost during drying are vitamins A and C, which are widely available in the fresh foods most of us eat. Dried foods are particularly useful as healthful substitutes for candy and desserts because the natural sweetness in fruit is concentrated in the drying process. Dried fruit may be more satisfying to the appetite that craves sugar than fresh fruit. Dried vegetables can be turned into flakes or powders that add both flavor and nutrition to soups, salads and—surprise—baby food.

These are some of the positives that food expert Deanna DeLong stresses in her new book *How to Dry Foods* (recently published by HPBooks of Tucson). There are negatives, also. Not all foods can be preserved by drying. Foods do need special preparation which can be bothersome and time-consuming—some vegetables need blanching or steaming, some fruits require exposure to sulfur fumes, and some foods must be cut into small, thin pieces. For best results, time and temperature have to be carefully controlled during the drying process, and the foods have to be turned and shifted on the trays to dry evenly. Foods that dry too fast tend to form a hard shell on the outside before they are dry inside; foods that dry too slowly turn moldy.

So it is not as simple as spreading blueberries on a rock or hanging herbs from the rafters. The products of old-time drying methods may have been edible, but they were tough and tasteless; today's dried foods can be tender and flavorful if you take advantage of modern research and accept occasional aid from modern technology. Mrs. DeLong recommends use of a dehydrator cabinet (you can make or buy one, the cost ranging between $50 and $300), a blender or food processor, a heat-sealer for storage bags, and occasional use of a freezer. Some foods can be dried successfully in the sun or by other simple methods, but many cannot. Mrs. DeLong's book gives specific information for drying a variety of fruits, vegetables, meats, fish and grains.

Listing the steps that go into preserving one kind of food—green beans, for example—can give you an idea of the processes involved. Start by washing the beans, snapping off the ends, and cutting them diagonally into one-inch pieces. Then steam-blanch by holding them in a wire basket over rapidly boiling water for four to six minutes to stop an enzyme action that would otherwise speed spoilage. After blanching, spread the beans on screen-wire drying trays and put them, trays and all, into the freezer (freezing before drying is a step that makes beans

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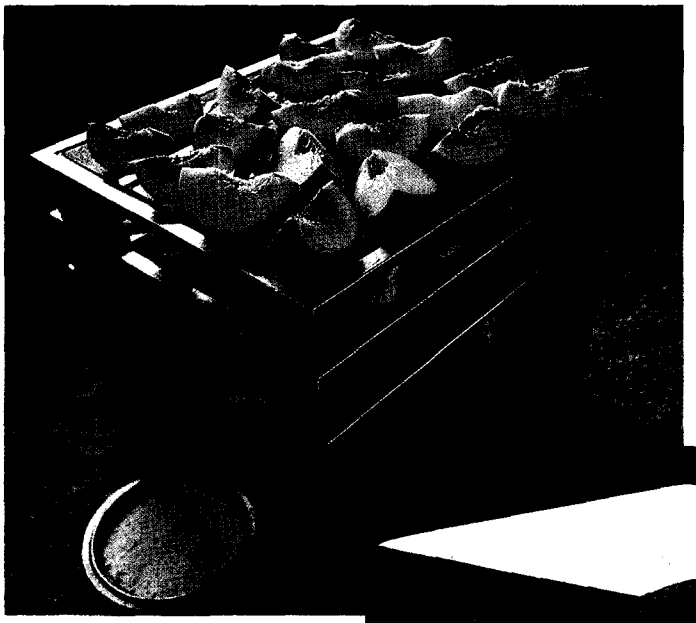
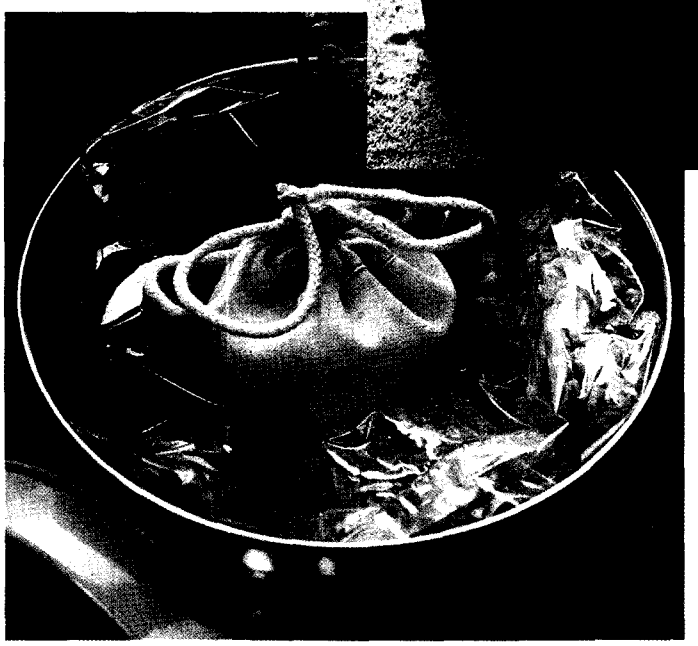


Burning sulfur in a closed container with the fruit before drying prevents browning and reduces vitamin and flavor loss. The simple, inexpensive process takes about two days. Dried-food storage (below) uses neither energy nor freezer space.



more tender—other vegetables don't need it). When frozen, the beans go directly from freezer to dehydrator where they are processed at 140 degrees F. until they are crisp and dry.

For storage, pack small amounts of the dried vegetables in individual plastic bags, expelling all the air possible. Mrs. DeLong recommends use of heat-sealed boilable bags for an air-tight seal. To keep moisture content at a minimum and storage life at a maximum, store the bags in an air-tight container with a muslin bag of the silica gel that's sold in hobby stores for drying flowers. Before use, reconstitute the dried vegetables by letting them stand in water. This takes 15 minutes to 2 hours, depending on the vegetables.

Turning dried vegetables into vegetable flakes or powders is a simple matter of spinning them in a blender or food processor. Flake one vegetable at a time or a combination. Include onion or garlic for a flavorful zing. The finished product can be used for soup base, as salad sprinkles, or as seasoning mix.

With the current interest in infant nutrition, you might want all-natural baby food. This is a simple matter if there are dried vegetable or fruit flakes in your kitchen. Combine ½ cup vegetable flakes or powder with ½ to ¾ cup hot milk, formula or water. Let stand 10 to 15 minutes, then stir and serve. For baby's meat-vegetable dinner, combine 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls of vegetable powder or flakes with ¾ cup hot milk, water or formula. Let stand 10 to 15 minutes, then add ½ cup cubed cooked beef, ham, lamb or veal. Spin in the blender until smooth, then serve warm.

A caution: Please don't try to do this without first reading the full instructions in Mrs. DeLong's book! There are hazards—chiefly spoilage caused by insects, molds or bacterial growth—and you don't want to take chances with your family's health. Mrs. DeLong is particularly good at explaining the reasons for the rules and procedures she recommends. She should be—she has a B.S. degree in home economics, an M.S. in education, and extensive experience in the classroom as well as in the home (she is the wife of a dentist and the mother of three children).

How to Dry Foods is a book that tells you everything you need to know about this subject. It is well-organized, easily readable and well-illustrated. At the end of the book is a cookbook section that tells you how to use the foods you dry in interesting ways. There are recipes for Squash Parmesan, Country Chicken-Vegetable Soup, Vegetable Meat Loaf, Savory Salad Sprinkles, Carrot Cake, Granola and cocktail snacks—all made with home-dried foods.

There are also instructions for making fruit and vegetable "leathers." Cook and puree the foods, then pour them into shallow pans and dehydrate them just until half dry. Roll the thin layers for compact storage and use later as a healthful snack. A truly satisfying dessert—fruit leathers unrolled and spread with cream cheese, then rerolled and sliced into individual bite-size treats.

Food drying is not the best way to preserve *all* the bounty of garden and orchard. It is not going to replace canning and freezing. Food drying is, however, an interesting alternative, and this is the book to read if you want to find out if drying food is for you. ☒

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The Filibuster

continued from page 48

be disposed of. At the end of a busy legislative day, the Dilatory Motion often is found upon the table.

Meanwhile, the Filibuster curls complacently at the feet of the Senators who have summoned his aid. His purpose is to get inoffensively in the way of all pending business.

Now and then the torpor is interrupted by spurts of activity. The Majority Leader sounds a blast upon his horn. Cloture! Then our drowsy subjects take to their heels with the agility of foxes pursued by hunters. But such activity rarely is observed. The normal pattern is for the pursuit to be called off and for the Filibuster and his furry companion to waddle back to their lair. There they hibernate, renewing their strength while they wait to be summoned anew.

Investigative Reporter

continued from page 48

wasps or the lizards of the Transkei.

The true Investigative Reporter should be judged by his or her fidelity to the pattern of the Dung Beetle, his entomological model.

The Dung Beetle follows cows. Some authorities believe it even anticipates droppings. Seizing upon the cowflop with its powerful pincers, the Dung Beetle rolls up small balls of dung and transports them to a hole the beetle has dug in the ground. The beetle places the balls into the hole, then lays eggs on the balls. The eggs hatch and the larvae feed on the dung balls.

The lesson of this entomological phenomenon should not be lost upon the perceptive reader: You can get a lot of mileage from a cowflop, if you try.

Soccermania

continued from page 57

At any rate, while the argument goes on, an estimated two million American youths are out kicking a soccer ball for the sheer joy of playing. Nearly 700,000 youths play soccer in the summer and fall under the auspices of the American Youth Soccer Organization and the United States Soccer Federation. Many of these play high school ball as well, and go on to compete in college.

One reason for the success of soccer in the nation's schools is simply that it makes sense from an economic standpoint. Unlike football, which requires expensive equipment that frequently needs to be replaced, soccer requires only a ball and uniforms which can be recycled the next year. Since injuries in soccer are considerably lower than football (and fatalities are unheard of), schools are able to save on costly insurance as well. In addition, soccer is a sport which all youngsters can enjoy. In soccer agility and speed mean much more than physical bulk.

Soccer, too, knows no sex limitations. Both the American Youth Soccer Organization and the United States Soccer Federation not only permit girls to play, they encourage them to do so. In addition, college soccer for girls is incredibly competitive. In 1978, a 5'7" brunette speedster named Sue St. Louis of Harvard University's top women's team led the Crimson to an Ivy League title, and was named Player-of-the-Week by *Soccer* magazine—an award which means her performance was superior to every college player, male or female.

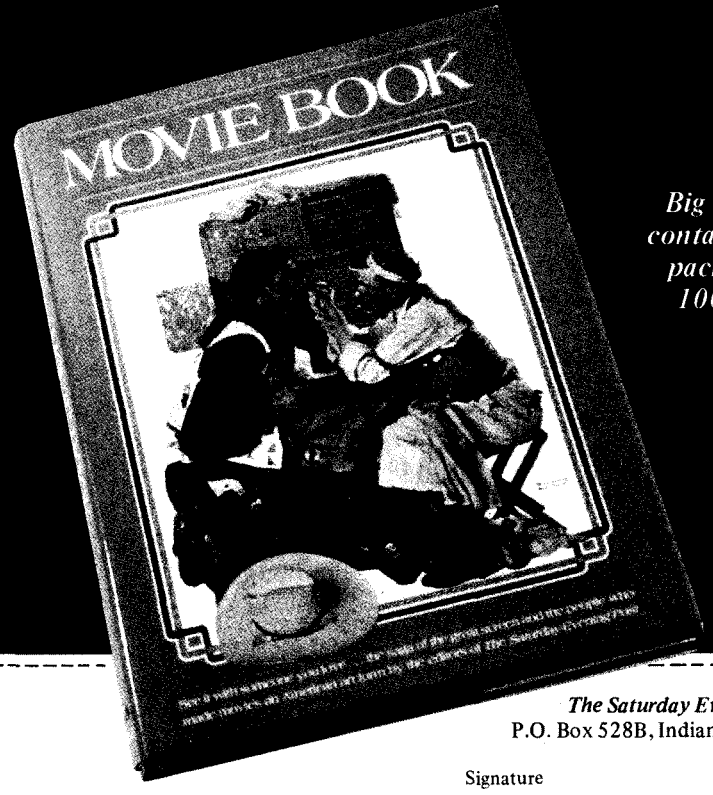
Los Angeles Aztecs star Johan Cruyff feels that only strong grass roots participation in soccer will enable America to compete with the rest of the world in international competition. "In soccer, you really have to start when you're young. In Holland, kids four years old are bouncing a ball on the street. Already they have a very good eye for the ball and a sense of balance." Cruyff adds that there is an attitude all over the rest of the world that soccer is the be-all and end-all in life. "It is this mental level, this ambience, which is missing here."

Cruyff is not trying to boast when he says that the acquisition of superstars such as Pelé and himself is good for in-

Continued on page 95

See it with someone you love...

The saga of the great screen and the people who made movies an American art form by the editors of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Sam Goldwyn, Mary Pickford, Gary Cooper, D. W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Groucho Marx, Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando, in their own words take you behind the silver screen into the life and literature of Hollywood, the techniques, the scandals, the business end. This handsome book is crowded with color illustrations and personal anecdotes. A joy to own or give.



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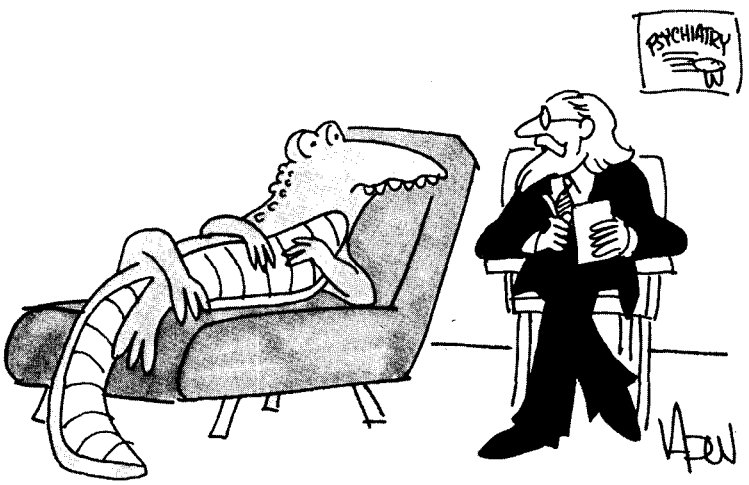
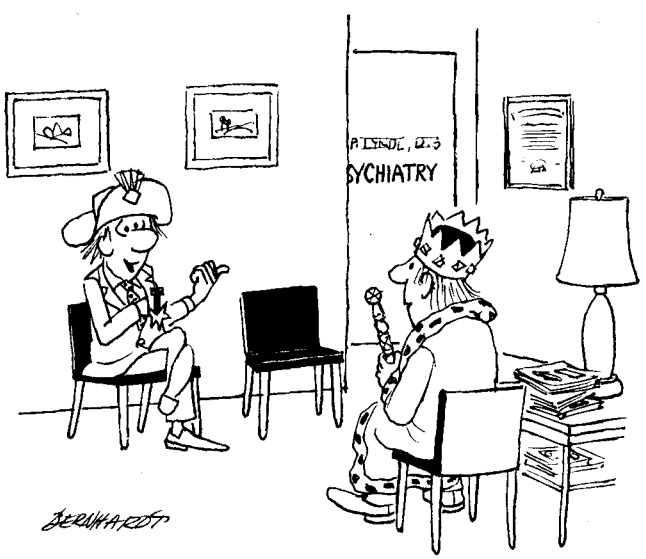
IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS



"Your mind is a swamp."

"The first thing we must learn is to share your things."



"You think you've got problems—this poor guy next to me thinks he's invisible."

"Believe me, Mr. Thumgold, you're not 'just another patient' to me."

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spiring youngsters to take the game as seriously as it is regarded elsewhere. When children "have someone they look to," says Cruyff, they copy his mannerisms and strive to imitate his success.

But Cruyff is missing one essential point. For soccermania to go one step further and become a sport that is loved by the majority of sports fans in this country, America must first develop a superhero of its own who can make the world forget Johan Cruyff. Foreign superstars have helped put soccer into the minds of American youth, but it's going to take an American-born superstar to put it into their hearts.

What Babe Ruth did to convert baseball from a sport patronized by toughs and gamblers into a national sport, some boy out there now kicking a can along a Detroit or Louisville street is going to do for soccer. All the ingredients are there now for soccer to become the sport of the '80s in America. And by 1990, if you're looking for a prediction, the most prized cup in the world will proudly be on display in a White House trophy case.

Jim Bowie's Knife

continued from page 77

I was really confused. "But this old dog sure don't look like no bike to me."

"Of course not. Bartering is just like playing checkers. You gotta think ahead."

"You've got $25 right now, Grandpa. That'd about buy me a secondhand bike. But what're we gonna do with this old dog?"

"That's not the point, Jamie. Just bartering one time sometimes don't get the job done. I want you to have a new bicycle, and that takes a mite more doing."

We drove up in front of an old house and took the dog up on the front porch.

"Howdy, Cora," Grandpa said to the buxom old lady who answered his knock.

"Why . . . it—it's Ed Bradley!" she exclaimed, running short fingers through white hair. "It's been a while, Ed."

Grandpa chuckled. "Only a few months, Cora. Come on out. Got something to show you."

The old lady stepped onto the porch and I knew she couldn't see very well by the way she steadied herself with a hand along the wall. Grandpa helped her over to the swing.

"Now, Cora," he said, "I want you to meet my grandson, Jamie." I went over, took her hand and shook it, like I'd been taught, and Grandpa continued, "And this here is Spike."

Spike put his head in her lap. "A dog!" she exclaimed.

"Not *a* dog, Cora. A genuine, seeing-eye dog. I brought him over, thinking you might like to own him."

"He seems like a nice animal," she said, her fingers working gently behind Spike's ears. "But he must be worth a fortune."

"Cost $200 originally, I'm told. It ain't cash money I'm talking, Cora. I'm teaching Jamie, here, how to barter."

"But I've got nothing worth that much to trade."

"How 'bout your old sewing machine? You don't need it no more, do you?"

"Nooo . . . But it's not old. My husband, rest his soul, bought it for me before he passed on. Said he wanted me to have something new for once in my life. And I used to love to sew."

"How much would you say it's worth?"

"I tried to sell it a while back, but they only offered me $50. Imagine! Fifty dollars for a practically new machine with all them fancy gadgets on it. Why, it cost over $200 just a few years back, and, as much as I need the money, I ain't about to give it away."

"Tell you what, Cora. I'll trade you this here dog and $25 cash money for the machine. An' I'll have a man come down from the city what'll teach you two how to work together."

The deal was made and we loaded the sewing machine onto the pickup.

"I don't understand, Grandpa," I said as I climbed in the cab beside him. "You had $25, enough to almost buy me a secondhand bike. Now all you got is a sewing machine."

"Just keep your eyes and ears open, Jamie. Remember, you gotta look ahead in this here bartering game."

He drove the pickup to a little house with a white picket fence around the yard. A sign on a post near the gate read: "Dressmaking—Sewing—Alterations."

"You wait right here, Jamie. I'll only be a minute."

It wasn't long until he had a small, trim, white-haired woman out at the truck.

"This here's my grandson Jamie, Maybelle," Grandpa said, waving a gnarled hand in my direction. "Say hello to Mrs. Henderson, Jamie."

I shook her hand and told her I was happy to meet her.

"Now, Jamie, hop in the truck and

Continued on following page

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take the cover off'n that there machine." I did as I was told and Grandpa continued, "Ain't she a beaut, Maybelle?"

She made an agile leap into the truck and fluttered around the sewing machine. "Lawsey me! It has that free arm cuff and sleeve thing on it! Just what I always wanted. But I could never afford it, Ed."

"You still got that old car of your'n, Maybelle?"

"Yes. But that old thing's been sitting in the garage for more years than I care to remember. A few years back, a man wanted $25 from me to haul it off to the dump."

"Then you got no use for it?"

"No. It's just a keepsake—a reminder of better days. I'd like to get it out of the garage, but I don't aim to pay out good money to do it, that's for sure."

Grandpa scratched his head. "Tell you what, Maybelle. You go fetch the title, sign it and we'll just make a swap. What say?"

"Oh, Ed!" she hesitated a moment and continued, "but I'd be cheating you." I thought so, too. He hadn't even seen the car.

"You ever hear of a Bradley being cheated, Maybelle?"

She laughed and took off for the house. With the title and the keys to the car and garage in his pocket, Grandpa and I unloaded the sewing machine for a happy old lady.

"Tell me something, Grandpa. How're we gonna take that old car with us?" I asked when we got back to the truck.

"We ain't. We'll let the other fellow do it for us."

I soon learned who the other fellow was when we drove up in front of Johnston's Toyota place. We got out and went into the showroom. Right up front, with a lot of little cars sitting all around it, was a big old black car, all shined up until it sparkled.

"What kinda car is that, Grandpa?"

"That's a Hudson. Mr. Johnston has a thing about old Hudsons."

When we finally entered Mr. Johnston's office, Grandpa came to the point quickly. And I was glad because I was getting powerful hungry.

"Got me a '37 Hudson Terraplane, Mr. Johnston. Thought you might like to dicker on it."

I could almost see the big man's ears perk up. Then a shrewd look came over his round face. "Terraplane, eh? How beat-up is it?"

"Don't rightly know. But she's been sitting in a closed garage for a mighty long time."

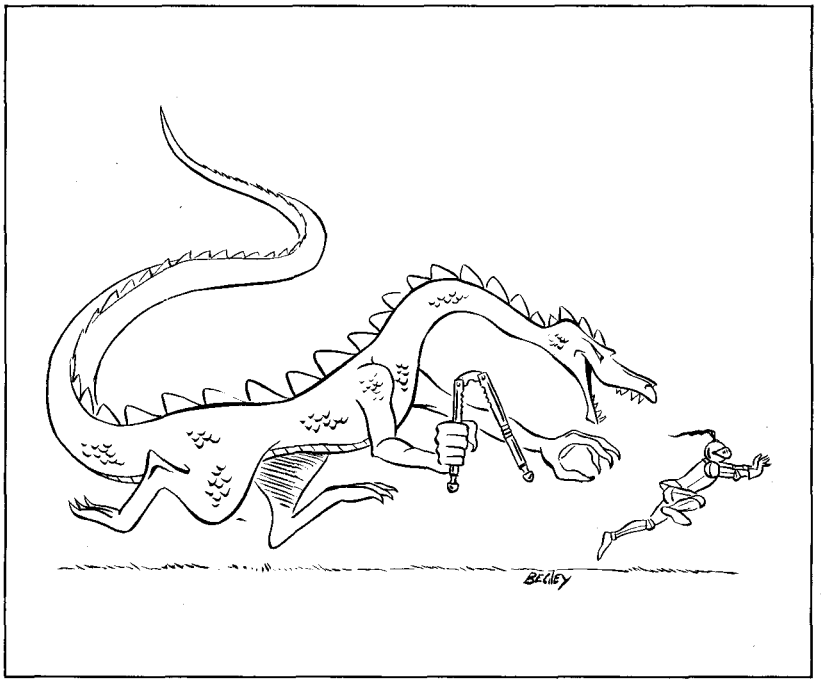
"Where is it?"

Mr. Johnston drove us back to Mrs. Henderson's in one of his shiny new Toyotas. Grandpa opened the garage door and we went inside.

The car was all covered with dust and cobwebs. Its tires were flatter than a pancake. But Mr. Johnston wasn't paying any attention to them. He opened the hood and looked at the engine. Then he studied the inside, with its moth-eaten upholstery.

"Is that the original mileage on it?" he asked, after wiping the heavy coat of dust off the speedometer gauge.

"Reckon so. It only had one owner."



"How much you asking for it?"

"What's your best offer?"

"It'll take a lot to fix it up, but I'll give you $500 for it."

I could hardly believe my ears. Five hundred dollars for that old car!

Grandpa chuckled. "You know it's worth over a thousand," he said calmly. "But I tell you what. Since I'm after a quick sale, I'll let it go for $800."

They settled for $750 and both of them seemed satisfied.

Boy! But I was sure proud of my grandpa. He had started out with an old knife and now had $750 in cash money. And I told him so when we got back inside the truck.

"Not so fast, Jamie," he cautioned. "They's a few kinks we gotta straighten out yet."

We went back to the hardware store and Grandpa approached Mr. Gilbert again.

"What's wrong, Gramps? You not satisfied with our deal?"

"I got me a touch of conscience, Hank. Jamie, here, seems to think I took advantage of you . . . that you believed that knife I traded you belonged to Jim Bowie."

"That's what you told me. Did you lie about it, Gramps?"

"Nope. I never said it belonged to Jim Bowie. I said the initials on it were Jim Bowie's . . . and they are. They're also the initials of my own father. Now, since there seems to be a misunderstanding, I'm willing to buy it back."

A deep frown furrowed Hank's heavy face. "I dunno. It looked genuine to me. But I wouldn't want it if it wasn't. How much?"

"I'll allow you $125 for that mangy old dog you pawned off on me, give you back your $25 cash money and buy a brand new bicycle from you for Jamie, here."

I held my breath as I watched the storekeeper's lips move while he figured everything out in his head. "Done!" he snapped.

I picked out the $96 bike, the happiest boy in town. It came to around $100 with tax. But that still gave Grandpa close to $500 for less than half a day's work.

My heart was thumping like a big drum when we loaded up the bike and drove off. Then I noticed my surroundings.

"This ain't the way home, Grandpa," I said, anxious to get back and try out my new bike.

"I know. We're going back to the widow Henderson's."

"But why? You sold that old car."

"I know. But they's other things you gotta learn, Jamie. To be a good trader, you gotta be respected for your honesty. Now, we gotta take this $500 back to Maybelle. To keep it would be cheating her."

"But she got what she wanted. And now you're gonna give her back all that money which is rightly yours?"

"It's not rightly mine, Jamie. You see, Maybelle didn't know what that old car of hers was worth and I did. If I hadn't known, then it woulda been different. It's all right to barter or trade for something each of you need, but to take advantage of another person's ignorance

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makes you a thief."

I couldn't understand all this, but I knew Grandpa was doing the right thing.

"Now," he continued, "let me explain all of it for you. Hank got shed of a dog he had no use for and he also made the sale of a new bike; Cora got a seeing-eye dog, which woulda cost her over $200 to buy, for a sewing machine worth around $175; and I'm gonna charge Maybelle 10 percent of the sale price for selling her car. That Johnston fellow also came out smelling like a rose."

"And I got me a new bike . . . and my knife back." I paused as a thought struck me. "But you didn't get anything, Grandpa."

He took a hand off the steering wheel to rumple my hair. "I wasn't supposed to. This was your time. But we didn't do much bartering today, Jamie. It was more like horse trading. Bartering is where no cash money changes hands." He winked an eye at me. "But we sure had us some lucky day, didn't we?"

I laughed. "You betcha!" But there was one thing I just had to know. "Grandpa, did that knife really belong to my great-grandpa?"

"It sure did. But his daddy got it from Jim Bowie."

I grinned and gave the smartest and honestest man in the whole wide world the biggest hug I could manage.

Lass Named Ladd

continued from page 75

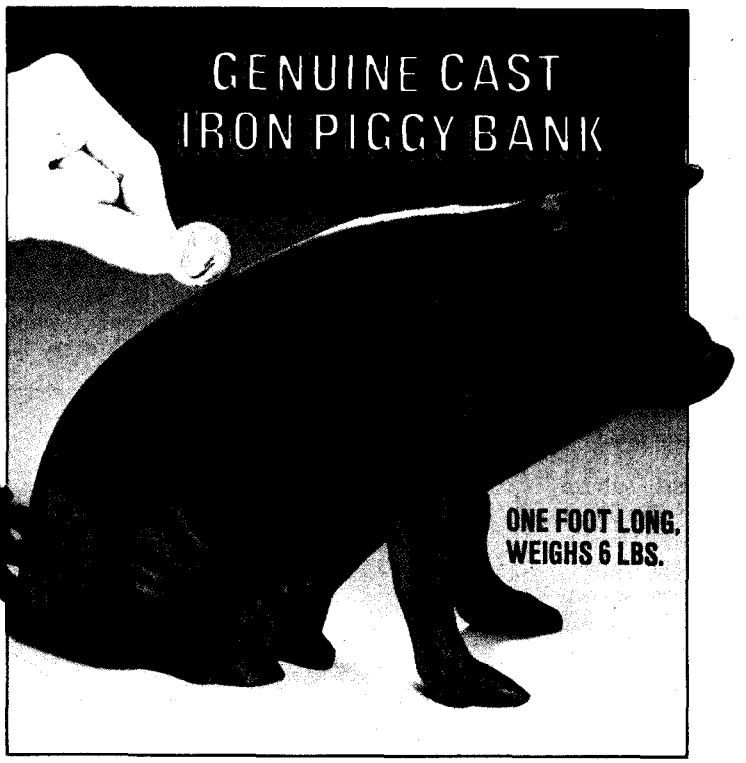
been her goal since her traveling band days. It was her way out of South Dakota. Still, her few attempts at recording in the early days went unrewarded.

"I had no power, no say until 'Charlie's Angels,'" said Cheryl during a break from the "Angels." "Then the situation changed. I was able to put on the album the songs I wanted by friends and composers whom I liked. It was exciting to do it my way—very, very exciting. I'll have the opportunity to do concerts when I get the time. But right now there's no possible way for me to devote all my time to my music. I'm locked into doing the show for nine months, twelve hours a day five days a week."

One wonders how she finds time to shout about equal rights and give attention to her family, something Cheryl, still a hometown girl underneath all the glory, considers very important. In fact, she says her family life comes before her career.

And it's not easy for someone from a small town, used to privacy and everyday people, to be an idol, knowing there are others copying her hairstyle, her clothes, her makeup. During a moment's rest at the Sunday brunch, after two

Continued on following page



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hours of talking and autograph signing, she asks photographers and cameramen to refrain from shooting. Morality is part of her image; her upbringing also. It's something that Hollywood, for the most part, could not even tarnish.

She's an unthreatening bombshell. The girl next door. The kind mothers want their sons to marry. She knows she's been lucky, though, for all her healthy looks and ability. Not only is she a household word, but she's setting a precedent for future glamour girls. She's an articulate, active sex symbol who prefers not to be a sex symbol all the time. She shrugs, pondering her fate for a moment, forgetting the hit series, the six-figure salary, the multimillion-dollar network deal, the influence, the pretty face, the fairy-tale life she happened upon after eight years of work.

"It could've happened to David," says Cheryl. "He works for everything. In this industry they wish you well, but you don't get anything for nothing. David could've been the star and I'd still be looking for work." ☒

Merv Griffin

continued from page 53

fairly affluent suburb just south of San Francisco. To avoid confusion with his father, young Merv was known as Buddy. The elder Griffin had been a tennis pro who turned to teaching the sport after his marriage to Rita Robinson in 1922. Later, he worked in a sporting goods store in San Mateo. The Griffin children—Merv's sister, Barbara, preceded him by two years—enjoyed a close-knit family life. "My childhood," Merv says, "was happy and secure."

At the age of four, Merv began to study the piano, moving in time from the classics to popular music. Bob Murphy, a lifelong friend who was a classmate first at St. Matthew's elementary school and then at San Mateo High, remembers Merv as a teen-ager. "He had a kind of magnetism, a charisma, even then," says Murphy, who is now the executive producer for Merv Griffin Productions. "Being able to play the piano was a facet of it, but his popularity with the other kids was based on something more intrinsic. He was an organizer, the one with the ideas, the center of fun. It's a special and rare characteristic that has carried through the years."

Merv's own memories of his boyhood focus more on his excessive weight. "I guess I was funny as a kid," he says, "but it was a defense mechanism. I was always the class clown, going for laughs to win the acceptance of my classmates. What I was, really, was fat-funny. They called me 'Fatstuff.' The other kids used to yell, 'Fatty, fatty, two by four, can't get through the kitchen door!' I hated it."

Once, on the night of his Junior Prom, Merv elected to solve his predicament with a touch of ingenuity. "I stared at myself in the mirror," Merv remembers, "and I said to myself, 'I've just got to look thinner for Ethel.' I was taking Ethel to the prom and I think I was in love with her. I went into my dad's closet and took every belt I could find. Then I took those belts—ten of them—and strapped myself up with them, tight. It didn't help. The belts formed ripples all over me and they showed through my jacket. I ended up looking like an accordion. It was a sad night for me. It was *very sad*."

Not long ago, Merv returned to San Mateo High for a class reunion. Serving as emcee of the alumni show in the school's auditorium, he faced the assemblage and announced: "Some of you here tonight may not remember what I looked like when we were in school together. So, to refresh your memory, I'd like you to meet a carbon copy of the way I was—my son Tony!"

Whereupon Anthony Patrick Griffin—17 at the time, 6 feet 2 and as lean as a stick—emerged grinning from the wings. "The place went wild," Merv says, gleefully. "There were great howls of laughter, especially from those who did remember how I looked at Tony's age."

When Merv was 17 and just out of high school, World War II was entering its seventh month. Too young for the service, Merv worked in the Stores Department at Hunter's Point Naval Station in San Francisco. His job was to determine what provisions should be loaded on transport vessels headed for the war in the Pacific. At the same time, he was majoring in music at San Mateo Junior College.

Meanwhile, he was playing the organ and singing at weddings and funerals at St. Matthew's church and putting on shows at the nearby military bases. He remembers singing on the street to sell War Bonds. Later, he worked in the mailroom of the San Francisco headquarters of the Bank of America, but not for long.

"The mailroom was up on the eleventh floor and employees weren't allowed to use the elevator," Merv says. "I, alas, was a butterball weighing 240 pounds. I didn't enjoy bouncing up eleven flights of stairs all day."

He moved over to the checking department at the Crocker Bank and a $30-a-week job. One day, he was comparing

You be the Judge

By J. K. Newton

Adam Avarice loved Erin and her rental apartment units so much that he moved into one of them, started maintaining the apartment grounds, and finally married Erin. Their wedded bliss lasted only a short while—just long enough for Erin to discover that Adam's infatuation was with dollar signs instead of her! She left him and promptly filed an action for his eviction from their apartment.

At the hearing, Erin argued, "It was my property before we got married. Even though we lived together in the rental apartment, it is *still* my property. I want him out!"

"Don't be silly," Adam answered. "Because we're married, half of that apartment and all of the rental property belong to me. You can't kick me out of my half of the apartment."

If you were the judge, would you evict Adam?

The judge decided Adam should find other quarters. The court said that a wife who owns separate property is entitled to be protected even as against the retention of possession by her husband of the former marital domicile owned by her.

(Based on a 1959 Delaware Supreme Court case)

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salaries with a fellow employee.

"I make $30 a week," Merv said. "How much do you make?"

"Just got a raise," the other said proudly. "I'm up to $55 a week."

"Really?" Merv said. "That's a lot of money. How long you been working here?"

"For 22 years."

As Merv remembers now: "I immediately retired from the banking business. Show business seemed more promising." In the next few years Merv poured his energies into his musical career. He worked constantly. He auditioned for a singer's job on a radio show called "San Francisco Sketchbook." Four days later, in the wake of the listeners' response, the title was changed to the "Merv Griffin Show," which was quickly picked up by the entire Mutual Network. He formed a recording company and released his first album. He fronted a band at society functions. Still in his early twenties, he became a local celebrity and his income climbed to a spectacular $1,500 a week. But he took a sharp drop in pay to join Freddy Martin's orchestra as singer and second pianist at $175 a week, with $25 raises every 13 weeks.

"The money was less but the opportunity was more," Merv reflects. "Big-time band! National radio exposure! Travel! New York! It was time to get rid of my San Mateo naiveté. I was a real hick."

The extent of his unworldliness he learned after arriving in New York after a series of 91 one-night stands, bouncing across the country and into Canada on the band bus. Martin's orchestra opened at the Waldorf-Astoria and was then booked into the Strand Theater on Broadway to play the stage shows. Between performances, Merv would go into the alleyway which adjoined the Ethel Barrymore Theater where a young actor named Marlon Brando was making a stir in Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

"Marlon parked his motorcycle in the alleyway," Merv says. "We became friends. One night, I went to see his show and I was really shocked. I had thought it was a musical."

The first Broadway musical that Merv did see was *Guys and Dolls*, a smash hit based on the Damon Runyon stories about raffish characters with odd names who made modest wagers on the bangtails. "I had never even heard of Damon Runyon!" Merv says, in awe. "I didn't understand a word of it. Nathan Detroit! Harry the Horse! We never had strange people with names like that in San Mateo."

After four years with the band, his show business apprenticeship served,

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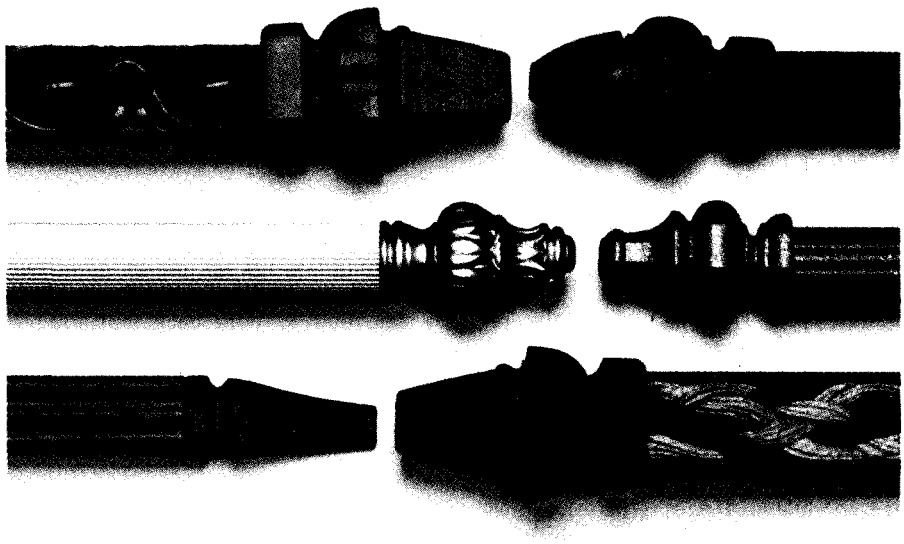

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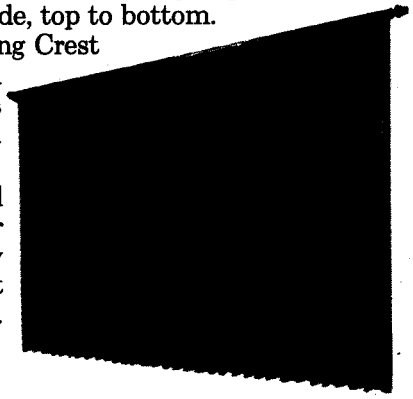

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Merv went off on his own. He co-starred in several forgettable movies. He worked Vegas, opening the bill for Tallulah Bankhead. He had an abortive shot at Broadway, in a revival of *Finian's Rainbow*. He bounced around on radio and TV in New York and subsequently emerged as host of a game show, "Play Your Hunch." He made his move in the 1960s as a vacation substitute for Jack Paar ("the master of the talk show interview," Merv says). In time, he had his own talk show, first under the NBC banner and then with CBS. Recently, he signed a five-year extension of his present show, which is syndicated by Metromedia.

Only one grievous setback intrudes on Merv's string of successes in the '70s—the breakup of his 14-year marriage to Julann Wright Griffin, a one-time actress and secretary from Ironwood, Michigan, attractive, bright, witty. "Merv," she has said, "would work all day on his talk show and come home all talked out. He didn't feel like communicating. I understood, but that wasn't the answer."

Merv says: "The marriage worked well in New York but not in California and I don't know why except that it's a different life out here. We'd moved to the Coast and I was fighting to save my old CBS show and everything intensified. I guess Julann and I just went in different directions."

He tapes five 90-minute shows in four days in Hollywood, where he maintains a home with tennis courts. He owns a farm in New Jersey and a ranch in Northern California, where he usually heads in his private plane, a Mitsubishi.

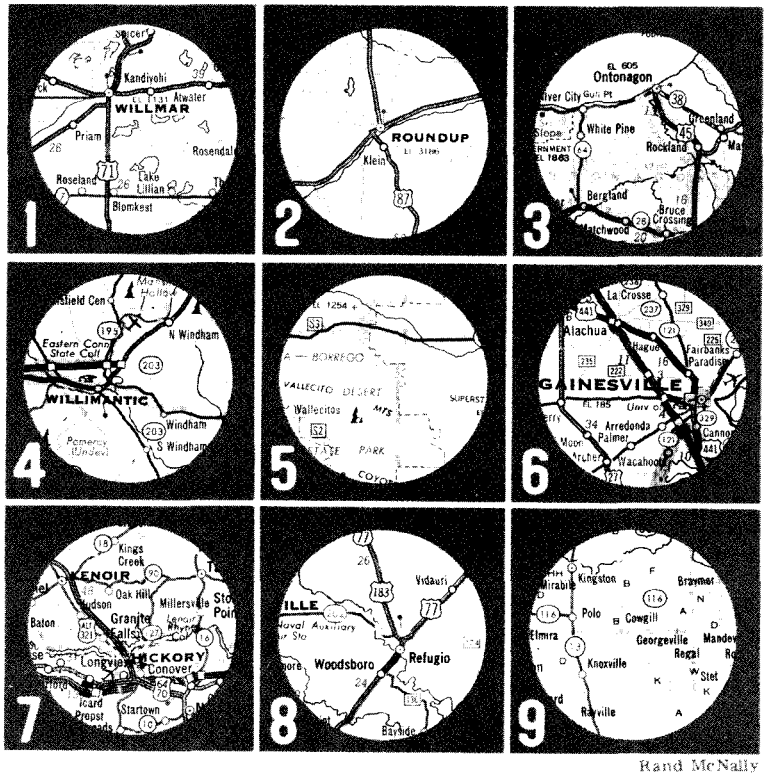
Time was, Merv was leery of flying. "I couldn't get on an airliner without several jolts of Scotch," he says. "I was a white-knuckle passenger. I decided to beat the game by learning to fly myself. Now I love flying, but I always fly my plane with a co-pilot."

He devotes an hour each morning to Transcendental Meditation and another hour or two to reading a flood of periodicals. He's a Catholic who rarely goes to church. He drives a Mercedes Benz convertible, he's a whiz at crossword puzzles, his favorite relaxation is fishing for red snapper off the coast of Mexico, and he concedes to only one eccentricity—Merv Griffin steals washcloths from hotels.

He likes to analyze the raw material of the talk show—his guests. "Politicians are very hard to interview," he says, "unless you can throw 'em a surprise question. Athletes are pretty good but raw and undisciplined. American actresses tend to hold back, but foreign actresses—Sophia Loren, Gina Lollobrigida—are great talkers, with a gift for candor. Except for Bob Goulet, who can be very funny, most singers are dull and they have no sense of humor about themselves."

"But Merv," I protested, "you were a singer yourself."

He nodded. "I sang, but my ambitions lay elsewhere," Merv Griffin said candidly. "There were other things I wanted to do in this business. And I'm doing them." ☒



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 119)

Aura of Mystery

continued from page 59

ance salesman, managed the supposedly-impossible. Inspired by an impromptu lecture on Kirlian photography given by Dr. Moss when a guest speaker failed to show up, Johnson cleverly fashioned an apparatus out of wire and metal doorbell parts, hooked it up to a power source in his father-in-law's garage, and obtained the first Kirlian photos taken in this country.

When he showed those photos to Dr. Moss, she invited him to set up his equipment in her university laboratory, a small room with a tiny sensory deprivation chamber which they immediately converted into a photographic darkroom.

Over the next eight years, Dr. Moss, Kendall Johnson, and a steady stream of volunteers—housewives, clairvoyants, psychiatrists, faith healers, medical doctors, botanists and graduate students—subjected a wide variety of living and inanimate objects to high-frequency electrography. On the whole, the results apparently supported the contention that changes in the "aura" recorded by Kirlian photography reflect physical, emotional and psychic details of body and mind function.

Anger and anxiety produced blotchy red finger pad electrograms; tranquillity and relaxation induced by alcohol or marijuana produced bluish-white ones. The tail electrograms of rats with spinal cancer were cloudy and full of particulate matter; those of healthy rats were normal. Following the "laying on of hands," the finger pad electrograms of faith healers dimmed considerably while those of their patients brightened noticeably.

"Kirlian photography in the U. S. is still in its infancy," says Dr. Moss, a remarkable woman who re-entered academic life in 1960 following a successful 20-year career as an actress and screen writer. "A standard Kirlian apparatus has not yet been devised, so photographs of the same object taken on different instruments

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standards of Kirlian research in this country has been Dr. Yoshiaki Omura, M. D., Sc. D., chairman of the Standards Committee of the International Kirlian Research Association.

Dr. Omura's research has led him to the conclusion that the electrical impedance or resistivity of the skin is the primary determinant of the pattern and intensity of the Kirlian image. Skin impedance, in turn, depends on various interrelated factors such as temperature, microcirculation and the concentration of various skin substances that either conduct electricity (sodium, chloride, potassium and other electrolytes) or reduce it (water and fat). A low skin impedance will naturally produce a larger and brighter corona discharge pattern than a high impedance.

Dr. Omura has also made the rather striking discovery that the finger pad coronas of some individuals with an abnormally high level of uric acid in their blood, a common symptom of gout and rheumatoid arthritis, have a distinct "snowflake" pattern. But this pattern, he points out, only occurs if the individual has limited mobility of the hand or arm resulting from the often-painful build-up of crystallized salt underneath the skin. Most of the 50-plus "snowflakes" in his files, he claims, were obtained from individuals whose affliction was unknown to him when he took an electrograph of their finger pads. In all cases, further questioning revealed a personal history of either gout or rheumatoid arthritis.

Important findings have also been reported by Leonard Konikiewicz, director of the audio-visual department of the Polyclinic Medical Center in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Konikiewicz and his wife Nina have been investigating the relationship between electrography and cystic fibrosis over the last two years, and the results of their research are highly promising. In one blind study, they were able to identify correctly 12 of the 13 cystic fibrosis sufferers or carriers by their uneven, twisted and clumped thumb pad electrographs. The 14 healthy individuals who served as controls for the study produced normal electrographs.

At present, however, there is no reliable clinical method for detecting carriers of cystic fibrosis, an inherited exocrine gland dysfunction that attacks children and young adults.

Dr. S. Mallikarjun, Professor of Physics at Monmouth College in West Long Branch, New Jersey, is another Kirlian researcher whose work has yielded important results. In experiments involving over 100 human subjects, Dr. Mallikarjun has found that while the luminosity of a healthy individual's finger pad electrograph varies cyclically from faint to intense over a period of time (one to several hours depending on the subject), the electrographs of people suffering from cancer are very intense and constant. The finger pad electrographs of individuals who have been cured of the disease, moreover, revert to a cyclical pattern.

A possible explanation offered by Dr. Mallikarjun is that a cyclical variation in skin conductivity and electrographic luminosity may reflect periodic internal changes in the body of a healthy individual; a lack of cyclical variation, on the other hand, may reflect permanent internal changes that last as long as the individual is suffering from cancer. Konikiewicz makes the further point that some physiologists have long contended that malignancy in the human body stimulates the secretory activity of the sweat glands, and that enhanced sweat gland activity could account for the cancer patient's constant and intensely-luminous finger pad electrograph.

If Dr. Mallikarjun's findings are borne out by further research, electrography would provide doctors with an invaluable tool for fighting cancer. Following the surgical removal of a malignant tumor, for example, electrography could be used to reveal occult malignancy sooner than all but the most complicated laboratory tests. It could also be employed to monitor

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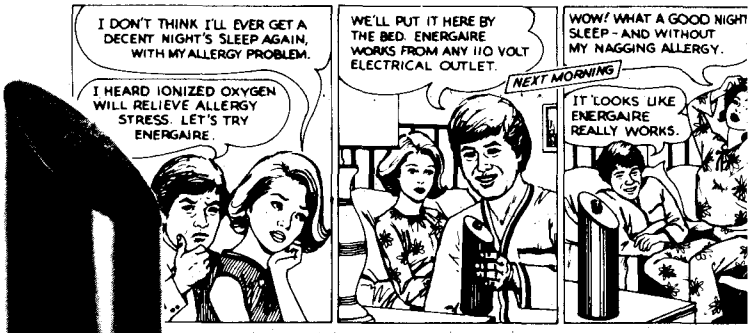
REDUCE ALLERGY-CAUSING AIR PARTICLES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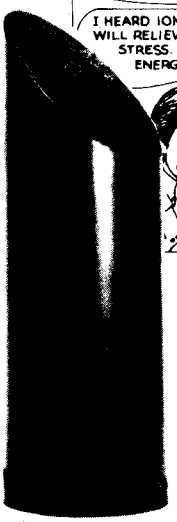

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recurrence or spread of the disease.

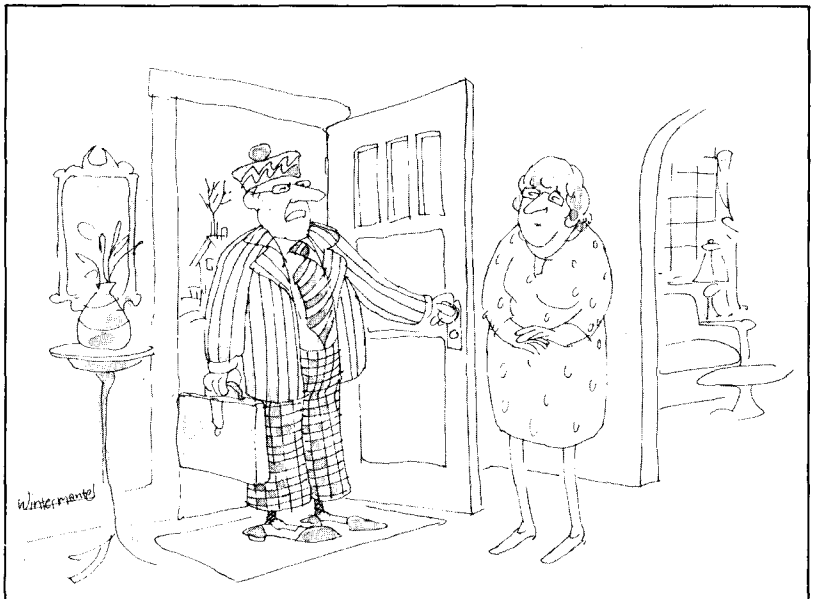
An 18-month study funded by the Department of Defense's Advanced Research Projects Agency and carried out by the Logical Technical Services Corporation of New York has also yielded significant findings.

The project's main finding was that most of the variations in the form and color of finger pad electrographs "can be accounted for by the presence of moisture on or within the subject's finger" which transfers to the emulsion during exposure and alters the corona discharge pattern recorded on the film. The drier the finger, the larger and brighter the corona. Moreover, by manipulating the amount of moisture on the tips of human and wooden fingers, the researchers were able to replicate many of the images that other investigators have presented as proof of Kirlian photography's ability to reveal the invisible "aura" or "energy body."

Unfortunately, this important study was widely interpreted as nothing more than a final debunking of Kirlian photography. Both the general media and scientific press welcomed the article as yet more proof of how pseudo-scientists (*i.e.*, parapsychologists) can be mystified by the mere presence of water on a finger pad. Such reporting, of course, distorted both the intention and value of the research.

"It was not our intention to debunk the findings of other Kirlian investigators," says David Faust. "We simply wanted to make the point that until moisture and all the other variables influencing the form and colors of fingertip coronas are understood and controlled, valid claims about the human 'aura' cannot be made.

"We had also hoped that the article would return corona discharge photography to the scientific review process in a manner that would lay the groundwork for its serious consideration as a research tool." ☒



"How could you let me leave the house looking like this?"

Tried to Be Playboy

continued from page 71

the hotel, and his coterie of distinguished friends. Fuchs had a lean, aristocratic face and an elegant goatee. He had been court painter to Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. Around his rooms—two studios like mine combined into one magnificent apartment—hung his life-size portraits of Victoria and Edward, his sketches of the royal family playing croquet or walking in the gardens at Windsor Castle, and the death mask of Victoria, which he had made.

He had once been the pet of English royalty and had told endless stories about them in his autobiography, *With Pencil, Brush and Chisel.* The book was serialized in *The Saturday Evening Post*; Fuchs gave me an autographed copy.

When he painted, Emil Fuchs wore a linen apron over his velvet smoking jacket and held an enormous palette in his left hand. Every morning before lunch he fenced on the roof of the hotel with a fencing master. His luncheons lasted from 12:00 until 2:00, and the food and wines were excellent. In short, he lived in the grand manner, surrounded by luxury.

I was flattered by the standing invitation to lunch. At first I went faithfully, but after a while I became bored. Besides, I couldn't give up two hours in the middle of the day, three or four days a week. I had to work for a living, so I began to attend the luncheons less often.

And then, after my fine start in bachelorhood—the riding, dining with friends, the theater, my apartment—things had begun to go to pieces. I ate alone four or five nights a week. Breakfast was worse. I'd get up and start shaving, and pretty soon I'd notice the silence in the apartment. So I'd fix my breakfast and eat standing up at the kitchen counter to get through with it quickly. Then I'd pile the dishes in the sink and change into my riding habit.

By now the wiry, sarcastic riding instructor was letting me go out by myself. Horses frightened me, and they knew it. Yet riding was better than going to work right after breakfast. I'd tried that, but it was too much like being locked in a prison cell. I had to see people and hear something besides water dripping in the bathtub. That was what bothered me most about living alone—the silence.

Emil Fuchs was showing his paintings and sculpture at the National Academy of Design galleries. I received an engraved invitation. When I arrived, he was seated at a piano, dressed in white tie and tails, playing Chopin. At a long table nearby waiters stood ready to serve champagne. I walked through the almost-deserted galleries, looking at the huge portraits and admiring the skill with which they had been hung. The paintings were conventional, all velvet drapes and noble poses.

I had a glass of champagne and congratulated Fuchs on his show. A few people drifted in. *It's queer,* I thought. *I wonder where everybody is?* Then a friend who lived at the Hotel des Artistes came in, and after a while we left together. I remarked that the show hadn't brought out many people.

"Don't you know about Fuchs?" my friend asked. "He hired the galleries himself. Thought if he had a comprehensive exhibition of his work he'd get the Vanderbilts and the Astors to commission portraits. You saw his stuff. It's good, but old-fashioned. He can't get the top commissions any more, and he's too proud to accept any others."

"That's not true," I said. "I see him bustling out of the hotel every morning with his paintbox."

"Sure he goes out," said my friend, "but do you know what he really does? He walks over to that drugstore near the hotel and sits in a back booth all morning, drinking coffee. Then he comes back to the hotel. You know how proud he is. He just wants to make people think he's still getting commissions, the big ones. You go over to the drugstore some morning about 10:00. You'll see."

So I did, and sure enough there was Emil Fuchs, sitting in a back booth with an empty cup before him and his paintbox on the seat beside him. For a while I went to his luncheon levees more of-

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ten, out of sympathy. Then I quit going. My own work was beginning to give me trouble. It wasn't anything I could put my finger on really, just a general feeling of dissatisfaction.

Years later I discovered that in one *Post* cover I did during this period, one of a millionaire and a grocery boy looking at the stock-exchange quotations in January 1930, I'd sort of put three legs on the boy. I'd shown him leaning forward, his legs bent, his hands on his knees. But there was another leg in the back of his pants, not bent, straight. The cover printed that way; it was a mistake that wasn't easily seen.

All this time I had a feeling that I was making an ass of myself at every turn. I remember one visit with Mr. George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor. Mrs. Riddell, the art editor, showed me in, announcing, "Norman is getting a divorce."

"Oh," said Mr. Lorimer. "Why?"

"My wife fell in love with another man," I said.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Mr. Lorimer.

"Nothing, I guess."

"In my day," he said, "we'd have shot the man."

The exchange made me feel like a fool. I was feeling awfully sorry for myself until one day when Marie, the maid who tidied my rooms and fixed my lunch, rushed into the studio all excited. "Mr. Rockwell," she exclaimed, "it's terrible! Awful! Mr. Fuchs has killed himself."

She put down her mops, brooms, and pail, dropped into a chair and told me all about it. Emil Fuchs had been found sitting on his balcony, a pearl-handled revolver in his hand. There was an empty wineglass on the table beside him. At the other end of the studio, on easels arranged in a semicircle facing the balcony, were his portraits of Queen Victoria, King Edward, and the royal family.

The poor old guy! I thought. He was rich and his reputation was secure. Could fresh commissions have meant so much? What I didn't know—what no one knew until the newspapers published the suicide note—was that Emil Fuchs was dying of cancer.

I was soon absorbed again in my own troubles. Living as a bachelor was misery. So, while I waited for something to happen, I gave a tremendous party—all my New Rochelle society friends, business acquaintances, an orchestra, three maids, and a butler.

About one o'clock, when everything was humming, the art director of *Good Housekeeping* slapped my shoulder. "Whatta ya say, Norman?"

"Nothing much."

Continued on following page

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"How about that series I was talking to you about? The Life of Christ. You want to do that series?"

"Sure," I said, thinking he was pretty well lit. "Sure, any time."

"Good boy," he said. "You're a pal." And he went off to the bar.

Several days later the art director came up to my studio with his editor. "Well, now," said the editor, after I'd hung up their coats, "let's get down to work on the Life of Christ you're going to do for us. I believe one painting— "

"Hey," I said, "I didn't know you were serious about that job."

"Sure we were serious," said the art director.

"It's impossible," I said. "The *Post* wouldn't let me do it. Besides, I've got commitments. I haven't time."

"Now look here," said the editor. "You said you'd do it. We've got a witness."

"No," I said, "I can't do it. That's flat."

"We'll call you," he said ominously, and they left.

The next day the editor rang up and told me that if I didn't do the series, *Good Housekeeping* would have to think of suing me. I rushed down to Philadelphia to ask Mr. Lorimer's advice. He sent me to the *Post*'s legal department.

"Hearst will probably sue," I was told. "They can't make you do the series, but they sure will make your life miserable. The best thing for you to do is get out of town for a while. And fast. Don't let them serve papers on you."

I was scared, but happy that something had happened at last. Maybe it would bring a change. When I got back to New York, I entered my hotel by the service door. But where would I go to hide out? Clyde Forsythe, the cartoonist, who was visiting me with Cotta, his wife, suggested that I come to California with them. So we packed my bags, and I crept out of the hotel and caught the *Twentieth Century Limited*.

All the way out on the train Clyde and Cotta told me about a wonderful girl they wanted me to meet. "She's a young schoolteacher in Alhambra," said Clyde; "fifth, sixth, and seventh grades. She likes art, and she knows your work and admires it. She's the daughter of an old friend of mine."

"Uh-huh," I said.

"And she's pretty," said Cotta.

"Not me, " I said, catching the drift of their remarks. "I'm a bachelor, and I'm going to stay that way."

"Well," said Clyde, "you ought to meet her anyway. You'd like her."

"O.K.," I said, "but no entanglements for me."

The excitement of my escape from subpoena servers and the prospect of new surroundings had made me forget my loneliness. I'd been in California once before with Clyde and Cotta. They lived in Alhambra, near Hollywood, where the supply of artist's models was rich and varied. There were extras and out-of-work actors of all kinds—cowboys, old geezers, wizened cronies, sleek matinee idols, lovely girls, plain girls.

So, as I say, I was excited on this trip West, mostly by the change of scene and the expectation of new models, but also a little by the prospect of meeting the girl Clyde and Cotta told me about.

I met her at dinner at the Forsythes' the second or third night after our arrival. Her name was Mary Barstow. She was wearing a bright orange dress and was extremely pretty, intelligent, and charming. *Well,* I thought, *I'll ask her out; one date can't hurt.* When I called her the next day she said she had a prior engagement.

That was that. It stood to reason a young girl, pretty and smart and all, wouldn't be interested in an old codger like me—divorced, 36 years old, 14 years her senior. So I kicked the telephone stand and put her out of my mind and went back to work.

I needed a rawboned, glamorous cowboy for a *Post* cover; an actor dressed in chaps, boots, and spurs having his lips painted by a hard-bitten little make-up man. I asked Clyde if he knew anyone who would fit the part. He took me to see a friend who was publicity director of Paramount studios. The publicity director suggested Gary Cooper. Wow!

"I'll send him over in the morning," the man said.

The next morning the door of the studio was quite literally darkened, and Gary Cooper strode in. What a man! When I looked at him, I felt thin and puny. He was a wonderful model and a nice, easy guy. But somehow I couldn't focus my mind on my work. I'd put a piece of charcoal to the canvas and then forget what I was about to draw—Gary's nose or his hands?

That afternoon Clyde asked why I didn't take Mary out.

"She didn't want to," I said. "She said she had a prior engagement. You know what that means."

"You dope," said Clyde; "she had to attend a P.T.A. meeting. She told her mother she liked you."

Well, for some reason I made a very good drawing that afternoon, and that night I took Mary to dinner. And two weeks later I proposed, and she agreed to marry me.

I wrote Mrs. Riddell at the *Post* that I was engaged to be married. A week or so later I had a phone call from Thomas B. Costain, now a historical novelist, then right-hand man to George Horace Lorimer, the *Post* editor. Tom had just checked into a hotel in Los Angeles. Would Mary and I dine with him?

I knew what was going on, and at dinner Tom admitted it. Mr. Lorimer had asked him to look Mary over and see if she was the kind of girl I should marry. His report to Mr. Lorimer was a favorable one; in effect I received another OKGHL.

Mary and I were married on April 14, 1930, in the garden of her parents' home in Alhambra. The next day we left for New York. Driving up Fifth Avenue, we saw a man wearing a top hat. Mary was astonished. People didn't wear top hats in California, and she wanted to see more of them. So we left our baggage at the Hotel des Artistes, went out to look, and struck it lucky. Strolling past the Plaza we saw three men entering a Rolls-Royce, all wearing toppers. Mary was enchanted. ☒

(To be continued)

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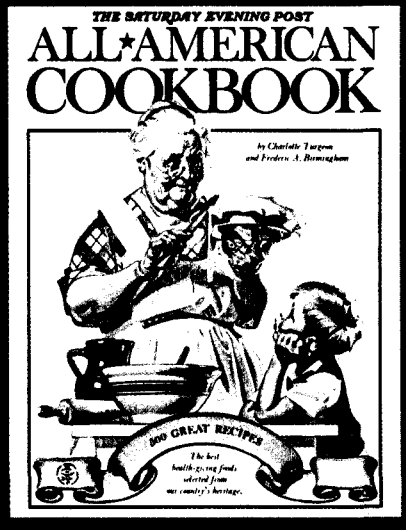

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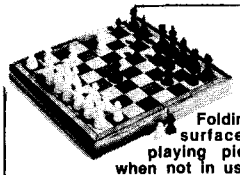

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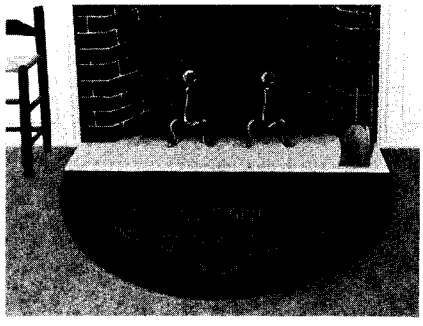

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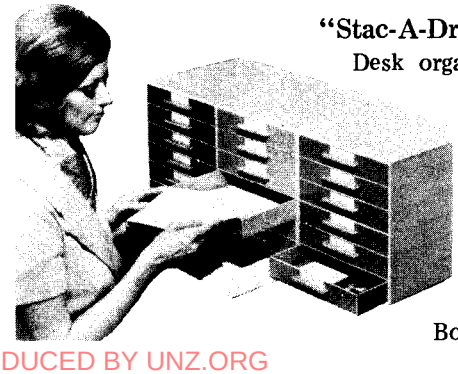

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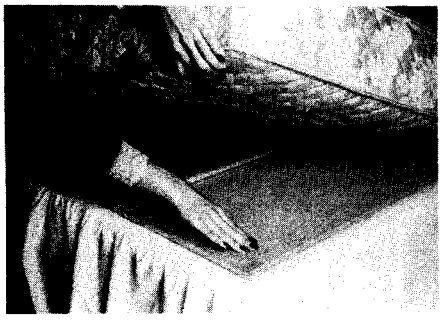

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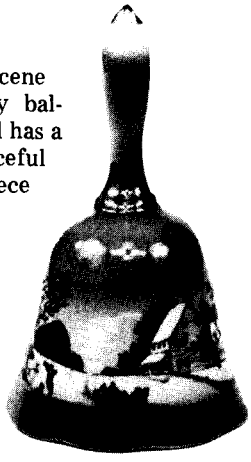

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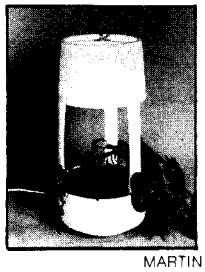

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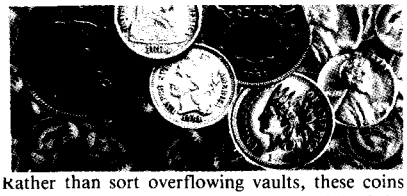

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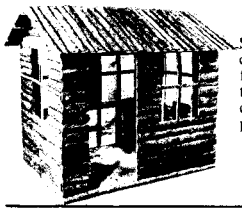

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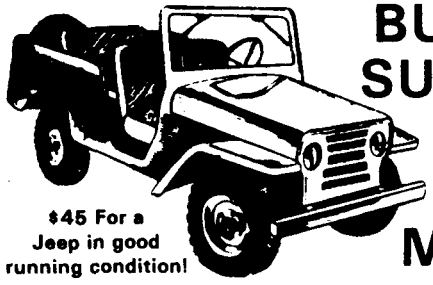

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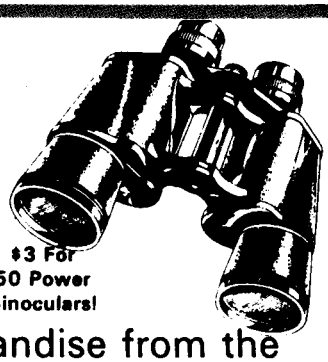

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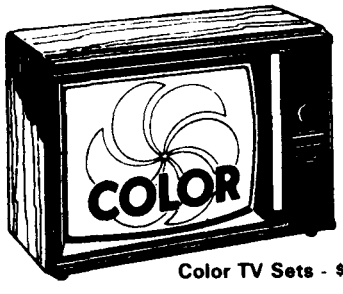

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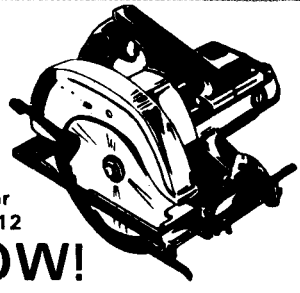

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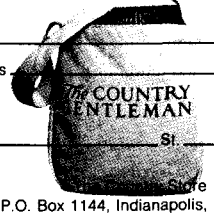

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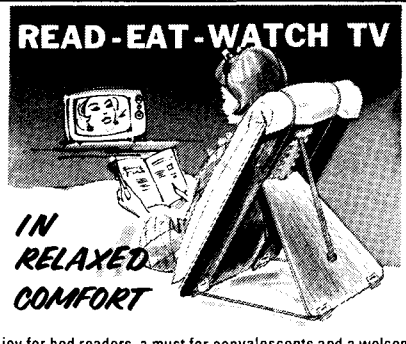

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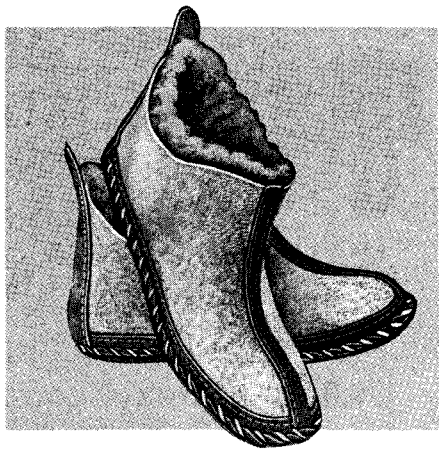

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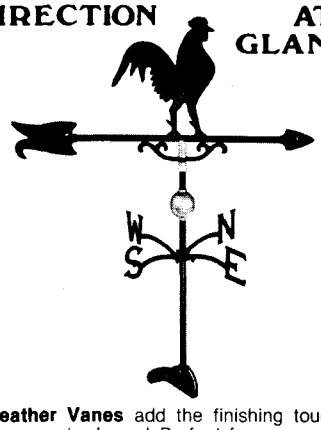

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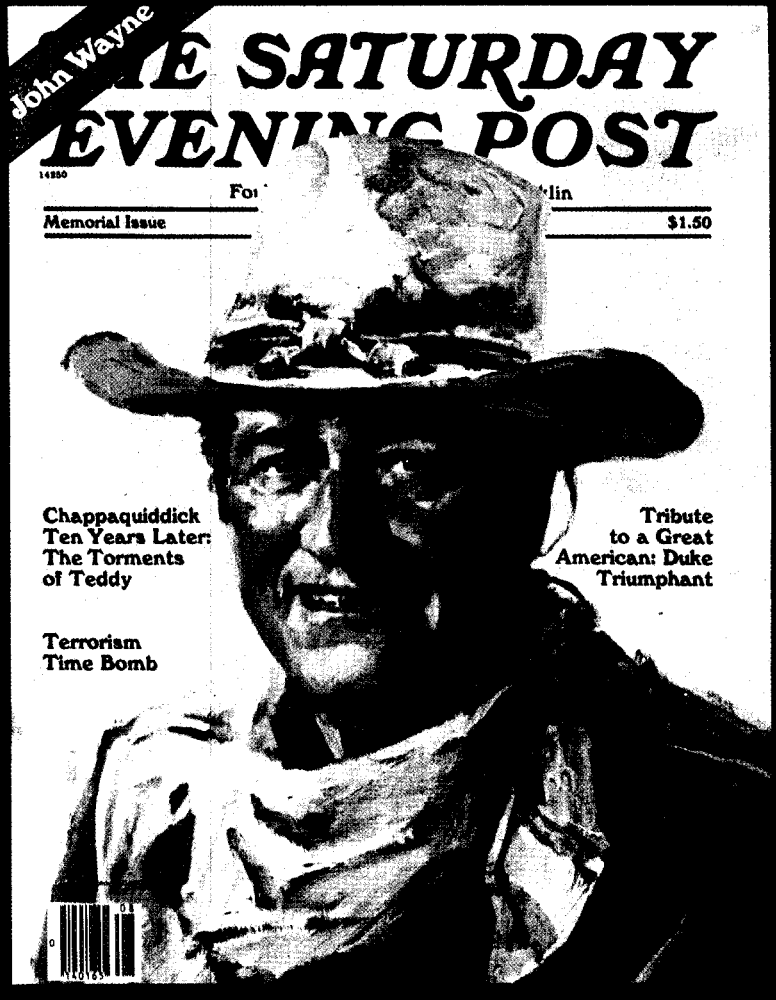
The *Post* editors put together a special issue as a tribute to a great American, John Wayne, and it's going to be around a very long time as a one-of-a-kind collector's item. Only the *Post* could capture the extraordinary character we affectionately call "Duke"—a man who played Western roles to such perfection that he personalized what the West means to this country, and then who somehow blended that pride and stature into his own personal life so as to become a legend of the American hero. This issue is a combination of Wayne photographs, articles, and stories assembled from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Did you know that *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* was a *Post* story, first? *Red River Valley*? Now you can read the orginal, "The Chisholm Trail," and follow big Duke right into the motion pictures themselves. Much, much more: famous Pete Martin interviewing Wayne man-to-man as only Pete can. Joan Didion pens a love song to Duke. You'll see faces of people reappearing as from an old family album, the people we feel we all know through the magic of the movies and memory. And through it all strides and rides John Wayne himself, living the character of the West in his own person for 50 years. Only the *Post* could get it all together as magnificently as this.



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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"In general, mankind, since the improvement of cookery, eats twice as much as nature requires."
—Benjamin Franklin

A Bran Plan

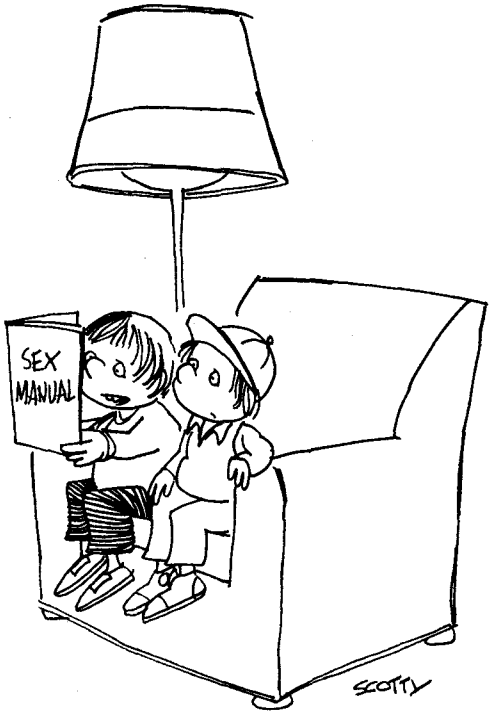
Your column has made my life much easier! My husband Charlie's confusion is less and his elimination is easier to control since we started him on unprocessed bran, All-Bran and a banana for breakfast.

When he was hospitalized for two months, I got to know the nurses quite well and one day they questioned me, "How is it possible that your husband has never needed an enema or a laxative when all our other patients do?" I told them it was because I kept him on the bran and banana breakfast and it worked. They all said, "Too bad everyone doesn't know about that breakfast." Even though Charlie is an invalid, I am grateful every day for the help you gave me.

Ruth Malone
Little Rock, Arkansas

P.S. I had no idea there were so many people having the same problems I had.

Editor's Note: Ruth's husband, who is confined to a wheelchair, was plagued with constipation. She could have accomplished the desired results just as easily by giving him unprocessed bran in his tomato soup for supper and in his malted milk at bedtime. Of course there's no denying that a breakfast of All-Bran with bananas every morning is effective, quick and easy.



"It's complicated from the start. One of them has to be a girl."

When people travel a lot they often become constipated because of long hours spent sitting in planes and automobiles. I send my traveling friends leather or embroidered bran pouches filled with unprocessed bran for Christmas. It never fails to bring a response.

A number of researchers believe that many of our diseases are caused not so much by what we eat but what we don't eat. *What we don't eat, of course, is enough high-fiber foods. The easiest way to remedy our modern diets is to push unprocessed bran in the kitchen. It contains no sugar or salt and it's easily disguised in your food.*

Needless Needle

Q. We are going to a country in South America where smallpox vaccination is required. Since reading in your column that smallpox no longer exists and that there *is a small risk* in taking the vaccination, I would like not to get the vaccination. Are there any means of avoiding it?

A. Yes, contraindications to vaccinations include skin disorders such as eczema or dermatitis in the patient or in a household member. If anyone in your household has a skin disorder or allergy, this is sufficient reason for your physician to write a note to the country requiring vaccination explaining the contraindication. In most countries this will be accepted as a substitute for vaccination. Pregnancy is of course another good reason for not vaccinating for smallpox. You are right in persisting.

Write to the countries that still require vaccination, explaining to them that their requirement is now obsolete and potentially harmful.

Go in Good Health

Q. Last month you mentioned a traveler who had contracted hepatitis. What precautions can be taken to prevent hepatitis or dysentery for those living in underdeveloped areas?

A. To prevent hepatitis, immunoglobulin is recommended for travelers who are going outside the usual tourist routes and planning to stay for several months.

Use utmost care in eating only where you believe cleanliness is practiced.

A World War II veteran told us how he avoided dysentery while living in rural China—he made sure that his food was always served boiling hot and before each meal he also dipped his chopsticks and rice bowl into boiling water which was served with the meal.

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Decibel Deaths

Constant exposure to loud noises can reduce fertility in laboratory animals, according to Bulgarian researchers. Eighty percent of some species were unable to reproduce after having been exposed to 100-decibel noise for a year, and an increasing number of offspring were smaller than normal or died shortly after birth.

The Pressure's Off

Q. What happens to blood pressure while sleeping?

A. Blood pressure falls about 20 percent during sleep.

A Halt to Salt

Those who are on low-salt diets because they have hypertension (high blood pressure) or wish to prevent its onset should be aware of the large amounts of sodium present in many antacids. Dr. Norman M. Kaplan, a renowned authority on hypertension, reports that an ounce of most antacids contains 20 to 40 mg of sodium.

Alka-Seltzer, Bromo Seltzer and Bisodol are full of salt, 500 to 1540 mg per tablet. Riopan and WinGel have only 5 to 8 mg per ounce. Di-Gel and Rolaids are virtually salt-free.

Another major problem for the salt watcher is in processed foods to which salt is added as a preservative and taste enhancer. Dr. Kaplan hopes that food processors will begin to put the sodium content on the labels. However, as the convenience foods—TV dinners, prepared and frozen dishes—continue to replace natural, unsalted foods, the unknowing consumer is assaulted with salt. He points out, for example, that natural asparagus has 2 mg of sodium per 100 grams; but canned asparagus has 236 mg of sodium per 100 grams.

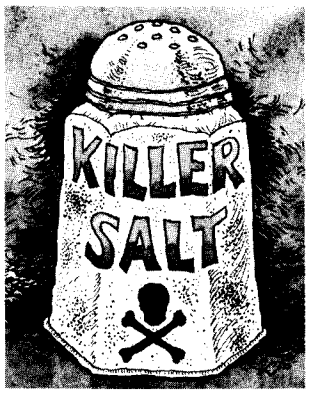
The Sodium Content Of Foods (Mg per 100 grams*)

Oatmeal	437
Baby vegetables with chicken	307
Cornflakes	1,005
Doughnuts	501
Peanut butter	607
Pizza	702
Frankfurters	1,100
Popcorn	1,940

*100 grams equals slightly more than 3 ounces.

The potential harm of unnecessarily adding salt to processed baby foods caused the American Academy of Pediatrics to call for restraint in 1974. In early 1977 Beech-Nut announced that their baby foods would no longer have salt added. Hopefully any other processors who haven't followed their example will do so soon. "Thereby, prevention of hypertension may be possible," says Dr. Kaplan. ☒

Jane Brody



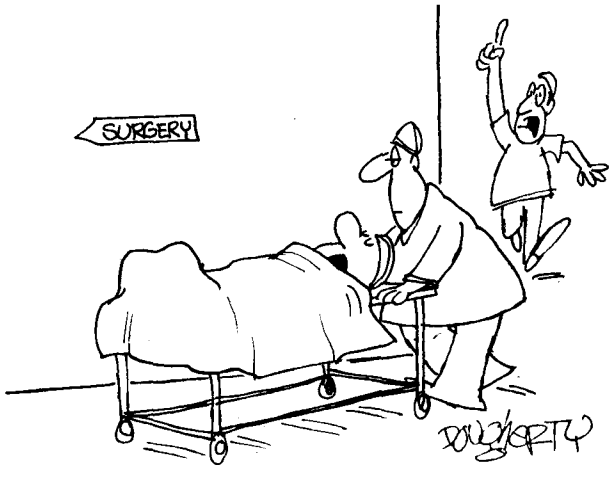
Don't pass the salt, please.

This month's Benjamin Franklin Award goes to medical writer Jane Brody of the *New York Times* for her well-researched and widely syndicated article entitled "SALT: Killer in Disguise." Ms. Brody writes an excellent history of the use of salt by humans. With the following paragraphs she convinced us to hide our last salt shakers, even from guests:

"Throughout the world, current populations that live on low-salt diets never develop hypertension. In fact, their blood pressure does not rise with age as it does in the typical American: If anything, it drops. On the other hand, a few pre-industrial peoples, such as the Gashgai nomads of southern Iran, who consume a lot of salt, also have a lot of hypertension, despite the lack of stress in their society.

"How the body reacts to sodium excess is determined largely by heredity. Approximately 15 to 20 percent of Americans have inherited a genetic susceptibility to the effects of excess sodium. Eventually, on the high-salt diet that most of us eat, they develop high blood pressure. There's no way to know in advance who is and who is not susceptible to the damaging effects of sodium."

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.



"Wait a minute, that's our anesthesiologist!"

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Politics '80

continued from page 29

stance, can't help Connally carry New York against Ted Kennedy; the Democratic statewide organization that will be at Senator Kennedy's disposal simply cannot be brushed aside by an individual who has local stature and is somewhat identified with an extremist wing of his own party. Kemp simply cannot change that fact—he cannot help Connally in Kemp's own state. The trouble with Phil Crane is that he will have no impact on any future successes of the GOP in Illinois. Thus he would not contribute anything to helping Connally carry Illinois.

Connally could seek a moderate liberal for his ticket. One obvious candidate is Howard Baker, the Republican senator from Tennessee. But Connally will carry Tennessee against Kennedy without Baker on the ticket.

There is yet another choice open to Connally: to take a man who is neither a liberal nor a conservative, but who can offer an "image of virtue"—the image that is going to be so important to Connally and to Republicans in general in the 1980 campaign. And at the same time find a man who is a great campaigner and who can grab the electoral votes of a big state. As it happens, there is precisely such a man on the Republican scene and he is likely to be the Vice Presidential nominee.

He is James R. Thompson, the towering governor of Illinois. To insiders, he has long been known as the "target of opportunity" for the GOP.

One evening just a year ago, I was walking the paths of Mount St. Albans, the highest point of inner Washington, the vast promontory on which the National Cathedral is built, and from which one can look down on the tantalizing panorama of Washington, from the Capitol to the Washington Monument. On one of those paths I encountered a sharp, alert, though aging man—once tall, now somewhat stooped—who was long the most "inside" of the Republican "insiders." He was an investment banker who was the "contact" man of the GOP with high financial circles, working in every era from that of Tom Dewey and Bob Taft to Dwight D. Eisenhower. He wanted to chat a bit about the Republican ticket for 1980, expressing what the Grand Old Men of the Grand Old Party were thinking.

"John Connally," he said promptly, was the man they thought would and should head the ticket in 1980. Then, after a good bit of conversation about the Vice Presidential candidates, he brought up the name of Jim Thompson. He said: "I was having lunch with Len Hall"—the chairman of the Republican National Committee under Eisenhower—"and he agreed and we all agreed that this would be the strongest ticket: Connally and Thompson."

This was instructive but not binding. The Grand Old Men no longer control the Republican party. Or indeed much influence it. But they do bring a great deal of experience to the problems and opportunities of the GOP. And they bring the ability to analyze without emotion—to pick candidates and a course without the "wish-and-dream" sequence that is so endemic among younger politicians. (Such young politicians don't react to a possible candidate with any deep acknowledgment of whether that candidate will do the country or the party any good. They ask only one all-important question: "What good will he do *me*?") The analysis that brings such sage men to pick Jim Thompson is the kind of analysis that will also bring John Connally to pick him. The elements of that analysis:

1. He can carry Illinois for the Republican ticket, and Illinois is one of the states that Connally simply must carry in order to win the Presidency in 1980. By carrying Illinois, with Thompson, the GOP can effectively break through the big-state strategy at the heart of Kennedy's campaign by grabbing three of the ten most populous states in the nation: Texas, Illinois and Florida (a Solid South state).

With Thompson, it would be easier for Connally to carry Illinois than to

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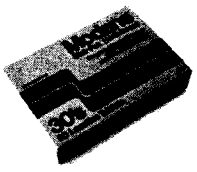

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carry, say, Ohio or Michigan. For as a freshman in the campaign process, Thompson ran for governor of Illinois in 1976 and won by 1.4 *million* votes. That wasn't his total vote; that was his *margin* of victory. It was almost double the vote of the Democratic candidate, a product of Dick Daley's battle-hardened Democratic machine whom the machine wanted very much to elect. It was a humiliating defeat of the Daley machine by a young newcomer to the polls and it established him immediately in the minds of his party colleagues as "the man to watch."

Then in 1978, Big Jim Thompson ran for re-election against the "rising star" of the Democratic machine—a candidate who had attracted considerable attention for the way he'd upset opposing "shoo-ins" in previous elections. And of course, Thompson had to face the fact that the voters of Illinois had two years in which to become disillusioned with him. So he won again, this time by 600,000 votes. Though his edge was diminished, that was largely because of the decline in the number of votes cast. The total vote plunged from 4.6 million (in 1976) to 3 million (in 1978). Thompson's percentage of the vote slipped only from 65 percent of the total to 61 percent of the total—in much tougher circumstances. The point is that Thompson has proved himself to be a powerful vote-getter—the most powerful among Republican newcomers in the nation—against the most potent Democratic machine in the nation. To be sure, that machine has now slipped a few cogs—but Jim Thompson beat it when it was at its best.

Can he do it again? Could he carry Illinois for the Republicans against a Democratic ticket headed by Ted Kennedy?

The answer: "Absolutely. No doubt in my mind about it." The speaker is a newsman who's been able to look at the inside of the politics of both parties in Illinois for two decades. He knows, if anybody knows, about Thompson's power in Illinois. Moreover, he brings up a point that does not apply to Reagan or Kemp or Crane or any of the other so-often celebrated candidates: Thompson is governor now and will be governor after the election (until he takes office as Vice President). He does not run for re-election in 1980 (since Illinois, after one two-year term, has shifted back to the quadrennial cycle—but in the off-Presidential year beat). What that means is that he will be in complete control of the Republican machinery in his own state while he is running for Vice President. That means he will have all the powers of governor during and after the Presidential election—which

Continued on following page

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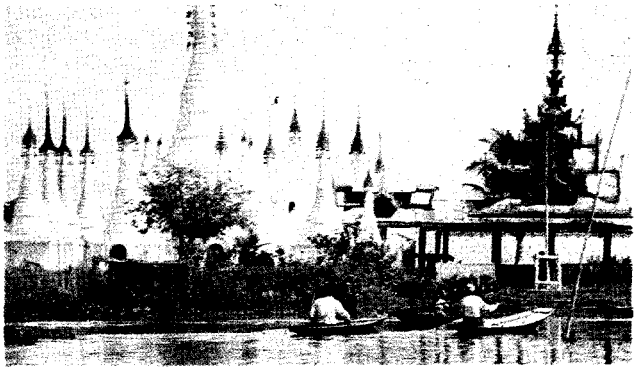
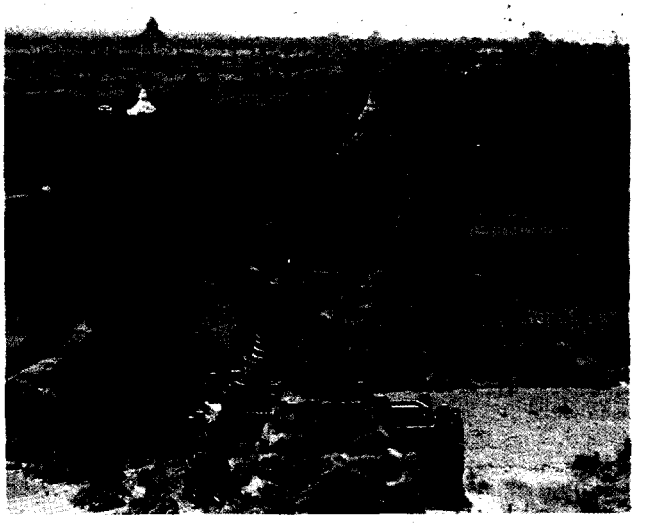
You don't have to be a world traveler to recognize these places and things. We'll give you a few clues; you guess where they are.

Photography by Paul SerVaas



1 ☐ Laos ☐ Burma ☐ Siam
The boaters in the foreground aren't tourists set adrift by the gas shortage, but citizens of a country dotted with literally millions of graceful, spire-topped Buddhist shrines called stupas. Famed during W.W. II for its serpentine road, the last Allied supply route into Japanese-occupied China until 1942, this nation is now a peaceful enclave in a region racked by strife.



2 ☐ Sparta ☐ Angkor Wat ☐ Pagan
Its name synonymous with barbarity, this famous archaeological site is all that's left of a thriving metropolis, built during the Dynasty of the Temple Builders. Though most of the original city structures were wooden, only brick and stone could weather time and the Golden Horde of Kublai Khan, who overran the city in 1287.

3 ☐ Nepal ☐ Bhutan ☐ Sikkim
Seemingly unperturbed by rumors that the notorious yeti, or Abominable Snowman, stalks her land, this lass totes a load of wood to her village. So much do her people depend on wood for virtually all of their fueling and building needs that they have nearly depleted the once-abundant forests in their region, prompting the government to create a national park to preserve the last remaining stands of timber. A member of one of the world's hardiest races, this girl seldom sees Westerners, except for occasional "social climbers" who come to test their mettle against the loftiest peaks on Earth.

4 ☐ Brazil ☐ Tanganyika ☐ South Africa
Lions, leopards, cheetahs and buffalo roam this country in abundance, and are the stuff of which hunters' dreams are built, but it's the wise man who knows *where* to build: The man-sized mound next to the hunter, for example, is a giant termite colony. Termites can be bothersome in this country, especially since they are fond of chewing away the ceiling support beams of houses, causing the roof to collapse around the ears of the hapless owner. Fortunately, this country keeps its insects to itself, and prefers to be known as the world's largest producer of diamonds.

(Answers on page 121)

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means he will be able to crack the whip over the party and its machinery all during the 1980 campaign. The point is very significant (and one not available to Reagan or anybody else): If any individual in the GOP in Illinois fails Big Jim Thompson, he will find out—in the normal course of politics—that he has failed himself.

2. Thompson is not known to party insiders, or to the public, as a conservative or a liberal. Thus he has not earned the antagonism of either—and antagonism runs much deeper in politics than does friendship. Perhaps more nimbly than any other Republican of our time, he has avoided the pigeonholing of the press, the easy labeling which makes it simple for the media to decide whether any of his actions is "conservative" or "liberal"—and thus to raise a crisis over almost anything he does. At the same time, he cannot—and does not—claim that he is delivering competent and honest government to Illinois because he *is* a "liberal" or a "conservative." And that is something which both sides—in wanting to claim a "star"—desperately want. It helps people on both sides to project the notion that they have an exclusive lock on competence—and they want Thompson to give them that image.

He won't but . . . *is* he a liberal or a conservative?

I asked a man who has known Jim Thompson for 13 years and whose name comes as readily to Thompson's lips as Thompson's name to his.

He thought it over. For a time. For a *long* time. Then he said: "A conservative, I'd say." He could not pinpoint how or why he thought so. It was just the vague impression of years of conversations with Thompson. He could not cite a single overt act or statement of Thompson to confirm his conviction. "But I *do* think that, when it comes right down to it, he's a conservative."

3. Thompson's great strength is not ideology but idealism: He was a spectacularly successful prosecutor of crime and corruption in Chicago and its politics. He had the wit, persistence and energy to uncover the many criminal activities of everybody from the closest cronies of Mayor Daley to the once-"untouchable" former governor of Illinois (by then a judge on a level just below the Supreme Court of the United States). To the astonishment of the "go-along-to-get-along" politicians, he prosecuted them all hard and he sent as many as possible to jail (some sought to get off because of age or illness). It was an exhilarating experience for the people of Chicago, who promptly made Big Jim Thompson a local hero—and then through their votes made him a national hero. He went into elective politics with a reputation for being not only "clean" but incorruptible. That is a reputation which some may seek to "adjust"—to besmirch. But in the wake of the Watergate era the reputation of James R. Thompson as the "incorruptible prosecutor" will be an enormous asset to the GOP. It is an asset which no other candidate for either President or Vice President possesses.

4. Thompson shares with Connally the most important media concept of our times—"charisma." This is made up partly of personality and partly of physical presence. In either case, it is vital in an "era of television" when the adhesive issue of the political party is clearly failing. Big Jim Thompson is a brawny six feet six—a foot taller than Howard Baker, almost a foot taller than Jimmy Carter. (One Carter aide asserts —without a glint of humor—that Big Jim Thompson is the one particular TV target of Jimmy Carter. In the negative sense. Thompson is the one politician whom Carter will never appear near in the presence of a TV or still camera. One thing that President Carter does not want is to contrast the "Big Jim" vs. "li'l Jimmy" image; he does not want a picture circulating throughout the nation showing "li'l Jimmy" timorously reaching high up to shake hands with the "dynamic, powerful Big Jim Thompson.")

This is not to say that Thompson is perfect. He is perfect as a candidate but not yet as a public servant. There is good reason to believe that he has not yet put it all together as a public servant: He left Illinois during the worst of its snowstorms last winter to loll in the sun-swept beaches of the sunbelt; he tried to make a deal with the state legislature on salaries for the pols that would make him look good by vetoing the salary increase in a way that he knew would assure that the legislature could easily overrule his veto. He got caught on both occasions and the GOP must worry over what issues he hasn't yet been caught on. The heavy suspicion is that he is still little more than a "prosecutor," that he hasn't geared himself up mentally to the national scene. "He doesn't have any heavyweights around him," says his long-time acquaintance. That means he has nobody testing him for his ability to meet the imperatives and the disciplines of leading the nation. And without that kind of testing, nobody—in politics or business or education—rises up to meet the needs of his job.

It might be said that Thompson is not as well known across the nation as is Ronald Reagan or Howard Baker. But in the modern era of communications he can—with artful manipulation of a

Continued on following page

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Where Do You Think You Are?

from page 100

1. Minnesota
2. Montana
3. Michigan
4. Connecticut
5. California
6. Florida
7. N. Carolina
8. Texas
9. Missouri

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strong organization—become very well known in a very short time.

There are a number of other candidates who might appear to be within the consideration of Connally. But on examination they have no chance. Robert Dole? He is unlikely to be a Vice Presidential candidate under anybody, if only because he was not a distinguished No. 2 man on an unsuccessful ticket in 1976. John B. Anderson, the Congressman from Illinois? He has a reputation of being too liberal for the broad spectrum of the GOP and of having too little influence on the party in his own state to have a chance to carry Illinois for the GOP. General Alexander B. Haig, Jr.? The one thing that John Connally does not need is another reminder of Watergate on the Presidential ticket.

Connally will have little choice but to pick James R. Thompson of Illinois as his running mate.

Connally will have a month's head start on his Democratic competition in preparing for the general election. The Republican convention will start on July 14 in Detroit and conclude later that week—probably on July 17. The Democratic convention will open in Madison Square Garden in New York City on August 11 and start mopping up the blood around August 14. It will be a test of the contagion of Connally's concept of the "early alert" to see whether the Democrats follow up by doing the same thing. The Democratic nominee will, of course, be Ted Kennedy (see *The Saturday Evening Post*, September 1979) and the ideal time for him to issue his early alert on the Vice Presidential possibilities will be in the week of July 21 or July 27—if only to distract some of the media coverage of the new Republican ticket.

But who will Kennedy pick?

As it happens, he also will have some problems in finding the perfect running mate. He cannot pick either of his main opponents for the Presidential nomination. Jimmy Carter obviously is not going to step down to the Vice Presidency and Jerry Brown of California is not even going to be considered. For one thing, Governor Brown is Catholic, as is Kennedy. He also entered the seminary for training as a member—a priest—in the Society of Jesus, in the past the most militant carriers of the Catholic faith, the most unwavering opponents of those who did not adopt it. It does not seem likely that the Democrats are going to be anxious to have two Roman Catholics on the Presidential ticket. There are also reports in Washington that Kennedy and Brown don't much like each other—in a big way. Brown won't be asked to be Vice President—certainly not by Ted Kennedy.

Kennedy could reach out to the less-liberal wing of his party as a way of balancing the ticket. One candidate is Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, a hard-working, intelligent man who had close ties with Ted's brother Jack. But Jackson disagrees deeply with Ted Kennedy on a good many issues of great substance. Moreover, Jackson offers limited opportunity in the electoral race. He is from Washington, which has only nine electoral votes—a tie for 22nd in the electoral ranking—and thus does not have much of a chance to swing the election for Kennedy.

As an alternative to Jackson, Kennedy could pick Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York. He belongs to the "Jackson wing" of the party in the Senate and he captured the imagination of the public through his outspoken handling of issues in the United Nations. He is, in his own right, a conspicuous public figure and a man who very likely will be seeking the Presidency in the future (though he seems to be sublimating his ambitions for 1980). But Kennedy can carry New York without Pat Moynihan on the ticket. Yet another is that Kennedy is not likely to pick a man for second place who is brighter than the man in first place, and he is not likely to pick someone who will upstage him in the Presidency—Presidents like Vice Presidents who will be, on command, submissive and anonymous. This does not describe Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Another choice is Adlai Stevenson III. A Kennedy-Stevenson ticket would ignite and inspire the Democratic party workers, for they know that a Kennedy-Stevenson ticket would overwhelm a Connally-Thompson ticket in debate, in conversation and even in barroom brawls.

But there is little likelihood that such a ticket will develop. For one thing, the families do not regard each other highly. The Stevensons feel, with good reason, that the Kennedys used Adlai II poorly, abusing him for their own ends, trying to climb on his shoulders so that they could make Jack Kennedy look like a bigger man. There is no reason at all that Adlai III would expect to suffer anything but a similar fate if he shared a ticket with Ted Kennedy.

Moreover, there are deep differences in temperament between the two men. Kennedy still has much of the playboy instinct in him; he'd be our first "promiscuous" President since his brother John and only

Continued on page 125

The Perfect Squelch

A local businessman in a small town who relaxes on weekends fishing in the river was tying his small aluminum boat to the town dock when an obviously inebriated woman on a nearby cruiser, noting his long hair and torn faded Levis, yelled, "Hey hippy, where's your motorcycle?"

No slouch with the repartee, he responded immediately, "Oh, it's parked up there in the lot. Where's your broom?"

—Bud Watters

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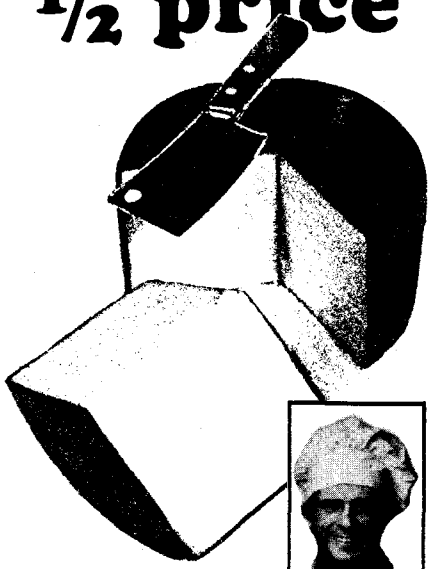

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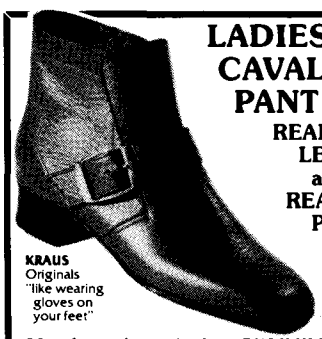

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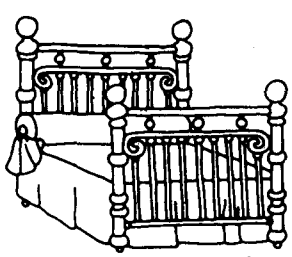

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WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 118)

1 Bob Hope and Bing Crosby never took the Road to Burma, which is probably all for the best, since even the fast-talking Hope couldn't cope with the more than 100 languages spoken in this land of lush jungles and ancient pagodas. And Der Bingle wouldn't have dared to stick his neck out for his buddy in the region of the Was, bordering China and home to one of the world's last active head-hunting tribes.

2 In spite of its name, the city of Pagan actually gave Burma its golden age of art as the capital of King Aniruddha's dynasty. Two centuries after Aniruddha's death, however, Kublai Khan sent three ambassadors to Pagan to demand homage to the Mongol emperor. The ambassadors were never heard from again, and in 1287 Kublai Khan redressed this diplomatic *faux pas* by devastating Pagan.

3 Nepal boasts the highest mountains in the world, among them Mt. Everest; the toughest soldiers, the Ghurkas; and the most peculiar marriage customs. If the girl in the picture were a Nepalese Newari, for example, she would have been ceremoniously married as an infant to something called a bel fruit, which would then have been tossed into a local sacred stream to insure her against becoming a widow in her later years. Betrothed at puberty to her human spouse, she could divorce him at any moment by placing a betel nut under his pillow.

4 With an eye to conserving its natural resources, South Africa has established 18 national parks and game reserves throughout the country. The gentleman in the photo is standing in Mala Mala, a private reserve located adjacent to Kruger National Park on the eastern border of the vast Transvaal.

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NR1/*Magic Potion*

NR9/*Low and Inside*

NR21/*Doctor and Doll*

NR30/*Sunday Morning*

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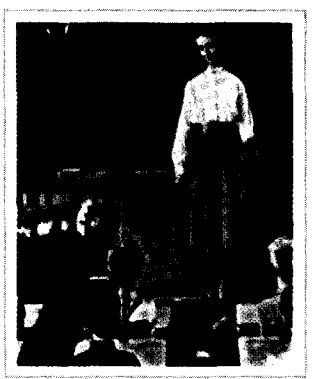
NR34/*Girl At The Mirror*

NR35/*Defeated Candidate*



NR31/*School Teacher*

NR32/*Breaking Home Ties*

NR22/*Weighty Matters*

NR3/*Little Spooners*

NR15/*Missing Tooth*

NR16/*At The Doctors*

NR36/*Three Umpires*

NR11/*Big Moment*

NR18/*Love's Sweet Song*

NR156/*Saying Grace*

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NR23/*The Runaway*

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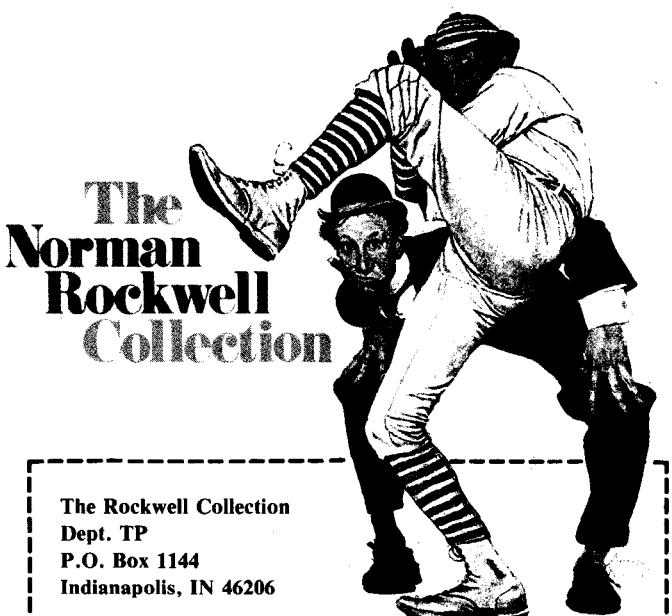

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Politics '80

continued from page 120

the third who was so triumphantly public about it in this century. (The other: Warren Harding, who died in office after having been elected in 1920.) To be sure, Kennedy now works quite hard at his Senate duties but he has not altogether given up the "fun-loving" instinct. Adlai III, by way of contrast, works so hard and so diligently—long into the night—that he is considered a drudge. He skips even the "media events" of the Senate and the party—the state dinners, the inaugural balls. ("I didn't even go to the State of the Union speeches"—because he could see them better on TV and get some of his Senate work done at the same time.) Perhaps he could balance Kennedy's playboy image with his own hard-work image. And very likely he would come up with some profoundly important ways to attack the issues facing the nation. But he has seen that the Senate does not want to consider those problems—he's not seeking re-election to the Senate at least partly because of his frustration of being alone in Washington with great ideas. And he knows that he would have no greater influence as Vice President in a Kennedy administration dedicated to ignoring if not humiliating him.

There is one more important impediment: While Kennedy is moving to the left, Adlai III is—like the nation—moving to the right. Big Labor and the ADA, which once gave Adlai III ratings of up to 100 percent approval, now have changed their minds and have gone to criticizing him deeply. Indeed, they might try to block his nomination for Vice President on a Kennedy ticket, even going to the extent of calling a "strike" against a Ted Kennedy ticket which had Adlai Stevenson III on it.

So the "ideal" ticket for the Democrats—a Kennedy-Stevenson ticket—simply won't come to pass.

Kennedy can turn to other candidates—some who do not give him so many problems.

One such man is John Culver, the Democratic senator from Iowa. It is little known outside the Senate that John Culver is Ted Kennedy's best friend. In the Senate. And perhaps in life. He was Ted Kennedy's roommate at Harvard. They played together on the Harvard football team—Kennedy as an end, Culver as a fullback. Culver was also on Kennedy's Washington staff, as an aide to the Senator, for two years before going off to run for Congress himself. Now he is not only a colleague of Kennedy's on the Senate floor but he works with and under Senator Kennedy on the Senate Judiciary Committee which—as chairman—Kennedy has turned into a powerful, personal and political instrument.

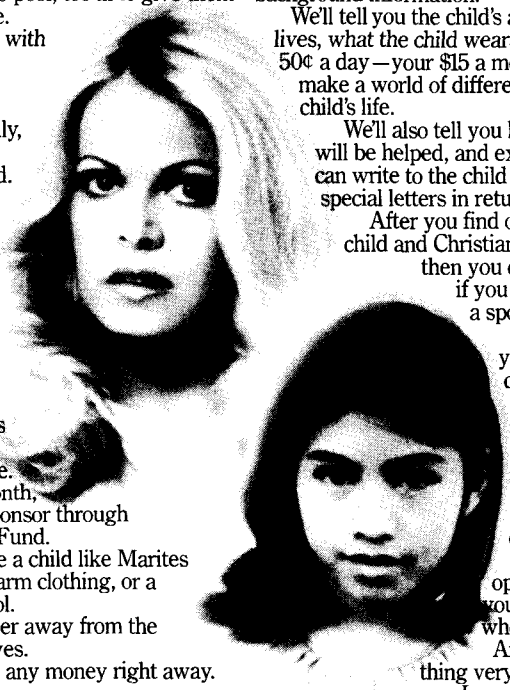
It hardly seems possible two men would be better fitted to run on a Presidential ticket together, given how extraordinarily close they are in terms of friendship, loyalty, temperament and political principles.

But practical politics do intrude on even the most idyllic of arrangements. And they might intrude on this one. For John Culver is up for re-election to the Senate in 1980 and many political savants think that he is "in trouble" among his constituents. He won in Iowa by a 52-48 percent margin in 1974. But his liberal colleague in the Senate, Dick Clark, was turned out of office in 1978, somewhat spectacularly, and unexpectedly. The instrument of Clark's defeat was a single-issue group—the "Right to Life" group who are campaigning against abortions and against the federal government paying for them. As it happens, John Culver is for abortions and for the federal government paying for them. So he also has attracted the attention of the now-battle-hardened "Right to Lifers" and he may find it a far more challenging situation—in terms of survival—than did Dick Clark.

If Culver cannot carry Iowa for himself, then he cannot carry it for Kennedy. And if he can't carry Iowa for Kennedy, then he can't help Kennedy's

Continued on following page

Why Sally Struthers helps support someone else's child.



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campaign. But even if he can carry Iowa he can't help Kennedy much: Iowa has only eight electoral votes. To justify his candidacy, Culver must carry most of the farm states to break up Connally's "regional strategy." But to sweep the farm states Kennedy needs to have a more conservative image. Simply adding a running mate from a farm state would not help that image much.

Kennedy knows there is somebody less *simpatico* personally but superb politically that he can have—*must* have—as his running mate.

He is Senator John Glenn of Ohio.

His name paired with Kennedy's would have the magic of a Kennedy-Stevenson ticket. It would arouse memories of the time when America was the prime nation in the world, when it was on the brink of its greatest scientific ventures—those into space. It would be a ticket with glamour and grandeur and a sense of the heritage of a viable past: Under another Kennedy (President John F. Kennedy) John Glenn became the first American to orbit the earth. In short, it would stir feelings within Americans of a time when they had a reason to be proud—and knew it. And spoke of it.

Moreover, a Kennedy-Glenn ticket would help Kennedy carry one of the biggest—and most doubtful—of the "big" states: Ohio, with 25 electoral votes. The last time he ran for the Senate, John Glenn carried Ohio by more than one million votes. He got more than double the votes cast for his Republican opponent and he is considered to be more powerful and popular in Ohio today than he was in that election.

He has another asset: He can lend ideological balance to the Democratic ticket. He is Democratic but he is in the center of the political spectrum, not on the extreme left with Ted Kennedy. Where the ADA gave approval ratings to Ted Kennedy of a resounding 100 percent for a number of years, it gave John Glenn a grudging approval rating of only 56 to 58 percent. Where Ted Kennedy gave the SALT II treaty his unhesitating endorsement the week in which it was made public, John Glenn insisted that he wanted to examine the treaty and its verification procedures very carefully—and see whether it might be improved by amendment—before deciding whether he'd vote for it. Where Ted Kennedy was for cutting down military spending and eliminating all consideration of the B-1 bomber, John Glenn was—as a former combat officer in the U.S. Marine Corps—for them. Indeed, the ADA was not in the least bit happy with John Glenn as a potential Vice Presidential candidate when Jimmy Carter placed him among the "possibles" in 1976. Carter knuckled under to the ADA at the time and picked an ADA-approved candidate, Walter Mondale.

But 1980 is different. The country, in moving right, has taken power and influence away from the ADA. Even the ADA must perceive this. Thus it may perceive that, in order to get an ADA-approved man into the Presidency, it may have to accept a non-ADA candidate who is merely approved by the American people. A John Glenn candidacy will be a test of the ADA and the other extreme left-wing organizations—to see whether they want to be a part of American political life in the future, or whether they'll choose deliberately to die out, like the Whigs in the last century.

As a senator, John Glenn has provided both pros and cons. He is hard-working and he probes deeply into the issues. He has avoided ideology and this has hurt him in Washington. For the media need desperately to pigeonhole their politicians and a man who avoids ideology frustrates the media. The result: The media call him "lightweight," ironically because he pauses to examine the issues in depth before taking sides, instead of simply lining up ideologically on an issue—without thought—the way the "heavyweights" (in the media description) do. It is considered "heavy" by the media in Washington to be able to parrot without thought the dogma on any issue of either the right or the left. Certainly John Glenn has a peculiar problem for a man who's spent so much time on television—even while he was a Marine Corps pilot he was appearing on TV game shows—and in the public eye: He doesn't deliver a fiery speech or a rhapsodic one. He is a very plain-spoken man, not given much to the artifices of politics. There is a wholesomeness about him, and a directness, that would lend a significant balance to a ticket with Ted Kennedy at the top.

The ultimate question is: Will Kennedy propose Glenn as a Vice Presidential candidate before the Democratic convention gathers in 1980?

Not likely.

On the one hand, it would be a service to his party and his people. For John Glenn must also run for re-election to the Senate in 1980. An "early alert" by Ted Kennedy would give him a chance to accept or to step aside and allow the Democrats of Ohio to pick some other candidate for senator from Ohio. Otherwise Glenn and the Democrats will have to go to the time and expense of a primary race when Glenn might be better preparing himself for the responsibilities of running for the Vice Presidency.

For his part, Kennedy himself is likely to delay his announcement for the Presidency until as late as he can in 1980. He'll want to wait and wait until President Carter is brought down of his own weight. Or loses enough primaries so that it becomes clear, even to the President, that he cannot be re-elected to a second term. Kennedy's contribution to this awareness will be a series of write-in campaigns which will weaken Carter progressively, without getting Kennedy so deeply and obviously committed that he can't back out at any time. Then when the President has been irretrievably damaged in a number of primaries, Ted Kennedy can step in and volunteer to pick up the pieces and put them back together for the Democratic party.

But all that takes time. If Kennedy is not likely to commit himself for President until late, he is not likely to com-

Continued on following page

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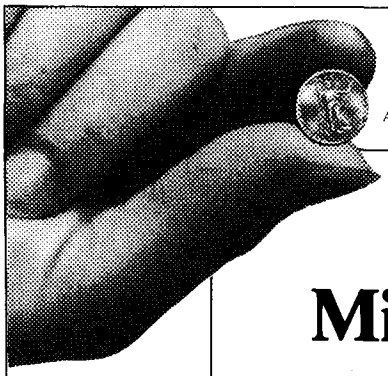

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mit John Glenn for Vice President later. That doesn't mean that John Glenn will not be the Democratic candidate for Vice President in 1980. *He will be.* But he will not be chosen in the kind of early alert planned by John Connally. Perhaps he will be recognized as the inevitable force in Ted Kennedy's ticket. It will be sad but not surprising if he is picked amid the confusion of a political convention which does not have the courage and thrust to accept innovations—which instead honors the most persistent and horrific traditions of the past.

Shcharansky

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us and Anatoly. To help Anatoly is to help all—the entire movement is in peril." And yet another said vehemently, "We cannot be compromised. We are Jews and we are not allowed to be so. We must do whatever we can to be free." And Avital looked out with sad-eyed determination and said, "I only want my husband." In one way or another they all attempted to say over and over: You must not forget, please don't forget.

Avital arranged for a legal appeal on behalf of her husband last August 30 in Ottawa, Canada. Prepared by her attorney, Professor Irwin Cotler of McGill University, the petition was drawn up according to Soviet law and presented to the Soviet embassy in Ottawa.

"The action," said Professor Cotler, "is designed to meet the Soviets on their own ground. The Soviets, who take their legal system seriously, have argued that they observed strictly the rule of law in the Shcharansky case. This action is intended to demonstrate that the rule of law compels Shcharansky's release." The petition details Soviet violation of their own legal system as well as international agreements to which the U.S.S.R. is a signatory. It cites some 40 major violations by the Soviets of their own law in their arrest, detention, trial and conviction of Shcharansky. "Anatoly never did anything against the Soviet law," Avital insists; "the authorities themselves are breaking their own laws." Her legal appeal was never acknowledged.

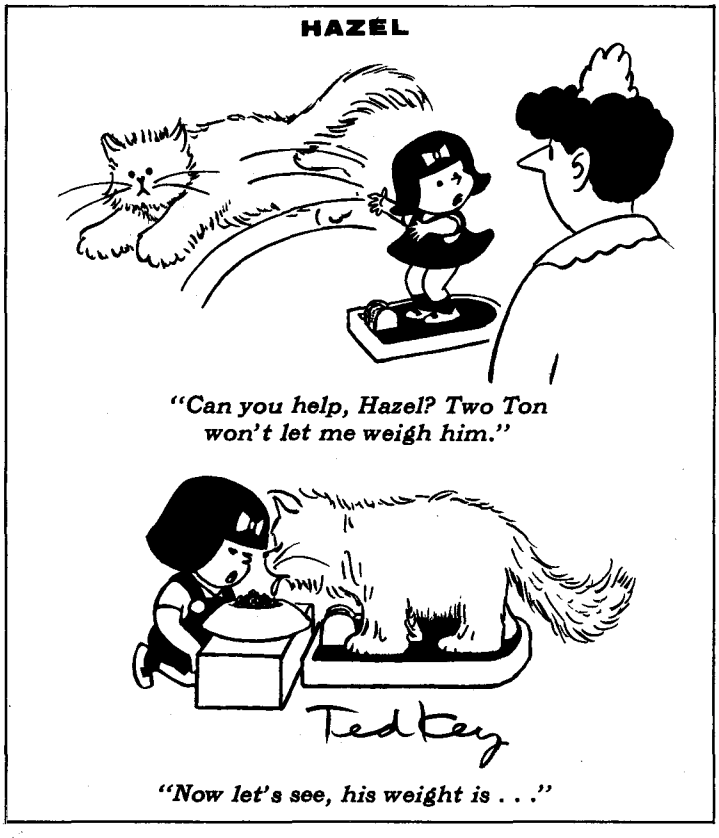
The Soviets did not allow Anatoly's parents to be present during his trial, but his brother Leonid was permitted into the court during part of four of the five days. It is through him and a subsequent translation into English by the *New York Times* that we have Shcharansky's final speech before sentencing:

"In March and April, during the interrogation, the chief investigators warned me that in the position I have taken during the investigation, and held to here in court, I would be threatened with execution by firing squad, or at least 15 years. If I would agree to cooperate with the investigation to destroy the Jewish emigration movement, they promised me early freedom and a quick reunion with my wife.

"Five years ago I submitted my application for exit to Israel. Now I'm further than ever from my dream. It would seem to be cause for regret. But it's absolutely otherwise. I am happy. I am happy that I lived honestly, in peace with my conscience. I never compromised my soul, even under the threat of death.

"I am happy that I helped people. I am proud that I knew and worked with such honest, brave and courageous people as Sakharov, Orlov, Ginzburg, who are carrying on the traditions of the Russian intelligentsia. I am fortunate to have been witness to the process of the liberation of my people. My near ones and friends know how I wanted to exchange activity in the emigration movement for a life with my wife Avital in Israel.

"For more than 2,000 years the Jewish people, my people, have been dispersed. But wherever they are, wherever Jews are found, each year they have repeated, 'Next year in Jerusalem.' Now, when I am further than ever from my people, from Avital, facing many arduous years of imprisonment, I say, turning to my people, my Avital: *Next Year in Jerusalem!* And I turn to you, the court, who were required to confirm a predetermined sentence: To you I have nothing to say."



"Can you help, Hazel? Two Ton won't let me weigh him."

"Now let's see, his weight is . . ."

Jerusalem

continued from page 20

any standard use of the term, is even today fraught with danger and harassment. Application for permission to emigrate to Israel is a dangerous step promising unknown consequences. When such application is made by a Soviet Jew, even though it is legally guaranteed to him by the United Nations Universal Declaration on Human Rights which states that "everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own," he has no guarantee of its outcome. He may be granted permission to emigrate at once, but his family may be refused permission and forced to remain in Russia. Or perhaps the entire family may be permitted to go with no real problems. Many times, however, permission is declined, and from eye-witness accounts it appears to be impossible to predict when this will occur or why.

Subsequent to the denial, the applicant and his family are often fired from their employment and refused jobs elsewhere. This happens not only to the average factory worker but to prominent doctors, lawyers and scientists as well. They are hounded by the KGB, Soviet secret police, frequently arrested on drummed-up charges, and generally denied their basic rights as Soviet citizens. Often they are charged and tried and convicted of "parasitism" (not having a job), even though it is the Soviet government that won't allow them to hold a job. They languish in prisons, die in work camps, suffer the exile of Siberia. And yet the struggle continues.

It remains for history to write the last chapter in this freedom movement, and the years will tell whether the Soviet government will join others the world over in a move toward equality in human rights.

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